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DECEMBER.



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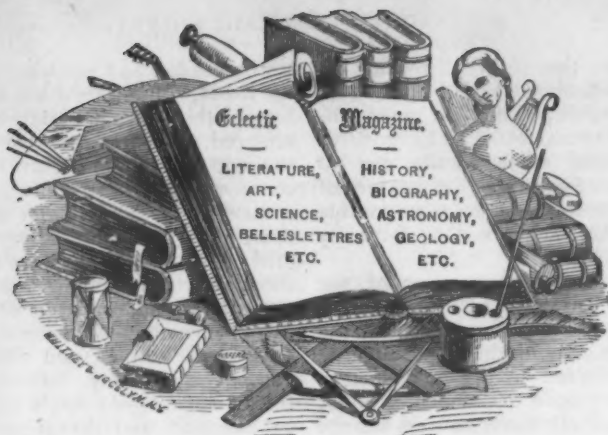
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Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series,
Vol. XXXII., No. 6.

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Old Series Com-
plete in 63 vols.

A CENTURY OF ENGLISH POETRY.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

POETS, I have sometimes thought, may not improperly be divided, though doubtless by no mutually exclusive division, into two classes, definable by designations borrowed from ancient mythology; the Giants and the Gods. Gods, indeed, there are among them of gigantic stature, and giants of godlike quality—godlike in grace and gentleness, as those others Titanic in port and power: but though the distinction may not always be equally easy to define, it can never in any case be really difficult to recognize. From the days of Shakspeare and Jonson to the days of Shelley and Byron, the difference between the two confronted and contrasted races is in the main perceptible and patent. Not often indeed so patent nor even always so perceptible as in these two crowning instances of contrast; for usually the generations happy enough to be dominated and so made memorable

by the presence and the pontificate of a master born and manifest of either kind have not also had the privilege, like those of Shakspeare and of Shelley, of Jonson and of Byron, to bring forth an almost equally notable and admirable exemplar of its opposite.

If ever before the days of Mirabeau there was a giant born at once into the double world of politics and of letters, and foredoomed to show as many blots as he on either side of his literary and political escutcheon, that giant was undoubtedly John Dryden. The catalogue of his various offences against art and manhood, against duty and beauty alike, stands confessed as nothing less than terrible. And yet, when all is said that must or may or can be said in reprobation of all that has righteously been reckoned up to his discredit, the last verdict that leaps to our lips, the last comment that rises in our hearts, is

surely always that of Mr. Browning on the "rough-hammered head—great eye, gross jaw and griped lips" of the crown-grasper—What a man! The work of Dryden "does what granite can to give" us the figure and the measure of the workman as surely as what marble can do in like manner is done for us by Milton's.

After a mental enumeration of the main points in Dryden's life and literary action, and a comparison between the ultimate summary of these and the actual impression left by the conclusion of that summary upon the student's mind, the upshot of all seems not less strange than if a most heavy list of charges, proved on all hands, should have been found on the whole to mount up hardly more to a result deserving of condemnation than to a result deserving of acquittal; nay, rather, in effect, to a result deserving of neither, but simply of general wonder and (so to speak) of wholesale admiration. The sun, we may say, is by no means too bright for us to see the darkness of the spots, but is far too strong for us to feel the chill of the shadow. He wrote some of the most shameful and revolting passages in our literature; he applauded some of the most shameful and revolting passages in our history. He cheered on the hounds of the law and the vermin of the court to merciless cruelties against powerless innocence, to lawless treason against their common country. And for all this he remains yet an Englishman in whom all others worthy to judge of him must naturally and properly take no ignoble pride forever.

"Full many a better man less bravely dieth," says Artevelde of Gilbert Matthew in the noblest of all modern historical plays; and full many a better man has lived less bravely than John Dryden. It seems to me a shallow and hollow judgment which thinks to detect either cowardice or hypocrisy in the course or the process of his various conversions and conformities. He was, let it be granted, neither a man of strong principles nor a man of spiritual nature. Neither politics nor religion could be to him what either was to Milton. It does not follow that he must have been a cynic or a hypocrite, a Tartuffe or a Talleyrand. He was a

strong-headed and stout-hearted man of the world, "indifferent honest," it may be something less than duly tender-conscienced. We feel that morality begins to verge on absurdity when we hear the comments of austere virtue on "the successful profligacy," not only of the wretched Waller, but of Dryden, delivered in a tone which seems to imply a community of infamy between the "triple-turned" old prostitute of all parties and the young rebel against traditions of Puritan training and alliance; between the discredit incurred by the transference of a youth's crude or casual allegiance and the infamy which encircles the hoary head of an impenitent Iscariot. The action of the poet may be condemned or deplored, but all righteous men must reserve all their scorn for the action of the poeticle.

It seems but poor praise for a poet of such high station, to say what must be said of Dryden, that he never works so well or moves so freely or rises so high as in the atmosphere of satire. But to the service of this presiding genius or goddess of his verse it must be owned that he brought such gifts and powers as never man but one had brought before. Nor was even Juvenal, if I may venture to guess, originally endowed by nature with a nobler faculty of speech or song. What he had and Dryden wanted was a firmer temper, a more solid faith. He knew always exactly what things they were that he hated—Imperialism and Democracy; and above all, the horrible and hybrid bastard begotten of their monstrous union. Dryden, being neither an aristocrat nor a republican, wanted both the motive impulses, both the confederate supports, which at once instigated and sustained the satire of Juvenal. He was merely a royalist, and such an one as may be bred and reared out of the middle class. He had nothing in him of plebeian fire, and nothing of patrician chivalry. He had, as we may not doubt, a just and due sense of honesty, but scarcely—his most fervent admirers would scarcely claim it for him—a high or tender sense of honor. For so hardy and kindly a man, he was even deplorably unchivalrous. He is one of the few unhappy examples of the falsity or untrustworthiness of the noble superstition which we

would fain hold fast, that a brave man will not hit his enemy when he is down. Dryden, one of the most gallant of fighters after his own fashion, danced and trampled upon his when prostrate at his mercy. He is of course not blamable—he would rather of course have been praiseworthy—for defiance and violation of that most wicked and contemptible rule of conduct or of speech, forever to be found recurrent on the lips of infidels and cowards who believe in no truth and are afraid of every falsehood—the liar's maxim and the traitor's plea, which forbids us to speak truth when to speak truth is to speak evil of the defeated, the dishonored, and the dead. The memories of a Judas and a Nero are as carrion to remain gibbeted forever, that every honest hand may cast a stone in passing toward the completion of a cairn of ignominy which no age will ever see complete. But the offence of Dryden is not capable of extenuation, far less of justification; by comparison with the practice of other great historic and satiric poets, from the date of Juvenal's verses on the dead Sejanus to the date of Hugo's verses on the dead Saint-Arnaud. His own, it must sorrowfully be said, are sometimes comparable rather with those of a poet who should have defiled himself by acclamation and encouragement of a Tiberius or even of a Bonaparte.

And yet—we must always come back to these two words, and always start afresh with them, after a word significant of aught but honor has been linked with the name or the thought of Dryden. "Satire's narrow strait" (as Landor calls it) widened and deepened before the strong sweep of his oar-stroke into the resemblance and the resonance of a sea. He added a new and a majestic note, if not one of the sweeter or profounder, to the harmonies of English verse. Even where the broad loud wind of his sonorous song blows over fetid swamp or malarious morass, it is rather touched than tainted by the malfelicence of their stagnant exhalations. The air swept in sunder so proudly by the play of his sailing wings is never dense or dim, never clogged or overcharged with miasmatic pestilence from the political Maremma which they traverse. And whithersoever they strike out in strong

enjoyment of their inexhaustible strength—a strength so nobly bridled and guided by the curb and the compulsion at once of his instinct and his will—they make such mighty music of the most malodorous air that our senses for the minute are conscious of nothing but the large and fresh delight of their passage and their sound.

But after all it is idle—as many a reader may by this time be ready to remind me—it is idle to strain rhetoric and press metaphor into the service of criticism on the subject of a great writer whom no man but himself can properly or even possibly make known. He that would know anything whatever of Dryden must read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the word of his message to his own time first, and secondly to ours. For to ours also he has a message; full of warning to many, but not less full of cheer and even of example for others, if they have ears to receive it aright. "The Bacon of the rhyming crew" he is named by the great poet and critic to whom I have so recently referred (shall we call him a giant at home among the gods, or a god astray among the giants?); and the chancellor of the first Stuart who ruled in England has more than his genius in common with the laureate of the last. But in one point of supreme importance—if Bacon be not grievously belied by the apparent evidence of history—there was a great gulf of difference fixed between them. John Dryden was no coward.

In the next couplet but one which follows the line just quoted from his noble and memorable address to Wordsworth, Landor has given the soundest estimate and expressed the justest praise of Dryden that ever has been given or expressed.

"Though never tender nor sublime,
He wrestles with and conquers Time."

We may fancy—though undoubtedly the conjecture may be no less erroneous than assuredly it is audacious—that there is even more truth implied in the form of this admirable image than was designed or perceived by Landor himself. Dryden was not of those who conquer time without an effort; who, having once lived, inevitably must live for ever. If a Shakespeare or even if a

Milton was to be born, it followed as a natural and obvious consequence that he was not to die. But an earth-born and earth-bound giant like Dryden, if indeed he is to conquer immortality, must train himself to fight hard for it. The palm, though indisputably attainable, is not so evidently native in the climate of his birthplace, so naturally proper for the garland of his brows, that he can hope to wear it by proclamation of all spectators and concession of all rivals, before he has faithfully undertaken and dauntlessly performed all conditions of the listed field of the heroic playground of his peers. And this most assuredly was attempted and achieved by Dryden. But, unhappily alike for the fulness of his fame and for the purity of its record, he did not lay to heart the latter and the weightier half of an axiom left behind him by a poet of diviner birth than he. The giant's strength which it was excellent to have it was tyrannous to use, as too often he was wont to use it, so cruelly too much like a giant. Not that any one will now take very great exception to the execution done on statesmen such as Shaftesbury or as Buckingham, on singers such as Settle or as Blackmore. But it must be surely at the peril of our conscience if we condone such actions as the commission of those foul and savage political epilogues too justly stigmatized by Lord Macaulay.

And yet, again, how little must these weigh in the final scale of judgment, overloaded as it is and swayed down by the weight of his massive laurels! Among his forefathers and successors of the giant brood, Jonson has excelled him in weighty wealth, and Byron has equalled him in spontaneous versatility of genius; but Dryden at his best is a surer workman of a trustier hand than either. And however unequal in his lyric touch, he has been but comparatively overpraised for the consummate force and swift felicity of his labors in the middle region of that line. He is the undisputed lord of lyrical rhetoric: he wins his way and makes his points with the easy and mighty touch of a sovereign orator. All the great effects of eloquence are his to command at the slightest wave of his hand in summons: all these, and something more, which is part of his inde-

finable birthright as a poet. Very few poets have had any mentionable measure of the gifts most proper and most requisite to the art of noble oratory, which all were his alike in such fruitful and imperial affluence; though many have had more of those which are more especially proper to their art, and to that art alone. To sum up, we may revert to the distinction already drawn between the Olympian and Titanic orders of men. There was little enough of the godlike in Dryden's composition; but, once more, what a man was this giant, and what a giant was this man!

Politics, it may seem to us, were but too liable to become or to appear in the life of Dryden what literature was in the life of Mirabeau; if not an accidental and unnatural episode, yet a somewhat unworthy and sometimes an unclean diversion. In the bright though not blameless career of the successor to his throne there was no such admixture or interference of improper or alien preoccupation. No man ever saw his life's way more clearly or accepted the conditions of his life's work with more of rational manfulness than Pope. He had a most healthy and liberal interest in other men's lines of life, a most cordial and virile content and satisfaction with his own. He was a good and true patriot after and perhaps beyond the fashion of his age; and whether his perceptions in ethics and philosophy were deep or shallow, his devotion to the principle of either study was not in any case the less genuine and respectable. Of his personal character it is nothing to say that he had the courage of a lion; for a beast's or an athlete's courage must have something of physical force to back it, something of body to base itself upon: and the spirit which was in Pope, we might say, was almost as good as bodiless. And what a spirit it was! how fiery bright and dauntless! We are invited, and not always unreasonably, to condone or palliate much that was unworthy of manhood in Byron, on just and compassionate consideration of the bitter burden attached to his bodily and daily life; but what was his trial, and what was his courage to Pope's? How less than little the one, how less than nothing the other! For Byron we should have charity and sympathy: but

it rouses the blood, it kindles the heart, to remember what an indomitable force of heroic spirit, and sleepless always as fire, was inclosed in the pitiful body of the misshapen weakling whose whole life was spent in fighting the good fight of sense against folly, of light against darkness, of human speech against brute silence, of truth and reason and manhood against all the banded bestialities of all dunces and all dastards, all blackguardly blockheads and all blockheaded blackguards, who then as now were misbegotten by malignity on dulness. We are easily tempted and naturally apt to set against the high qualities of such warriors on the side of all men worthy of their help, by way of counterpoise to their glory and subtraction from our own debt of gratitude and esteem, the fierceness of their habitual mood and the foulness of their occasional missiles. We are less apt, possibly, to remember the conditions of their lifelong fight. In an age to which personality and slander, the brutalities of calumny and the mendacities of malice, are as happily as undeniably unknown, it is inevitably difficult for us to realize a state of literary society in which every blockhead who might also be a blackguard had free vent for his filthiest insolence—in which every liar who might also be a coward felt it safe to steal a stranger's name as a relief to the obscurity of his own or a shelter for the infamy of his act. It is not more incredible than true that the condition of letters in England was one such as to enable a dastardly and dirty rascal to issue, under the thievish cover of a lying name, a dirty and dastardly libel on three men no less known and honored, then as now, than Pope, Arbuthnot, and Gay; a libel based on the admitted fact of their mutual friendship and reciprocal sympathy in unenvious admiration of each other's native genius and natural good work. Nothing, not even the hateful perception of an intolerable superior, would seem ever to exasperate the envious man so much as the absence—the undeniable and obvious absence—of this vilest among all vile qualities from the mental composition of his betters. That foulest and shamefullest of all the seven deadly sins, that vice to which all other vices save cowardice its parent and lying its child are virtues, had then,

in at least one loathsome incarnation, so much of a coward's courage as to skulk forth into the twilight of print with but the fig-leaf of a pseudonym patched or pinned over its nakedness. It cannot be denied that there are signs of moral progress in the world of letters unless it can be denied that such a thing as is now open before my eyes while I write this sentence—a farce or dramatic satire called "The Confederates," published under a false name by a poetaster of the period—could not now, for very dread of the ineffaceable ignominy which would follow on the inevitable detection of a lie so abject in its motive and its method, its end and its means alike, be shuffled into shameful print by the boldest coward in all the viperous generation of literary liars. Nor in any other age could a rival commentator on the text of Shakespeare have earned his exaltation or degradation to the curule chair of Dulness hard by the whipping-post of ribalds, to which as a blackguard he might deserve to be attached, or on which as a blockhead he might deserve to be enthroned.

But, extinct as they may or as they may not be now, it is indisputable that such noisome and unmentionable vermin were daily and nightly "about the path and about the bed" of the great and gallant man who embalmed the types of them for all time in the black-spotted and ill-savored amber of the "Dunciad." And it was inevitable that the unseemly accident of their "villainous company" or controversy should exasperate as with infectious virulence the habit of mind which physical infirmity or deformity is proverbially liable to engender. Pope was by nature undeniably "malin comme un bossu"—no more and no less: for he surely was not malignant or malevolent; but as surely the untranslatable French epithet hits off the nature of his quality to a hair. He was sharp, sly, and little prone to pity where pity was little deserved; but I agree with Mr. W. M. Rossetti* in recognizing the manful kindness, however crossed with a dash of no acrid or unkindly raillery, to which his prologue for the benefit-night of "poor old John

* "Lives of Famous Poets," p. 131.

Dennis" bears gracious and ample witness. Nor can I think that "'twere to consider too curiously, to consider" that the temperament of his ill-conditioned body rather than the temper of his imprisoned mind must be held responsible for the childish trickery and apish furtiveness of such intrigues as have been so sharply cast in his teeth by the successive severity of the three Anglican clergymen who have edited and defamed him as poet or as man. After the Reverend Mr. Warton came the Reverend Mr. Bowles, and after the Reverend Mr. Bowles comes the Reverend Mr. Elwin. "Hear them! All these against one foreigner!" cries Mr. Browning's Luria, and "See them! All these against one Liberal Catholic!" a lay student may be tempted and permitted to exclaim at sight of so many cassocked commentators opening in full cry upon the trail of this poet. And such a feeling may be indulged without any very sympathetic admiration for the balanced attitude of Pope between a modified sort of conformity and a moderate kind of philosophy. On such matters, if the weightier opinion of men worthier to pronounce on them than I would permit me to entertain an opinion, I should guess that Pope, who certainly was rather conformable than orthodox, was also rather a loose thinker than a free thinker. But however this may be, there is something in the man which would seem to provoke an inevitable shaking of clenched surplises in the face of his memory at every resurgence of his name. It is more painful for men who on the whole are inclined to admire his dauntless nature as highly as his matchless genius—for matched on his own ground he never has been or can be—to find that a judge so different as is Mr. Leslie Stephen from such clerical critics as we have named can permit himself to say of Pope, in the course of a generally admirable estimate, "He was—if we must speak bluntly—" (but I venture to think we must not speak so bluntly of such a man) "a liar and a hypocrite." A liar, yes: a hypocrite, no. He carried perhaps further than most men of the world the conventional privilege of social double-dealing: he did not always show the same face to the same person: he certainly was not so

careful as a very few men are, and as it seems to me that a man of perfect and blameless honor should always aim at being, to speak of men absent, friends or enemies, no whit otherwise than he would like them, if chance should so bring it about, to know that he had spoken. But surely there was nothing of what we usually call the hypocrite—nothing essentially unpardonable or radically dishonorable—in a man not only so nobly fearless but so faithfully affectionate that even the great and terrible Swift recognized in him a capacity for enduring love and sorrowing fidelity to the remembrance of a dead friend, at least fourfold as great as that of the man who might come nearest to him in faithfulness of affection. This does not, of course, disprove the imputation of unmanly and unfriendly advantage taken of this very friend's helplessness and piteous infirmity; it does not refute the only less grave charge of indelicate and unchivalrous conduct with regard to women; it hardly extenuates what seems equally inexplicable and inexcusable in the singular and scandalous intrigue woven and unwoven by his own device about the publication of his correspondence. But it does, I think—or at least it should—very seriously temper and tone down our judgment on all these heads. Mr. Leslie Stephen has indicated, with equally faultless instinct and fearless intelligence, the fact which even yet may seem something of a paradox, and which in other days world hardly have found utterance or hoped to find a hearing—that, "though nominally the poet of reason," when he failed most gravely as a writer or erred most gravely as a man, he erred mainly if not merely through excess of irrational impulse. For those of course must be accounted the gravest failures of a great writer, which are made in his own proper field. Pope's lyrical collapse and pastoral imbecility need not be weighed at the weight of a feather or the worth of a straw against the worth and weight of his claims as a great writer and an admirable poet. Such matters are as much out of the question as they are now beyond and below the cognizance of serious criticism. But his faults as a moralist or a satirist, an ethical or a philosophic poet, are as clearly, as ever were the faults of

Byron or of Burns, the natural and unavoidable errors of a temperament or an intellect in which instinct or impulse had practically the upper hand of principle and of reason. The instincts of a deformed invalid, with a bitter wit and most irritable nerves, are of course more likely than the impulses of a strong man, with healthy blood and hot passions, to seem rather intellectual than physical energies or infirmities; yet in Pope's case the body was perhaps as liable to misguide the mind, and emotion to get the start of reflection, as in the case of any hot-brained lyrist—or even of any brainless athlete. Anger, if not malice also in many cases, is surely after all no less properly definable as a sensual passion than lust or gluttony.

The personal or the literary relations of a man whose genius is constrained to work under such hard and strange conditions must always be difficult for justice to determine and charity to define. But the most delicate and dubious point in the matter is that raised by the unavoidable question of his relations toward the stronger sex. The author of a satire on women which is perhaps as much comparatively overrated by Mr. Rossetti* as it was depreciated with absurd and irrelevant virulence by De Quincey cannot possibly be treated by sane or careful criticism as though he were with regard to women even such another as Dryden; who, to speak bluntly in my turn, seems to have seen little or nothing but a propagating machine, an ingenious and interesting engine for securing the continuance of the race, in the sex which has given the final and crowning proof of its unquestionable superiority in strength by its truly preternatural success in persuading the weaker half of humanity to call and perhaps to believe itself the stronger. The constitutional monarchy of man, who from the cradle to the grave is doomed to realize that pitiful ideal of a half royal house—to reign and not to govern, bears surely in every stage of its precarious and transparent imposture the plainest witness that could be borne, pays surely at each fresh demand or imposition the fullest tribute that could be paid, to the radically imperial or the imperially radical

autocracy of that only higher power which neither atheist nor republican at his peril may deny. Only men of the type of Dryden, in whom it is hard to detect a third component beyond the nobly or ignobly animal and intellectual, can avoid the duty levied by nature of paying any graver tax than the exaction of a transient and merely sensual submission to feminine influence. Of such influence there is practically no trace for evil or for good in the life and the work of Dryden. His poetry was not more shaped or colored by the patronage of "her graceless Grace" of Cleveland—the virtuous woman who was, if not exactly a crown, yet undeniably a coronet to her husband—than by the "not inelegant amusement," as Sir Walter Scott very judiciously describes it, of eating tarts in the surely less disreputable company of "Madame Reeve" the actress. For aught we can see, apart from physical or social necessities, Dryden could as easily have dispensed with women as he would readily have dispensed with priests. To Pope the influence at any rate of female friendship was at least as indispensable as of male; and without friendship, be it said to his credit and his honor, he could not apparently have lived or cared to live. In his writings the presence and the potency of feminine sympathies or antipathies can no more be overlooked by any student than can their absence or their effacement from the writings of Dryden; who on this point is comparable with Jonson alone among the other ungodlike giants of our poetry. But against the beautiful tenderness and half-divine devotion of Pope's verses on the latter years of the beloved and venerable mother whose name he has made for all time sweet and dear to the memory of all his readers must undoubtedly be set the unfragrant recollection of his virulent and viperous aspersions on the name and fame of other women. But, again, the fresh question arises, What manner of women were these? Surely not all privileges at once, and all immunities are always together to be conceded to all women alike. Pope was undoubtedly a man who now and then was wont to lay his hand upon a woman far otherwise than in the way of kindness; yet we certainly cannot regard him as liable to the

* "Lives of Famous Poets," p. 128.

famous imputation conveyed in Tobin's ridiculous triplet. Whatever esteem we may feel for the talents and merits, whatever toleration we may be inclined to extend over the eccentricities and audacities of such women as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, it is the rankest and most nauseous cant of hypocritical chivalry to pretend that they have a right to expect the same tender and reverent forbearance which all but the vilest of men and scribblers feel for "any woman, womanly." Were it not that few men and no women seem generally able to realize the value and the meaning of the homely truth that you cannot eat your cake and have it, it would plainly be more than superfluous to insist on the consequent and cognate fact that the stronger sex is no more qualified than is the weaker to claim all the privileges of the other and retain possession of all its own. No reasoning and feeling thinker of either sex will seriously affirm that the actual conditions of legal and social relation between the sexes are by any manner of means unimprovably perfect, unimpeachably righteous, ideally equitable in adjustment of rights and avoidance of wrongs. But no sane adult of the normal human type in mind and body will admit or will imagine that a woman who arrogates and attains the place and the license reserved by nature or by custom, by tradition or by law, for men alone in general, can exact or expect from men any more of chivalrous or delicate deference than man extends to man. And if, in an age of free speech and foul language, such a woman takes to the diversion of throwing mud at her superiors, she can as little expect to keep her face from the retorted splash of a heavier pellet than her own as to keep her fingers clean enough to be fit for the homage of any but a scavenger's salute.

In his two famous poems which deal for once wholly with the tragic side of female passion, I cannot and could never think that Pope succeeds in touching the key-note of genuine pathos. The opening lines of his "Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady" are as incomparably inferior to the majestic and magnificent first verses of the poem from which he borrowed the suggestion of this overture as the sequel and the close of his own

are immeasurably superior in force and harmony of effect to those of his precursor's elegy.* And for all its elaborate excellence of construction the epistle of Eloisa seems in my humble opinion open to three several objections of equal if of no great weight. The full capabilities of the subject are not thoroughly grasped and utilized; while its main difficulty is neither evaded nor surmounted. In one famous and pretentiously pathetic line, which I prefer to quote only as Latinized with exquisite success by Landor,† the mourner is made, while attempting to reach the very zenith of tragic tenderness, to touch the very nadir of ludicrous indecency in the expression of a request which no man, I should think, could read without laughter, and few women, I should hope, without a blush. What is good and genuine in these poems is of the same quality as what is best and most genuine in the "Essay on Man." But this, I need not say, is of no mean quality. If to be pathetic were no more than to be impressive, to be passionate no more than to be eloquent, these elegiac effusions or rather compositions would undoubtedly be passionate and pathetic. But if not, they assuredly are neither.

To Pope as to Dryden the general instinct of criticism has hardly been unjust, which fixes in either case upon some few detached passages as samples or as tests of their genius at its highest rather than on any whole single poem or class of poems. For it is not usually of the "Essay on Man" or the "Religio Laici," full as these poems are of grave and careful excellence, that we all think at once when we think of Charles II.'s poet lau-

* On the chance that not all readers of this page may remember the superb four lines which open Ben Jonson's Elegy on that Marchioness of Winchester who had likewise the yet higher honor to be lamented by Milton in a poem yet more unequal and uncertain in its loveliness than that of the elder poet, I will here transcribe them.

"What gentle ghost, besprent with April dew,
Hails me so solemnly to yonder yew,
And beckoning woos me, from the fatal tree
To pluck a garland for herself or me?"

Si sic omnia dixisset—! Where would Pope's elegy be then?

† *Da quod potes, quod non potes Morpheus dabit.*

reate or Queen Anne's poet regent. It is not of "The Hind and the Panther," opulent and superb in august eloquence and passionate humor as is that unrivalled masterpiece of polemical poetry; perhaps it is hardly even of "The Rape of the Lock," blameless in its beauty and perfect in its charm as is that sovereign flower of social satire. Achitophel and Zimri, Atticus and Atossa, Doeg and Og, Sporus and Bufo, rise first and clearest on our recollection, weigh last and heaviest in our judgment. As long as these great and splendid studies are familiar to all students of English literature—in other words, as long as English literature may hope to find students at all—men different in temper and tone of mind, if equally rational and capable, will agree to differ in their preference of one master to the other. My own verdict, as may probably be evident enough, would stand unhesitatingly and emphatically in favor of the elder. But I must have failed indeed of my purpose if it is not now equally evident that few if any can rate higher or relish more keenly the faultless and peerless accomplishment of his more fortunate successor. Whatever Pope has left us is "as round and smooth as Giotto's O;" whatever Dryden has left us is liable to come short of this especial and surely precious praise. The strength of Dryden never wholly fails him; but the skill of Pope never fails him at all. He is none of the greater gods; but he is at least, in Massinger's phrase, a "godling;" or a libelous parasite of his own day might have likened him, in Shakespeare's phrase, to "that giant dwarf," the cunning sharpshooter of Olympus. As humorist rather than as poet, Pope is to Dryden what Sheridan is to Congreve; less deep, less rich, less naturally strong of hand; more considerate, more cautious, more "obvious" if not "obtrusive," in the method of his workmanship and the presentation of his talent. But Congreve on the whole must be ranked far higher above Sheridan than Dryden can properly be ranked above Pope.

Beneath or beside these two great dominant names of the age ensuing on the Restoration, three others may be ranked as only less representative and

memorable in the dynasty of our humorous and satirical and social poets: "Butler and his godson Swift," as Landor classes them, and thirdly, a name of sweeter though less serious associations than either of these—the best and brightest poet of society that ever England or France or Italy produced and enjoyed—the incomparable and inimitable Prior. Never was the parable of the talents more curiously reversed or inverted than in the case of these three humorists. The ten talents for humorous poetry which were cast into the crucible of "Hudibras" resulted in an amalgam so formless, incomposite, and unwieldy, that it has to be broken up again into detached ingots of gold before we can put to any reasonable service the precious ore of its marvellous material. Butler lives only and could never live really but in fragments; the weight and worth of his nuggets, their splendor and solidity, impress us with most wonder and inspire us with most delight when detached from the blocks of shapeless and inharmonious burlesque in which they lie imbedded and entombed. The weight of wisdom, thought, perception, and feeling which makes massive and precious alike the verse and the prose of Butler can best be estimated and enjoyed (if I may speak for others according to my own experience) by separate handling and several examination of such samples or excerpts as a reader may select for himself or accept from others. And to know Swift it would of course be superfluous to say that we must turn first and return last to his prose; that even such matchless masterpieces as "Hamilton's Bawn" and "Mary the Cookmaid's Letter" are to the "Tale of a Tub" as underwood to forest. But Prior, so much less in stature than either of these giants, is almost as much more satisfactory, more delightful, more praiseworthy and thank-worthy in poetic accomplishment. What he has done may not be great, but the best of it is nothing less than divinely good. His love-letter to a lady of quality, aged five, will forever enrapture all readers who can feel in its gayer or its graver aspect the inexpressible charm of children. To me at least this one seems the most adorable of nursery idyls that ever was or will be in our language;

may, not unworthy of a corner among the lighter outbuildings or antechambers in that supremely rical palace of infantile poetry, "L'Art d'être Grand-père" itself. The poetry of wit and intelligence, "not uninformed with" fine indignation and cordial love of country, never bore a more brilliant flower fenced round with more pungent thorns than his inversion or conversion of Boileau's wretched ode on the siege of Namur into a two-edged sword wherewith to transfix at once the parasitic poetaster and his puffed-out patron on the very sharpest point of scornful song. Had Louis been incumbered with sense enough to read, and troubled with wit enough to feel it, Prior might have been forgiven if he had shared the less reasonable apprehension of John Dennis as to the personal resentment and probable reprisals of the sun-king. If his elaborate "Solomon in rhyme" was an assured and inevitable failure, yet all the world has by heart one charming couplet of it; and this is more than can be said of many a poem even splendidly successful in its day. The bright light pinnacle of "Alma" rides far more gracefully at anchor, invites and rewards more passengers or traffickers to come aboard her, than the deep-drawing argosy of "Hudibras," wellnigh waterlogged after the first rich cruise. As for the tales and epigrams, though I can scarcely agree with the Great Lexicographer, that in consequence or in spite of them "Prior is a lady's book," yet I must think that where other such epigrammatists and tale-tellers—always excepting the dearly beloved name of La Fontaine, and by no means excepting the quaintly incongruous name of Byron's favorite Casti—give us an ounce of wit to a pound of dirt, Prior gives us at least a pound of good fresh humor for every ounce of a more questionable ingredient. But perhaps the surest proof as well as the sharpest trial of Prior's exquisite and triumphant excellence is the comparison of his achievements and accomplishments with that of all his many and emulous disciples or followers in the same line. As surely as before him there was none like him, so surely has no one been like him since. And men well worthy of grateful record and gracious remembrance are to be found on the

roll of his pupils from past generations even onward to our own. But he is hardly more above the Sedleys and Dorsets who preceded than the Luttrells and Praeds who succeeded him. Praed indeed at his best is thoroughly charming and faultless in his own pleasant line—well worthy of his place in the milky-way of minor poets; but at this best he is as it were the idea flower of clever and well-bred boys, the typically triumphant "Etonian," without enough poetic ballast to endanger the steerage of his outrigger: Prior to him is as a man to a schoolboy.

To find a match for our head master of social song we must pass out of England, and rise to the recollection of even so great a rival as Voltaire. Mr. Carlyle has done no more than justice—a justice which from the Proclus or Plotinus of Neo-Calvinism is not less commendable than surprising—to those "Madrigals which are really incomparable in their kind; not equalled in graceful felicity even by Goethe, and by him alone of Poets approached in that respect."*

* Carlyle's "History of Frederick the Great," book xiv., chap. vi. (vol. iii. p. 717, ed. 1862). Having occasion to refer to Mr. Carlyle's great prose epic or historic poem, I am tempted to add here an illustrative note on a curious if also an insignificant point. Perhaps one or two other idle students or amateurs of historical or literary *bricabraquologie* (as Balzac would have called it) may be as much amused as I was by the discovery for which I claim so much of credit as is not due rather to sheer accident, that the farce acted at Sceaux, on Thursday, August 24th, 1747, before the Duchesse du Maine, was simply a translation or adaptation of the better part of Vanbrugh's *Relapse*—that is of those scenes which belong to the legitimate domain of pure and broad comedy. "What a pity none of us has read this fine farce!" ejaculated in 1864 the sardonic historian (book xvi., chap. ii., vol. iv. p. 262). But in the spring of that year the present writer had the inestimable benefit of so doing, in a newly published volume of complementary or supplementary additions to the yet insufficiently voluminous writings of Voltaire, and had consequently the further advantage of verifying the accuracy of a surmise which could hardly have failed to suggest itself to any lover of the English drama—that Voltaire's "Madelmoiselle de la Cochoyère," acted by the translatress of Newton at the girlish age of forty-one, was none other than Miss Hoyden, and "Madame Dufaur as Barbe (Governess Barbara)" the representative of that ideally delightful Nurse who alone is worthy to claim kinship with Juliet's in time past, and (may I

But, be it said with leave of our most illustrious Musophobist, they are equalled at their best if not excelled in that especial quality by the choicest home-bred verse of Matthew Prior.*

A living writer, to whom so many thousands of readers must owe so many brightened hours of quiet enjoyment and leisurely solace that it would seem thankless for any one of these to let pass an occasion of acknowledgment, has shown himself in my poor opinion even singularly unjust to the happy memory of our best social poet. Mr. Anthony Trollope objects to Thackeray's comparison of Prior with Horace, and "almost questions Prior's right to be in the list"† of English humorists. The creator of such living masterpieces as Mrs. Proudie and Archdeacon Grantly—whose elevation to the episcopal bench, though even in "The Last Chronicle of Barset" we are not permitted to rejoice (with respectful sympathy and appreciative applause) in the announcement of this long-expected item of ecclesiastical intelligence, can surely be only a question of time?—the creator of these and so many other types only less precious than these must undoubtedly have a right to speak on such matters "with authority, not like a scribe" of so different an order as myself; yet, conscious as I may be that in that special sphere

of letters he is "there sitting where I durst not soar," I must appeal against his appeal from his illustrious friend's equally just and cordial estimate of Prior. Nay, if truth must be told—though it may seem something of an impertinence to think a truth so insignificant worth telling—I should myself incline to say that if in this comparison of ancient with modern poet any undue excess of honor had been done to either, it was rather to the Roman than to the Englishman: although the avowal of such an opinion may be too palpably equivalent to a confession of the undeniable fact that he who makes it looks with much the same eyes and for much the same reason as did Byron on Horace, "whom he hated so"—sometimes more and sometimes less than he always loved Catullus and Pindar, the equally unapproached precursors, each in his several sphere, of the "valet-souled" versifier of Venusia. Though both alike low-born, Horace and Prior seem to my humble judgment to have been very unequally endowed with most of the qualities "that may become a man" or a gentleman. I at least cannot see more of these in Horace than may become the most exquisite of toad-eaters, or less of them in Prior than would beseem the most excellent of companions.—*Fortnightly Review*.

WAPITI-RUNNING ON THE PLAINS.

BY THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN.

THE first time I ever saw the head of a Wapiti (*Cervus canadensis*) was at Chicago. I happened to be talking one day with General Sheridan, when a magnifi-

cent specimen arrived from one of the frontier forts as a present from the officer in command there. I had heard of these animals, but had looked upon them as

dare to say it?) even almost, perhaps, with the incomparable and adorable Mrs. Gamp in ages yet to be. *In tenui labor—at tenuis labor ipse.*

* I am curious to know—what to avow that I do not may be a confession of strange ignorance—whether there exists any edition of Prior including the two early satires mentioned and quoted in the notes to Malone's "Life of Dryden" (pp. 519, 544-5), as containing each a virulent attack, there cited at length in its place, on the elder and greater poet. The cautious and laborious accuracy of Malone was as justly, I believe, proverbial among students in his day as is that of Dr. Grosart in our own; but it would surely be a relief to all

grateful and sympathetic readers if Prior's memory could likewise be relieved from the burden and the brand of so scandalous an imputation as this of anonymous and rancorous onslaught on the glorious gray hairs of Dryden. "The Town and Country Mouse" may be pardonable or excusable as an ebullition of juvenile humor, not over gracious or graceful, but perhaps hardly to be called virulent or malignant; no such apology could extenuate the offence of so gross an outrage conveyed in such vile verses as we find laid to his account on the usually impeccable authority of Malone.

† "English Men of Letters:" *Thackeray*, pp. 155, 166.

mythological beasts. I had been so much disappointed in America in my search for large game, had heard so many rumors which turned out to be without the smallest foundation in fact, and had listened to so many stories of abundance of game which proved to be entirely illusory—the animals existing only in the vivid imagination of the story-tellers—that I had begun seriously to doubt whether any Wapiti existed on the continent. The sight, however, of the pair of horns reassured me considerably, for obviously where one Wapiti stag was to be found there was a reasonable chance of killing others, and my enthusiasm rising to fever heat on a closer inspection of the antlers, nothing would satisfy me but I must be off at once to the fort.

It would be useless to enter into any description of the journey. The comfort of the Pullman cars, the discomfort of the heat and dust, the occasional bands of buffalo, the herds of antelope, the prairie dogs, the vast droves of Texan cattle and the picturesque cattle boys that drive them, the long dreary stretches of prairie where the melancholy solitude is broken only by occasional little stations at which the train stops—are all familiar to everybody who has crossed the plains, and have been written about *ad nauseam*. Very curious are these small settlements, some of them consisting only of two or three mud, or rather adobe, houses, or of a few wooden shanties and a pumping-engine to supply water; others being large villages or small towns. They look as if Providence had been carrying a box of toy houses, and had dropped the lid and spilt out the contents on the earth. The houses have all come down right end upmost, it is true, but otherwise they show no evidence of design: they are scattered about in every conceivable direction, dumped down anywhere, apparently without any particular motive or reason for being so situated. The chief peculiarity noticeable about these little settlements and their inhabitants is that on the approach of a train everybody rushes to the front of his house and rings an enormous bell. I received quite an erroneous impression from this ceremony the first time I crossed the plains. I had read somewhere that the Chinese on the

occasion of an eclipse or some natural phenomenon of that kind, which they attribute to the action of a malignant being, endeavor to drive away the evil influence by ringing bells, beating gongs, and making other hideous noises; and I thought that the unsophisticated inhabitants of these frontier towns, not having become accustomed to the passage of a train, looked upon it as some huge, horrible, and dangerous beast, and sought to drive it away by employing the same means as the Chinese. I found out afterward, however, that the object of the bell-ringing was to induce travellers to descend and partake of hash.

At one of these lonely little stations I was deposited one fine evening in the early fall just before sundown. For a few moments only the place was all alive with bustle and confusion. The train represented everything that was civilized, all the luxuries that could be carried in a train were to be found on board of it, the people were all clothed in fashionable dresses; it was like a slice cut out of one of the Eastern cities set down bodily in the midst of a perfect wilderness. In a few seconds it was gone, civilization vanished with it, the station relapsed into its normal condition of desolation, and I found myself almost alone in the heart of the desert.

The day had been hot, and the air was resonant with the noise of crickets and cicali. The almost level prairie stretched out around me, fading away toward the east in interminable distances, while in the west the sun was just sinking behind a range of low sand-hills and bluffs. The air was still and calm, the sky perfectly cloudless, and the setting sun cast a faint delicate rosy hue over the sand and burnt sun-scorched herbage of the prairie, giving it the general tint and appearance of the Egyptian desert. It was very beautiful but somewhat melancholy, and I confess I felt rather blue and dismal as I watched the train vanishing in the distance; nor were my spirits roused by learning from the station-master that Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack had left the fort that very morning on a hunting expedition. I had counted upon one or both of those famous scouts accompanying me, for General Sheridan had with characteristic kindness written to the officer command-

ing at the fort, requesting him to give me any assistance in his power, and if possible to let me have the valuable services of Mr. William Cody, otherwise Buffalo Bill, the government scout at the fort; and I began to inveigh against the bad luck that had arranged that he should go out hunting the very day I arrived. However, I had to "take it all back," for just as I was stepping into the ambulance wagon that was waiting to take us to the fort, two horsemen appeared in sight, galloping toward us, and the station-master sang out, "Say! hold on a minute; here are the very men you want, I guess." In another minute or two they cantered up, swung themselves out of the saddle, threw their bridles over a post, caught up their rifles, and stepped on to the platform. I thought I had never seen two finer looking specimens of humanity, or two more picturesque figures. Both were tall, well-built active-looking men, with singularly handsome features. Bill was dressed in a pair of corduroys tucked into his high boots, and a blue flannel shirt. He wore a broad-brimmed felt hat, or sombrero, and had a white handkerchief folded like a little shawl loosely fastened round his neck, to keep off the fierce rays of the afternoon sun. Jack's costume was similar, with the exception that he wore moccasins, and had his lower limbs encased in a pair of comfortably greasy deer-skin trousers, ornamented with a fringe along the seams. Round his waist was a belt supporting a revolver, two butcher knives, and a steel, and in his hand he carried his trusty rifle, the "Widow." Jack, tall and lithe, with light brown close-cropped hair, clear laughing honest blue eyes, and a soft and winning smile, might have sat as a model for a typical modern Anglo-Saxon—if ethnologists will excuse the term. Bill was dark, with quick searching eyes, aquiline nose, and delicately cut features, and he wore his hair falling in long ringlets over his shoulders, in true Western style. As he cantered up, with his flowing locks and broad brimmed hat, he looked like a picture of a cavalier of olden times. Ah, well! it is years ago now since the day I first shook hands with Jack and Bill, and many changes have taken place since then. At that time neither of

them had visited the States, or been anywhere east of the Mississippi: they knew scarcely more of civilization and the life of great cities than the Indians around them. Afterward they both went East and made money. Cody has, I believe, settled down on a ranche somewhere in Wyoming, and John Omohundro, better known as Texas Jack, has gone to other and better hunting grounds. Peace be with him; he was a good and kind friend to me, a cheery companion, as brave as a lion, as gentle as a woman, always ready for anything, always willing to work, cutting down mountains of difficulties into mole-hills, always in good humor, never quarrelling—a better hunting companion than Jack was in those days, or a more reliable friend, it would be hard to find. There was nothing mean about Jack; he was—to use one of his own Western phrases—a real *white* man. "Well," says Cody, "after the ceremony of introduction had been got through, and we had made known our wishes and aspirations, 'I guess we will both go along with you gents, if you like, and if I can get leave, and I don't know as there will be any trouble about that. You see Jack and I just started out this morning to get a load of meat, but there has been considerable of a fire down toward the forks, and scared all the game off; and as we had not got no stores with us for more than a day or two, we concluded to come right back.' 'Oh, Lord,' I said; 'the game all scared off, is it? what an infernal nuisance! it does not look a very cheerful country to ride about in without plenty of game to 'liven one up.' 'Never you mind about deer and elk,' cried Jack; 'you have no call to worry about that; we will find game enough if you can hit them; you think the prairie don't look cheerful, eh! Well, it does seem kind of dismal, don't it, this time of year.' 'Ah!' he added enthusiastically, 'but you should see it in the summer, when the grass is all green, and the flowers is all a-blowing, and the little birdies is a-building of their nesties and boohooing around, and the deer are that fat they will scarcely trouble to get out of the way; and as to eating, they are just splendid, immense! I tell you; ain't they, Bill?' 'Yes, sir, you bet your boots they are. But

come on, Jack ; let's fork our ponies and skin out for the fort ; we don't want to stop here all night anyhow. Good night, gentlemen ; we will see you in the morning and fix that hunt all right, I guess." And so Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack "fork their ponies and skin out," while we bundle ourselves into the wagon and rattle off as fast as six seventeen hands high mules can tear to the fort, where we were most kindly and hospitably received.

Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack were as fine specimens of their race and class as could anywhere be found ; and that is saying a good deal, for honest hearts and stalwart frames and handsome features are not rare among the pioneers of Western civilization. It might be supposed that these hunters, Indian trailers, cattle boys, and miners are disagreeable people to come across. That is not the case at all. There are, of course, some rough characters, regular desperadoes, among them, and they occasionally shoot each other pretty freely in gambling quarrels and drunken sprees ; but to a stranger who knows how to behave himself they are, as far as my experience goes, most civil and obliging. If a man is civil to them they will be civil to him, and if he does not interfere about their affairs they won't bother about his, unless he wants their assistance, and then they will be ready and willing to give it. The manly sense of independence, the self-respect, and that feeling of respect for others engendered by it, which so strongly characterize the American people, are as deeply marked and have as good an effect among the nomads of the West as in any other class of the population. Of course if a man gives himself airs he must expect to pay for it. I remember rather an amusing instance of this. I had engaged a hunter and guide, a first-rate man, to accompany a friend of mine. The day before they were to start the guide came to me and said, "Now look here, Mr. Earl. I ain't a-going to back out of this bargain, because I told you I'd go ; but I ain't sweet upon the job, I tell you. I never come across a chap with such a lot of side on in my life, and I don't like it. However, I said I'd go, and I'm a-going ; but I ain't a-going at the price I told you. I am going to charge him a

dollar a day more." And so my friend enjoyed his expedition in blissful ignorance that he was paying four shillings and twopence a day extra for "side."

The next morning, after paying some visits and making some preliminary arrangements for a hunt, I wandered off a little distance and sat down on the trunk of a fallen cottonwood tree, and tried to realize that I was in the middle of those prairies that, thanks to Captain Mayne Reid, had haunted my boyish dreams. I cannot say that the realization of my hopes fulfilled my expectation. I was oppressed with the vastness of the country, the stillness and the boundlessness of the plains seemed to press like a weight upon my spirits, and I was not sorry to get back into the bustle and busy life of the fort. After a while, though, when I became accustomed to the plains, the feeling of depression of spirits which was at first occasioned by the monotony and quiet coloring of everything faded away, and the limitlessness of the prairie only impressed me with a feeling of freedom, and created rather an exhilaration of spirits than otherwise.

It was difficult in those days, and I suppose it is so now in most places, to enjoy much hunting on the plains without the assistance of the military. That assistance was never withheld if it could be given ; for among no class of people in any country in the world are the rites of hospitality better understood or more gracefully administered than among the officers of Uncle Sam's army. I have always found them most courteous, kind, and obliging, ready to do anything in their power to help a stranger to see something of the country or to indulge in the pleasures of a hunt. I had no great difficulty therefore in obtaining permission to attach myself to a scouting party that was to leave the fort in a short time.

The next two or three days were spent in making preparations, buying stores, etc. I thought the days interminable. I was crazy to get out on the plains and see one of these great Wapiti, and it appeared to me that everything could have been ready in half an hour's time. However, it was no use hurrying ; one has to be philosophically patient and let things take their natural course. There

is a regular routine to be observed in all these cases. At some places it takes you two days to fit out, at others three; sometimes you may strike a man accustomed to do things on short notice, and able to get everything ready in two or three hours. Then there are endless delays on the day of starting. Something is sure to be forgotten; girths or buckles break; perhaps one of the drivers has had a birthday, and is suffering a little from the effects of it, and cannot be induced to pull himself together and get started at all. In fact, you must make up your mind to be quite content if the first day's march consists only of a few miles, just enough to get beyond the radius of the last whiskey shop, so as to be certain of making a clear, fair-and-square move on the succeeding day.

We got off pretty well, sent the wagons, escort, tents, and things away shortly after noon, and started ourselves a couple of hours later. It was with a feeling almost of exultation that I at last found myself riding on the boundless prairie, the tall flagstaff and the wooden houses of the fort fading in the distance, and before me nothing but the illimitable wilderness. After a short gallop we overtook the outfit on the banks of the Platte, an extraordinary river, which consists at all seasons, except when in full flood, of a broad band of shifting, soft, and dangerous sand, with a little water trickling about in it. It is in some places miles in breadth. There was a kind of bridge, composed of numerous holes, with a few wattles and planks and trunks of rotten trees thrown across them, the whole structure being supported on rickety trestles; but it was in such a dangerous condition that we did not attempt to cross it, but preferred to ford the river, though the bed of it was strewn with wheels, axles, and fragments of wagons, a sight not very encouraging to the traveller. However, by dint of much hard swearing we got across, travelled a few miles on the other side, and camped close to the source of a little stream. Next morning shortly after daylight two or three of us started on ahead on the route that the wagons were to follow, and an event occurred—we saw our first Wapiti. Almost immediately after leaving camp I spied two or three gigantic objects, with horns like

branching trees, surveying us from a sand-hill at a little distance. I was nearly frightened to death at the sight, they looked so enormous in the dim light, and although I had absolutely seen the head of an elk at Chicago, I still had lingering doubts as to their existence. We tried to ride round them, but it was no use: they had seen the camp, and made off before we could get anywhere within range. We travelled all the rest of that day without seeing anything more: it was intensely hot, and altogether the journey was not a very pleasant one. The heat was most oppressive, although it was late in October, for there was not a breadth of wind, and the treeless prairie does not afford a particle of shade of any kind: being quite a green hand on the prairies, I was afraid to wander any distance from the wagons, lest I might lose myself; and I found riding behind a wagon all day in the broiling sun on a rough-paced broncho so tiresome that I was well pleased when the camping-place for the night hove in sight.

The country we traversed is peculiar; the soil is of light sand, and the whole region is a vast series of sand-heaps. It looks as if the ocean in a violent gale—the height of the waves being exaggerated to some fifty or a hundred feet—had suddenly been arrested, solidified, and turned into sand. There are occasional level places, low bottoms, in which the water supplied by the winter snows and rains collects and remains some time after the great heats and droughts of summer have set in. These places are covered with a rank vegetation of tall grass, in which it is sometimes very difficult to force one's way on horseback; but generally the surface of the country is sand, either devoid of vegetation or covered with patches of coarse grass; and here and there are level tracts clothed with short, succulent, curling buffalo grass. The wind has a great effect on the soft surface of the sand, and most of the hills have one side blown or scooped out, which makes the country somewhat dangerous to ride over, for one is apt, in galloping after some animal, to come suddenly upon a perpendicular cliff twenty or thirty feet high, the descent down which would result in broken bones for man and horse.

The native horses are pretty well accustomed to this peculiarity of the country, and will stop suddenly, a proceeding which, though excellent and wise as regards themselves, is apt to result in the discomfiture of the rider if he is new to the plains, and to cause him to describe a graceful parabola in the air, and fall down head foremost in the soft substance of the sand beneath. It is the easiest thing in the world to lose yourself in this broken sand-heapy country, for you will lose sight of the wagons when not a hundred yards from them, and not see them until you are right on the top of them again. There is of course no kind of road or track of any sort; you simply travel in the direction which you wish to go, choosing the best line of country you can find.

We camped that night on Little Sandy Creek, the south branch of the east fork of the western arm of one of the larger tributaries of the North Platte. It was on the next day's march that the first elk was killed. I was riding alone a little to the left of the wagons, much alarmed at not having them constantly in view, but still so anxious to get a shot that I ventured to keep off a little way. I had adopted by this time the manners and customs of the native hunter, which consist in going up cautiously to the crest of a sand-hill, looking over inch by inch, and occasionally going to the top of the highest point in the neighborhood and taking a good survey round with a pair of field-glasses. At last I was rewarded. Quietly craning my head over a sand ridge, I saw lying at the bottom, not more than a couple of hundred yards from me, what looked at first like a great tangled mass of dry white sticks. It turned out to be the heads of three Wapiti stags lying down close together. I managed without much difficulty to get a little nearer to them, left my horse, crawled up to the brow of the nearest ridge, got a fine shot, and fired. I hate taking a lying shot, and it would have been better in this case if I had roused the animals up; however, I fired at one as he lay, and struck him, but not fatally, and they all got up and made off. Noticing that one was wounded, I jumped on my horse and followed him. I speedily came up to him, for he was severely hit, dismounted, fired another shot, and laid

him on the sand. He was not a very large stag, in fact he had a small head, but I thought him the most magnificent animal I had ever seen in my life. Fortunately for me, Buffalo Bill, who heard the shots and saw the Wapiti making off, followed them and came to my assistance, helped me to cut him up, and after taking some meat on our saddles, brought me safely and speedily back to the wagons. The river we camped on is a good-sized stream. It flows through a generally flat country, but partially composed, as I have already said, of sand-hills and steep bluffs. Its course is the most peculiar I have ever seen in any river; it twists and twines in a most miraculous manner, forming loops and figures of eight, and every kind of geometrical figure that can be made by curves. Two bends of the river will approach each other till they are separated only by a little neck of land a few yards in width, and then go away forever so far, sweeping back again in such a manner that I should think a man in a canoe might have to travel twenty miles to accomplish a distance of perhaps two or three miles in a straight line by land.

Where the stream has cut through high sand-hills or bluffs the banks are of course precipitous, almost perpendicular, but as a general rule there is a margin some hundred yards or so in width between the edge of the stream and the high steep hills which form the banks of the river. Through these hills, composed of loose sand and other soft materials, winter rains have worn deep gullies, large enough to be termed cañons, precipitous valleys leading up from the river, at right angles to its general course, to the level of the plain, and from these valleys other and smaller cañons branch off in all directions, forming a labyrinth of steep precipitous gullies.

These cañons, and indeed every crack and cranny below the level of the prairie, are thickly timbered with cypress; in other words, the natural wood grows everywhere where it is not subjected to the continually recurring prairie fires which desolate the region, and wherever it is sheltered from the cutting blast of wintry winds, almost as destructive in their effects as fire. The river is fordable in most places, as far as depth of

water is concerned, but the bottom is very treacherous, consisting generally of soft shifting quicksand. We pitched our camp in a nice sheltered situation, not far from the head of one of the cañons leading down to the river, near enough to the stream to be able to water our horses without inconvenience, and sufficiently close to the plain to be able to get a good look-out over the surrounding country without having to go too far.

It was a pleasant and convenient camp, and we should have been very comfortable if we had not suffered so much from cold at night; but unfortunately for us, summer turned suddenly into winter, a violent snow-storm came on, and for a few days after it we felt the cold very severely. We had plenty of buffalo rugs and blankets, it is true, but there is a limit to the number of blankets that are useful; a dozen will not keep a man any warmer than half a dozen, or half a dozen than two or three. I do not like sleeping in great cold; it necessitates lying so still. The only chance is to get into bed, roll yourself well up in your blankets and buffalo robes while the tent is warm, see that there is no cranny or hole anywhere by which the air can penetrate, and then lie perfectly quiet. You will experience a most oppressive and inconvenient amount of heat at first, which it is very difficult to put up with, for it is almost impossible to resist the desire to kick off the clothes and get cool, but the temptation must be resisted, and you must lie perfectly still—even if you boil—otherwise your chance of a comfortable night is gone. If you succeed in going to sleep, you will find, when you wake after three or four hours, that though the cold is intense your body still contains a considerable amount of caloric; you must then pull the blankets completely over your head, just leaving a little hole through which to obtain a scanty supply of fresh air, and remain in that position till you get up in the morning. It makes an enormous difference to your bodily heat having your head inside the blankets, but it is not pleasant. In the morning you will find your air-hole incrusting with a thick coating of ice, and your body by that time thoroughly cold and stiff, from lying so long in one position.

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However, that is one of the discomforts of hunting that has to be put up with.

We scoured the country for the first couple of days in vain, seeing nothing, not even a fresh sign. On the third afternoon we—that is, myself and a friend and Buffalo Bill—were riding along, somewhat dispirited, a little in the rear of Texas Jack, who had gone on ahead and had disappeared round a hill. Presently we caught sight of him again on a little bluff at some distance from us. He had dismounted, and was running round and round on all fours, making such extraordinary antics that I imagined he had gone suddenly insane, till Buffalo Bill explained that he was merely indicating to us in the language of the plain that there were some Wapiti in sight and pretty near. So we approached him very cautiously, and looking over the edge of the cliff saw a sight which I shall never forget—a herd of at least 120 or 130 Wapiti on the little plain below close to the edge of the river. They looked magnificent, so many of these huge deer together. There were not many good heads among them, however, the herd consisting chiefly of hinds and young stags. They were in such a position that we could not make a good stalk upon them, and as it was getting late in the afternoon we determined to try and drive them, and so, after posting Jack and my friend in two favorable positions, Buffalo Bill and I went round to try and creep as near the Wapiti as we could. I did get two or three unfavorable shots, and missed, but the other two men were more fortunate, for they shot three elk out of the herd as they ran by.

Next morning, a little before sunrise, I was awaked as usual by hearing a scratch, scratch, against the canvas of my tent door. "Come in," I said, with a sleepy and somewhat sulky voice at being disturbed, for I could feel by the stiffened and frozen condition of the blankets about my mouth that it was a very cold morning, and I was still tolerably warm. My "come in" was answered by the appearance of Jack's jolly cheerful face as he undid the strings that tied the tent door, and came in, rubbing his hands and stamping his feet. "Good morning," says Jack; "it's about time to get up, it's a fine

large morning, and going to be a great day for hunting." "All right, Jack; I will be up in a minute. In the mean time there is the panikin, and there is the keg." Jack, like most prairie men, invariably introduced himself to the Sun-God with a copious libation of whiskey. To take a big drink of raw whiskey in the morning, and to touch nothing more during the rest of the day, appears to me a most extraordinary perversion of principle. However, it is a part of the manners and customs of the country, and may be adapted to that peculiar region. I have often tried to acquire the habit, but have never succeeded. It is true that to take one drink of whiskey in the morning induces modified intoxication for the whole of the day, and it is therefore an economical habit; but it makes a man so unpleasantly drunk that he is apt to become a nuisance to himself and a terror to his friends. After Jack had tossed off his tot of whiskey with the customary salutation, "How," to which we replied with the polite rejoinder, "Drink hearty," we crawled out of our blankets and began to dress ourselves; that is to say, to undress ourselves, for we slept with more clothes on than we wore in the daytime; and then, having taken our drams in the shape of coffee, and gone through the slight ceremonial that answers to the getting-up of civilized life, we turned out, watered our horses, and started, accompanied by the captain in command of the scouting party. The captain, however, had a mishap, which necessitated his returning to camp, for in crossing a stream his horse took fright, reared, and fell back in the water. The result was that on emerging from the river the gallant captain took upon himself the appearance of a knight of old clad in a complete and glittering armor of ice. In a few moments his clothes were frozen and stiff as a board, and he had to gallop home, get himself wrapped up in blankets, and the circulation restored by external friction and internal applications of hot whiskey and water.

We rode for a long time, keeping a general direction down stream, but on the high ground on the banks of the river, without seeing anything or a sign of anything.

About noon I at last caught a glimpse of some objects a long way off, on the side of a steep bluff. It is very hard to take a good view of a distant object on a cold winter's day from the top of an exposed hill, with the wind blowing through and through one, and one's eyes watering and one's benumbed hands shaking the glasses in a most inconvenient manner. And we were unable for some time to determine the nature of the animals, but at length made out that they were elk, and not what we feared at first they might be, Indians. As soon as we had made the joyful discovery we mounted our horses and galloped off, making a long circuit down wind, so as to come upon the game from the proper direction. Jack's instinct as a hunter stood us in good stead on this occasion. He brought us round beautifully to the exact spot where the deer lay, which was an exceedingly difficult thing to do, considering that when we first saw them they were four or five miles off, and were lying on a sand-hill exactly like hundreds and thousands of other sand-hills that surrounded us in every direction. There was not even the slightest landmark to point out the position of the elk, and having once got on our horses we never saw them till Jack brought us within a few hundred yards of the herd.

I had no idea where we were, when Jack said, "Now be mighty careful in going up this hill, and keep your eyes skinned: we ought to be able to see elk from the top." Accordingly we rode our horses up, inch by inch, stooping down on their necks whenever we moved, and halting every two or three steps, and gradually raising our heads, so as to be sure of catching sight of the game before they saw us. When we discovered the deer, we found they were lying on the opposite hill-side, out of shot, and we had to make another detour in order to get closer up; and finally, having reached a place from whence we expected to be within easy range, we dismounted, gave our horses in charge to two soldiers who had accompanied us, and prepared to make a start on foot. It was not pleasant ground for crawling, covered as it was in patches with dwarf cacti, horrible little vegetable nuisances about the size of a

cricket ball, covered with spikes that penetrate through moccasins into the soles of your feet, and fill your hands and knees till they look like pincushions. They go in easily enough, but being barbed at the end, they won't come out again. They are a great trouble to dogs. I had a colley with me that became so disgusted with these cacti that if he found himself among patches of them he would howl and yell with terror before he was hurt at all. They are very detrimental also to the human hunter, but of course it is better to be as covered with prickles as is the fretful porcupine than to miss a chance at a big stag; and so, in spite of cacti, we crawled on our hands and knees, and after a while flat upon our waistcoats, till we got to the crest of the hill, and there found ourselves within two hundred yards of the game. We could not tell how large the herd was, for not more than twenty Wapiti were in sight. Having mutually settled what we were to do in a few hurried whispers, we selected each man his deer, fired all together, and loaded and fired again as fast as we could. Wapiti are so stupid that when they do not get your wind, or see you, they will bunch up together and stand, poor things, some little time in a state of complete terror, uncertain which way to run or what to do, and we got several shots into them before they started, and when at length they did set off they went in such a direction that we were able to cut them off again by running across at an angle. We did so, and, making another careful stalk upon them, found them all gathered together, looking about in all directions, and quite bewildered at being unable to see or smell the danger to which they were exposed. Signalling our horses to come up, we got three or four more shots at the elk before they made up their minds to start, and when at last they did get under way, we rushed to meet the horses, threw ourselves into the saddle, and started full gallop after them.

Fortune again befriended us, for the deer ran round a steep bluff, and, by taking the other side of the hill, we succeeded in cutting them off again, and rode in right on the top of the herd, yelling and shouting to frighten them. In running Wapiti on horseback, the

great thing is to get among them suddenly at great speed, and to scare them as much as possible. If you succeed in doing that, they get winded, and with a good horse you will be able to keep up with them for some little distance; but if you let them get started gradually at their own pace, you have no more chance of coming up with them than with the man in the moon. However, this time we charged in among the herd, and kept up with them a long way. What became of the others I don't know, for I was too fully occupied with myself to take any notice of them. I rode in upon fifty or sixty of the huge beasts, kept my horse galloping right along with them, and loaded and fired as fast as I could, occasionally rolling over a deer. Presently I singled out a big stag, the best I could see, and devoted myself to him. With the usual cowardice of his sex, he thrust himself in among the hinds, and I had great difficulty in getting at him at all. Finally, I got a good broadside shot at him, but missed, for it is not an easy thing to hit a deer at full gallop with your own horse at full gallop also; in fact it is about as hard a thing to do as a man can attempt in the way of shooting, particularly as, owing to the peculiarly dangerous nature of the ground, a man has to keep his eyes open, and cannot devote his entire attention to the animal he is pursuing, or even to his own horse. However, I stuck to my deer, though he doubled and turned in all directions, and at last by a lucky shot rolled him over like a rabbit, a fact which I announced by a yell which I should think must have been heard in settlements.

As soon as I had done for him, I took after the rest of the herd, or rather the largest portion of the herd, for the main body of deer had broken up into several parties, and followed a little bunch of perhaps twenty or thirty, loading and firing, loading and firing, and every now and then bowling over a Wapiti. I went on till my rifle fell from my hands through sheer exhaustion and stuck in the sand, muzzle downward. That of course stopped my wild career. Then I got off my horse, which was completely blown and stood with his legs wide apart, his nostrils quivering,

his flanks heaving, pouring with sweat, and loosened his girths. I felt in pretty much the same condition, for it is hard work running elk on horseback; so, having first extracted my rifle from its position in the sand, I led my horse slowly up to the top of a sand-hill, turned his head to the fresh vivifying wind, and sat down. I had not the remotest idea of where I was, how long I had been running the elk, how many I had killed, or anything else: the excitement I had been in for the last half hour or so was so great that I felt quite bewildered, and scarcely knew what had happened. It was natural that I should not know where I was, for the oldest hand will get turned round after running even buffalo on the prairie; and elk are much worse than buffalo, for the latter will generally run tolerably straight, but the former go in circles, and double, and turn back on their tracks, and go in any direction it suits them. I was utterly and completely lost as far as finding my way back to camp was concerned, and I began all at once to feel a sense of dismalness creep over me. A sudden reaction set in after the great excitement I had enjoyed. Only a few seconds before I had been careering at full gallop over the prairie, shouting from sheer exuberance of spirits, every nerve in a state of intense excitation, the blood coursing madly through every artery and vein, every muscle and sinew strained to the uttermost, bestriding an animal in an equal state of excitement, and pursuing a herd of flying creatures, all instinct with life and violent movement. In a second it was all gone. Like a flash the scene changed. The Wapiti disappeared as if by magic. There was not a living creature of any kind to be seen, and the oppressive silence was unbroken by the faintest sound. I looked all around the horizon; not a sign of life; everything seemed dull, dead, quiet, unutterably sad and melancholy. The change was very strange, the revulsion of feeling very violent and not agreeable. I experienced a most extraordinary feeling of loneliness, and so having stopped a few minutes to let my horse get his wind, and to recover my faculties a little, I got on my exhausted steed, cleaned the sand out of my rifle, slowly rode up to the top of

the highest sand-hill in the neighborhood, and there sat down again to look about me. I dare say the reader will ask, "Why did not you take your back track, and so find your way?" I should have tried that of course in time, but it is not an easy matter to follow one's footmarks when the whole country is ploughed up and tracked over with the feet of flying animals, and I had in all probability been describing curves, crossing my trail many times; so I sat me down on the top of my sand-hill and waited.

After what seemed to me an intolerable time, probably nearly half an hour, I saw, in the distance, a little black spot crawling up a high sand-hill and remaining stationary at the top, and by the aid of my glass I made out a man and a horse. The man and horse remained where they were; I also did not stir; and in a few minutes more I had the pleasure of seeing in another direction another man and horse climbing to the top of a sand-hill. I felt sure they were my friends, for we had always settled among ourselves that if we got separated in running elk or buffalo, or anything, each man should get to the top of the highest point he could find, wait there some little time, and in this way we should be sure to get together again; and so, after fixing well in my eye the position of the first man I had seen, I got on my horse and started in that direction. After a bit I rode up another high sand-hill to take an observation, and finding my friend still in the same place, continued my way toward him. In about an hour we had all got together again, and after briefly giving each other an account of our success, we struck out for the end of the track where I had left my stag, and took the trail back. Such a scene of slaughter I had never viewed before; for two or three miles the dead elk lay thick upon the ground; it was like a small battle-field; a case of prairie murder, as the captain said. By Jove, how we did work that afternoon, galloping the deer! It was dark by the time we had got through our task, and with bent and aching backs and blunted knives had returned to camp, about the dirtiest, most blood-stained, hungriest, happiest, most contented, and most disreputable-looking crowd to be found anywhere in the great

territories of the West. I shall never participate in such a day's sport as that again. It was wonderful, because it partook of the double nature of stalking and running on horseback, for we had our stalk first, and killed five or six Wapiti on foot, and then we had our run and killed a lot more. The next two days we were busily engaged in cutting up the meat with axes and taking it into camp, for it must not be supposed that an ounce of all that meat was wasted; we hauled every bit of it out to the fort, where the demand for fresh venison greatly exceeded our supply.

The worst of killing so much game in a short time is that it brings one's hunt to a premature end. We had got all the meat we could carry, and there was nothing for us to do but hitch up our teams and drive back to settlements. Two or three days after our return, the fort had a narrow escape of being burned up in the night by a prairie fire of unusual magnitude. The fire originated a long way off, down on the Republican River, but there was a stiff breeze blowing at the time, and it travelled with most amazing swiftness toward us. While it was still miles and miles away, the whole sky was lit up with a fierce lurid glare, and as it soon became evident that it was coming in our direction, energetic measures were at once taken to fight the foe. All the troops, consisting, if I remember right, of eight companies of infantry and two or three troops of cavalry, were ordered out, and every other able-bodied man in the fort was requisitioned. The fire bore down upon us from the south with awful speed and overwhelming power. It was terrifying but grand to see it coming. The country to the south is very hilly, with long valleys leading down toward the fort. The fire would work its way comparatively slowly up a hill, and then pausing as it were for a moment on the brink, would be caught by the wind and hurled down the slope with a roar that could be heard miles away. It poured down the valleys with a rush, tossing a spray of flames twenty or thirty feet high into the air, like as if a vast pent-up flood of molten metal had suddenly burst its barriers and spread over the plain. No living creature that walks the earth, however fleet of foot, could have escaped the fierce onslaught

of those flames. The approach of the fire was not uniform and regular, but was affected by every change and flaw of wind; sometimes it would move slowly, with a loud crackling noise like that made by a bundle of dry sticks burning; then it would come tearing on in leaps and bounds, devouring the earth and roaring like a huge furnace. Occasionally a great body of fire advanced steadily in one direction for some time, till, checked by some change of wind, it would die down altogether, or move on in some other course; but, in spite of occasional deflections of this kind, the general drift of the fire was straight toward us, and it soon became painfully evident that unless the enemy could be checked or turned aside the fort was doomed. Fire is an awful foe, but the men met it gallantly—advancing in line, commanded by their officers, as if moving against a living enemy, only instead of being armed with sabre and rifle, they carried water-buckets and blankets. As soon as they got as near as the intense heat would allow them, they set to work burning broad strips of grass before the advancing flames. It is of course impossible to cope with the fire itself; no creature could stand near it for a moment and live; the only way to deal with it is to burn the ground in front of the object you want to save, so that when the fire comes down to the burned and bare place it shall be forced, from want of fuel, to turn aside. That sounds simple enough, but in the case I am thinking of it was difficult and dangerous work. The grass was very high, dry as tinder, and with a strong gale blowing it was no easy matter to keep in check the flames that were lit on purpose. The men had to keep on firing the grass and beating down the flames with blankets, and firing it further on and beating it down again, until a strip of burned ground, so broad that it could not be overleaped by the flames, was interposed between the fire and the fort. It is hard to imagine anything more hellish than that scene. The heat was intense, the sky glowed lurid, red with the reflection of the flames, the fire poured down toward us as if it would devour everything in its way, and between us and the flames, standing out clear and distinct against the intense bright light, was the

fighting line, wild-looking figures waving coats and blankets as they furiously beat the flames, men rushing to and fro, and mounted officers galloping up and down the rank. After some hours' incessant hard work, they beat the fire, thrust it on one side, and saved the fort; but it was a very, very narrow escape, for the flames passed awfully close to the hay-yard, where a whole winter's supply of forage was stacked. A few yards nearer, and the hay must have ignited, and if that had once caught fire, nothing could have saved the stables and all the other buildings in the place. There was no actual danger to life, for the barrack square of hard bare earth was sufficiently large to have afforded shelter and safety to all the human beings in the fort; but the horses would probably have perished, and the stores, and barracks, and officers' quarters, and in fact the whole settlement, would have been burned to ashes. The fire travelled some 200 miles that night, destroyed a lot of cattle, leaped over two or three good-sized streams, and was finally arrested in its devastating course by a large river.

We remained some time in that country, made several expeditions from the fort, had many little adventures, and enjoyed much good sport, but never again had such a run after Wapiti as that which I have endeavored to describe. Circumstances must be very favorable to insure a good run after elk: the ground must be tolerably hard, or else there is no chance whatever, and you must be able to get near enough to the game unseen to enable you to burst in upon them at the first spurt, otherwise you will never get up with them at all. I remember once chasing a wounded stag nearly all day along with a friend who was hunting with me and a Government scout. It was most ludicrous: we got within about 300 yards of him, and do what we would we could get no nearer. We followed in this way for hours, till our horses were completely blown, and eventually killed him, because the deer himself became exhausted through loss of blood, just as our horses were giving out. The scout had got within a hundred yards or so, and was just pulling up his completely played-out horse, when the deer stood still for a moment, which gave the man time to slip out of the sad-

dle and finish him with a lucky shot. He was a fine stag, with a good pair of horns. A nice chase he gave us, and a nice job we had to get back to camp that night. We were completely lost, had been running round and round, up and down, in and out, for hours, and it was more by good luck than good management that we hit upon the river and got safe home.

The prairie is the place to go to if you want to make a big bag, but for true sport commend me to the forest and the hills. To me at least there is infinitely more charm in stalking Wapiti among the mountains, in the magnificent scenery to be found there, than in running them on the plains. The plains, although they give one a sense of freedom and a certain exaltation from their immensity, yet are dismal and melancholy, and running elk, although intensely exciting, is scarcely a legitimate and sportsmanlike way of hunting such a noble beast. But in the mountains, stalking elk, picking out a good stag and creeping up to him, is as fine a sport as can be obtained anywhere in the world; in fact, it is like deer-stalking in Scotland, with everything in grand proportions, mountains many thousand feet in height instead of hills of a few hundred, and a magnificent animal weighing 600 or 800 pounds instead of a comparatively small deer which would not turn the scale at twenty stone.

Wapiti used to be, and I suppose still are, plentiful in all the mountainous regions of the Western Territories. They were very numerous formerly in that portion of Colorado with which I am best acquainted, namely, Estes Park and the mountains and valleys surrounding it; but now that the Park is settled up their visits are comparatively rare. The flat country used to be full of them in autumn, they would run among the cattle, and apparently take little notice of them; but chasing them with hounds has made them very shy, and now they do not often come down except in winter, when deep snow upon the range compels them to seek pasturage on the lower grounds. Still, there are even now plenty of them in the neighborhood, and Wapiti can always be found with a little trouble at any season of the year.

A few years ago Estes Park was a hunter's paradise. Not only were all the wild beasts of the continent plentiful, but the streams also were alive with trout, as for the matter of that they are still; and we often devoted a day to fishing, by way of varying our sport and obtaining a little change of diet. In summer there was nothing peculiar about the method of fishing; we used artificial flies, or live grasshoppers, and caught multitudes of trout, for they generally took the fly so well that I never remember finding myself in the position of the gentleman who has heard complaining to a friend that he had been "slinging a five-and-twenty cent bug,* with a twenty foot pole all day, and had not had nary bite;" and on the rare occasions on which they did not rise freely at the artificial insect, you were pretty sure to get them with a live "hopper." There is another advantage also in using the last-mentioned bait, namely, that it insures a double amount of sport and labor, for catching grasshoppers is a great deal harder work than hooking trout. But in winter we had to fish through holes in the ice, and that is a somewhat peculiar proceeding. The first time I ever fished trout through the ice was in the Park. Three of us started off one fine bright winter's morning, and rode about ten or twelve miles up the main creek, to a place near some beaver dams, where trout was said to be plentiful, carrying with us an axe, a sack, some twine and hooks, a bit of raw pork, and of course our rifles. Having dismounted, tied up my horse, and selected what I thought was a likely-looking spot, I set to work to cut through the ice, while my companions rode some way farther up the stream.

I cut and chopped and got pretty warm, for it is no joke cutting through two feet of solid ice, and, after some labor, struck down upon an almost dry gravel bed. I repeated the same opera-

tion the second time to my great disgust; but on the third attempt the axe went suddenly through into deep water. Let me advise any of my readers who propose fishing through the ice by way of cooling their youthful ardor in the winter, to be careful how they set to work. The proper way is to chop a square hole, taking pains to cut down very evenly; the improper way is to do as I did the first time—cut carelessly, get down deeper on one side of the square than on the other, suddenly strike the axe through, and get the hole full of water, while yet there are several inches of ice to be cut through. If any one will try chopping ice in a hole two feet deep and full of water, he will discover that the splashing, though graceful to look at, is not comfortable to feel in cold weather. Fishing through the ice is chilly and depressing work. I mean such fishing as I am thinking of when you are exposed to all the keen airs of heaven, a solitary shivering mortal out all alone in the wilderness. Of course if two young persons go out fishing for tommy-cods, as they occasionally do on the St. Lawrence, through a hole in the ice, with a nice little hut built over it, and a nice little stove inside, why, things are quite different.

I cannot say that fishing through the ice under ordinary circumstances is very exciting sport, but there is something comical about it, and it affords a certain amount of innocent enjoyment. When I rejoined my pals that evening, I could not forbear laughing at the peculiar appearance of the winter trout-fisher as represented by a staid, respectable member of society, who looked as if he ought to be engaged in some learned or scientific pursuit or dressed in good broadcloth, and poring over his books in some well-filled library. His costume was remarkable. His feet were protected by voluminous moccasins stuffed with many woollen socks; his legs incased in dingy and somewhat greasy corduroys; his body in an ancient, blood-stained, weather-beaten jacket, with two or three pieces of old sacking or gunny bags hung on the shoulders, and strapped round the waist to keep off the wind; an ordinary deer-stalking cap, with pieces filched from a buffalo robe sewn on the ear-flaps, pulled over the brows and tied

* The Americans have retained the original meaning of the word "bug," and apply it to various insects: for instance, a daddy-long-legs, fire-fly, or lady-bird would be called a straddle bug, a lightning bug, or a lady bug. The peculiar reptile which has monopolized the term among us is distinguished in the States by prefixing the name of that article of furniture in which he loves to lurk, and where his presence murders sweet repose.

under the chin, and a long and tattered woollen muffler wound round and round the neck, allowed little of the fisherman's face to be seen, except a nose, purple with cold, from which hung a little icicle, and a pair of eyes gazing intently at the hole in the ice over which he stooped. Patiently he crouched over his fishing hole, occasionally stirring up the water to keep it from freezing, holding in his hand a fishing-rod in the shape of a stick about a foot long, from which depended a piece of thick twine attached to a hook armed with the eye of a deceased trout as a bait. At intervals he would twitch out a fish, pull him violently off the hook—a man cannot employ much delicacy of manipulation when his hands are incased in thick fingerless mittens—and throw him on a heap of his forerunners in misfortune, where he speedily froze solid in the very act of protesting by vigorous contortions against his cruel fate. We caught, I should be ashamed to say how many dozen trout on that occasion. I know we had the best part of a sack full, but as to the exact size of the sack I propose to retain a strict reserve, lest I should be accused of taking a mean advantage of that noble little fish the trout.

On the way home we shot a mountain sheep. We came suddenly and unexpectedly upon three of them, started our host of the Rancho Griff Evan's huge hound Plunk after them, jumped off our

horses, and put out up the mountain on foot after the dog. What a pace those sheep went up that mountain, and what a pace old Plunk went up after them, and what a ludicrously long way behind we were left! It made one quite ashamed of being a man to see the manner in which the sheep and the dog got away up the mountain and out of sight before we had panted and perspired up a few hundred feet. We might have saved ourselves the trouble of climbing, for presently down came one of the sheep, followed closely by Plunk and preceded by a small avalanche of rattling gravel and bounding stones, in such a hurry that he as nearly as possible ran between the legs of one of the sportsmen. The animal passed literally within two yards of him with such startling effect that he had no time to do anything but fire his rifle off in the air in a kind of vague and general way. Plunk stuck to the sheep gallantly, and pressed him so hard that he went to bay in the bed of the river, at a place where the water rushes foaming down a steep descent among a mass of huge boulders, and there he met his fate. The mere word "mountain sheep" evokes such recollections of the emotions I felt on being first introduced to that strange animal, that I will endeavor to relieve my mind by trying to jot down in a future article some reminiscences of sheep.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

THE ROOF OF THE WORLD.

IN February, 1838, Lieutenant Wood, of the Indian Navy, rode across the level summit of the Kotal of Ish-kashim—the only pass across that long and lofty offshoot from the Hindu Kush which forms the eastern frontier of Badakhshan; and from thence, at a height of nearly 11,000 feet above the sea, he looked down into the narrow mountain-valley wherein, undiscernible beneath the snow, flowed the infant stream of the Oxus. For long centuries no European had beheld that river in its upper course; and the brief narratives of Marco Polo and one or two other early adventurers were still received in Europe with scepticism, and even with incredulity. That is the

way in which the world receives the narratives of all first explorers. Bruce's "Travels in Abyssinia," with its true story of a strange land and strange peoples, were treated as purely mythical; and the "Tales of Baron Munchausen," which have delighted the children of subsequent generations, were originally published in derision of Bruce's narrative. For some days before we here met him, Lieutenant Wood had been on the actual track of Marco Polo; and his brief, memorable, and interesting expedition which we are about to recount shows how accurate is the simple narrative of the daring Venetian, whose tidings of the great empire of China and of the In-

dies fired Columbus with the desire to find a way thither across the wild wastes of the Atlantic.

More than a twelvemonth had elapsed since Lieutenant Wood started from the mouths of the Indus, making his way slowly up that most unnavigable of large rivers; and when at length, baffled by the rapids at the Salt Range, he made his way overland, by Kohat and the Khyber Pass, to Cabul. His special object was to visit the unknown region of the upper Oxus, and, if possible, to track the river to its source. Taking the most direct route, he endeavored to surmount the Hindu Kush by one of the passes immediately to the north of Cabul; but he found the Parwan Pass impracticable so late in the year, and wisely turned back, he escaped the fate of another party which had started from Cabul along with him, and whose members perished in the snow in an adjoining pass. Back, down the long valley again, he had to go to Cabul; from thence he made for Bameean, the best known and most westerly of the passes over the Hindu Kush; and thence he descended northward toward the Oxus until he came to the sultry and unhealthy lowlands of Kunduz. The Oxus was there within a day's ride; but his object was to strike the river much farther up; and as the course of the Oxus above Kunduz projects northward in a semi-circle, he resolved to proceed along the chord of the arc, through Badakhshan, and over the Kotal of Ish-kashm.

Standing upon the summit of the pass, an unbroken expanse of snow spread around. Far as the eye could reach, white mountains towered aloft into the cold sky. Behind were the narrow mountain-valleys of the eastern part of Badakhshan, in one of which lie the lapis-lazuli mines, famous from the earliest times, and which Wood had just visited. In front, and 2000 feet below him, flowed the snow-covered Oxus, coming down a long narrow valley from the east—an opening between precipitous parallel mountain-chains, on whose summits, and far down their sides, lay the unmelted snow of countless centuries. To the right, as he thus looked eastward, the Hindu Kush towered above the narrow vale; while to the left, the mountain-chain on which he stood ran

north by west beyond the range of vision—a mighty barrier, which causes the Oxus to turn at right angles to its previous course, curving northward round Badakhshan.

There, then, was the infant Oxus, only a hundred feet in width; and he was the only European of modern times who had seen the sight. Descending the pass, Wood and his small party (himself the sole European) crossed the river on bridges of hardened snow; for the ice was ruptured by the rise of the river, which begins early in spring. He had a great desire to visit the world-renowned Ruby Mines, which had been famous when Europe was still in its infancy. They lay only twenty miles down the river, and he could see the mountain into whose sides the galleries were quarried in search of the gem which rivals even the diamond in value. Only twenty miles; but he could not reach the spot! And yet the route to the mines from where he stood is actually the only one by which the people of mountain-girdled Badakhshan can communicate with the provinces of Darwaz, Roshan, and Shagnan, opposite to them on the north or right bank of the Oxus. Throughout these twenty miles the mountains on the left bank descend in lofty precipices to the river-bed—the only route is along the right bank. But even there the mountains come so close to the river, that journeying by horseback is rarely possible, and journeying on foot is only safe in the summer months; and the best route of all is along the surface of the river in winter when it happens to be hard frozen.

Wood had been partly prepared for this disappointment. When ascending the Pass of Ish-kashm, a strange, way-worn figure had met them, brushing his way through the willow scrub that covers the slope, with the skin of a horse wrapped around him. Tempted by the frozen state of the river, he had gone with some comrades to pay a visit in Darwaz, just beyond the Ruby Mines; but when about to return they found the river had burst its icy covering. His companions turned back to await the coming of summer; but he had pushed on, and only got through after sacrificing his horse, whose hide he was carrying home with him. Hardly had this

strange-clad wayfarer passed on, when Wood met a party of horsemen descending from the pass, who told him they had been sent to collect tribute at a hamlet near the Ruby Mines. They had to leave their horses and make their way thither on foot; and on their return one third of the party had been overwhelmed by an avalanche on the mountain-side. Happening to look back, the foremost of the party beheld a white mist rushing down, and their comrades were seen no more. Such was the region which Wood had now reached.

Overruling the fears and natural dislike of his little party, Wood now turned his face eastward, or E. by N., resolved to make his way up through the wild and lonesome narrow mountain-valley down which flowed the Oxus from its unknown source in the far-off mountain-land of Pamir. This valley, which he entered and first looked down upon from the Pass of Ish-kashm, is called Wakhan—so Wood found—a name which is mentioned passingly by Marco Polo, but which had never since been heard of in Europe, and which now became replaced in geography. Proceeding up this valley, which for fifty miles above Ish-kashm varies from a mile to barely two hundred yards in width—a mere thread among the tremendous mountain-ranges on either hand—Wood's little party early in the afternoon reached Ishtarakh. The word hamlet is too big for this little settlement—a few rude and small houses built for shelter among the rocky fragments of the mountains. As a snow-shower was falling when he arrived, no sign of human habitation was discernible, but for a yak standing quietly at what proved to be the door of one of the dwellings. The yak—the reindeer of Thibet and the Pamir—a creature that cannot live where the temperature is above the freezing-point!

The mountain-range which here shuts in the valley of the Oxus on the south is the most easterly part of the Hindu Kush. Ishtarakh stands at the mouth of a glen or gorge in these mountains, down which a rivulet flows into the Oxus from its source in the eternal snows; and up this glen there is a path leading to a pass over the Hindu Kush, so that by a three days' journey one may reach the seat of the ruler of Chitral. But the

journey must be made on foot, and is only practicable in summer, and the entire route is through the wild mountains, utterly uninhabited. So inaccessible is this region that even a route of this kind is held worthy of mention.

At Ishtarakh, Wood learned that for forty miles upward the valley of the Oxus was wholly uninhabited. The cold was great, and the wind from the mountains so piercing that nothing short of necessity would justify a bivouac for the night in the open. Accordingly, after some ten hours' rest, Wood and his little party started from Ishtarakh at midnight—whether by moonlight or by the gleam of the snow is not mentioned—and rode along by the river through the wild and profound solitude for forty miles—thirteen hours in the saddle—to a little settlement called Kundut, which, be it observed, is due north of Attock. Just before reaching this place, the ground became more level, and the Oxus, dividing into many channels, meandered over a sandy bed, studded with numberless islets, which were thickly covered with an undergrowth of red willow-trees. In passing through one of these copses, Wood's dog started a hare from its bed—the only living thing they had seen throughout their forty miles' ride.

At Kundut, Shah Turai, in a little fort, ruled as monarch over the fifteen families which constituted the population, and whose houses clustered about the fort like so many cells in a beehive. Wood was hospitably received by the Shah. "A large fire soon blazed upon the hearth of the best house; and his subjects being convened, I was paraded round it to refute the assertion of a wandering *callender* (fakir) from Jumbo in the Himalaya Mountains, who had persuaded the credulous Wakhanis that the Feringis were a nation of dwarfs." And here we get a glimpse, reminding us of one of the earliest stages of settled human life long before calendars were compiled or timepieces invented. The holes in the roofs of the houses, besides giving vent to the smoke, performed the office of sun-dials, indicating the hour of the day when the sun is shining. "Before the housewife begins to prepare the family meal, she looks not up at a clock, but round the walls

or upon the floor for the spot on which his golden light is streaming. The seasons also are marked by the same means ; for when the sun's rays, through this aperture in the roof, reach one particular spot, it is seed-time."

Resuming his journey up the valley of the Oxus, Wood and his little party had not proceeded far when the barking of dogs and the sight of yaks, camels, and sheep roaming over the plain bespoke the vicinity of a pastoral people. It was an encampment of Kirghiz, numbering a hundred families, and possessed of about 2000 yaks, 4000 sheep, and 1000 camels : "not the ugly-looking camel of Africa, but the species known as the Bactrian, and which, to all the useful qualities of the former, adds a majestic port that no animal but the horse can surpass." It was the first time that the Kirghiz had ever wintered in that district, and they had just arrived—having been solicited to do so by the Uzbeks of Badakhshan, with whom they are connected by race.

Throughout that day's journey the valley of the Oxus continued level, about a mile wide, grassy in some places, and, though far from fertile, improved in appearance compared with its lower course. But it is only on the brink of the river that herbage and willow-copse abound ; the outer part of the narrow plain, at the foot of the mountains, being entirely bare and devoid of vegetation. After a twenty-four miles' ride, Wood reached a place called Kila Panj (from five hillocks clustered together) ; and at this point he crossed to the right, or north bank of the river, which there flowed at the rate of three and a half miles an hour. At the crossing-place at Kila Panj, the stream is spilt into two channels—one of which, twenty-seven yards broad, was two feet deep ; the other, which was broader by ten yards, was so shallow that Wood's dog crossed it without swimming. A further ride of about ten miles brought the party to their halting-place for the night at Hissar—a small rude fort, with a little settlement around it.

At this point the valley of the Oxus bifurcates. One valley or glen runs up among the mountains east by south, the other runs north-east ; and down each of them flowed a stream of nearly equal size. Which was the Oxus ? To

Wood's eye the stream from the east seemed slightly the larger ; but the Wakhanis held the opposite opinion as a fact ; nor was it easy for Wood to decide, for the stream from the north was broken into several channels. The northern stream, however, was covered with ice to the point of junction, whereas the eastern one was unfrozen—plainly showing that the stream from the north rose in a much higher altitude than the other. Also, when Wood made a clearing in the ice, he found the velocity of the northern tributary double that of the one from the east. Further, the Kirghiz tribe whom he had met on the previous day had told him positively that the source of the Oxus was to be found in the lofty table-land to the north-east. So Wood resolved to track the stream which came down from the north.

But he wanted guides, and an escort for protection against the roving Kirghiz tribes ; and he was detained at Hissar and at Langar Kish, a place a few miles further on ; until it occurred to him to boldly ask an escort from the Kirghiz encampment down the river—that is, from the very people whom he had to guard against ; and he had not to repent his confidence.

At Hissar, which stands at the confluence of two streams, the valley of the Oxus—narrow at the best—terminates ; and the route lies up the *durah* Sir-i-kol—the defile or rough glen down which comes the Oxus from the plateau of Pamir. Langar Kish (10,800 feet above the sea) is the most easterly point of Wakhan, and the last place of human habitation. The travellers now clothed themselves more heavily than ever, to keep out the intense cold : "the Munshi in particular was so hampered up with worsted cloaks that his arms were all but useless, and his short legs had scarcely action enough to keep him on his horse." The sides of the mountains forming the defile were broken down in abrupt declivities, and the snow-wreathed stream flowed roughly amid their dislocated fragments. This is the route by which the Yarkand caravan travels ; and three hours after starting, Wood's party came to a ravine which they had great trouble in crossing, and where frequently the caravan is interrupted, and its merchandise has to be

transferred from the camel's back to that of the yak. They bivouacked for the night on a knoll, free from snow, but only so from its being swept by every gust that traversed the *durah*. The cold was intense. Wood's thermometer was only graduated down to 6° above zero, Fahrenheit, and the mercury had sunk down into the bulb. Three of the party (two of them Afghans) suffered so much during the night that they had to be sent back to Langar Kish. Height of the bivouac above the sea, 12,000 feet.

Next morning resuming their course up the rough snow-covered glen, the journey was most fatiguing. Although the snow lay only two feet deep, it was but half-frozen, and drifts abounded in which the horse and his rider floundered painfully. At noon they took to the frozen surface of the river, and the change was most agreeable. It was dark before they reached the halting-place chosen by the Kirghiz guides; the snow on it lay a yard deep, and a cold ugly spot it looked; but the Kirghiz, taking their wooden shovels, quickly showed that there was a store of fuel, sheep and camels' dung, beneath; and by the help of a good fire, and high snow walls around them, the night was passed in tolerable comfort. Height above the sea, 13,500 feet.

Before starting next day, the footmen of the party had to be sent back, dead-beat; and the party resumed their way up the frozen river. Horns in large numbers (the spoil of the Kirghiz hunters) now were strewed in all directions, projecting from the snow—some of them of astonishingly large size. These belonged to the *Ovis Poli*, a creature between a goat and a yak, first seen by Marco Polo, and hence its European name. That night they bivouacked again on the site of a summer encampment of the Kirghiz, and with the same "comforts" as before. Height above the sea, 14,400 feet.

Next morning—the fourth after leaving Langar Kish—there was a strike among the escort: only two of them could be persuaded to go farther. But that was enough; for now the object of search was said to be only twenty-one miles distant. Hitherto Wood's party had been greatly helped by following in the tracks of a band of Kirghiz who had just pre-

ceded them; but these had turned off up a glen to the left, and now they had to make a way for themselves through the half-frozen snow, which lay deeper and deeper as they advanced. Near as Wood had now approached to the source of the Oxus, he would have failed after all in reaching it, had not the river been frozen. They were fully two hours in forcing their way through a field of snow not five hundred yards across. "Each individual by turns took the lead, and forced his horse to struggle onward until exhaustion brought it down in the snow, where it was allowed to lie and recruit while the next was urged forward. It was so great a relief when we again got upon the river," says Wood, "that in the elasticity of my spirits I pushed my pony into a trot," a proceeding which was instantly checked by a Wakhani, who cautioned Wood to beware of the "wind of the mountains," the rarefied air of those high altitudes, of which we shall see more by and by.

As they neared the source of the Oxus the ice on its surface became brittle. In the afternoon they had to leave it, and journey for an hour along its right bank. Ever since leaving Langar Kish, the mountains on either hand had appeared to become lower and lower—the ascent being so gradual that they hardly thought of the great altitude which stage by stage they were reaching. Now, the mountains appeared to be entirely falling away from them; and ascending a low hill, which apparently bounded the valley to the eastward, at five o'clock in the afternoon of the 19th of February, 1838, Wood at length stood upon the Bamiduniah, the "Roof of the World." Height above the sea, 15,600 feet.

Before him, looking northward, Wood beheld a wide mountain table-land mantled in snow. A plain, stretching almost to the horizon and about four miles in breadth, lay embosomed amid swelling hills about 500 feet high, but which on the south-east towered into mountains; and in the middle of the plain, or rather along one side of it, spread a fine lake, in the form of a crescent, fifteen miles in length, and with an average breadth of one mile. And almost at his feet, at the southern end of the lake, the Oxus was flowing from its source, and plunging into the *durah* by which the travel-

lers had approached. Here, then, was the object of this bold expedition accomplished. The old and almost forgotten story of Marco Polo was true; and the great river Oxus, which, after creating the Oasis of Khiva, disappears in the marshes of the Aral Sea, has its source in a lake on the Great Pamir steppe, the Roof of the World.

Passing on to the frozen surface of the lake, called Sir-i-kol, Wood cut some holes in the ice to let down his sounding-lead; but the depth was small—only about six feet—and the water was discolored and fetid, doubtless from the decay of the rich rank grasses which grow in summer. The lake was probably deeper in other parts, but Wood was unable to explore further, owing to the labor of cutting through the ice, which was two and a half feet thick. The difficulty of doing anything was felt to be excessive, owing to the extreme rarity of the atmosphere. "A few strokes with an axe brought the workman to the ground. A run at full speed for fifty yards made the runner gasp for breath." The pulse, too, was bounding as if at high fever-heat. Wood first observed this peculiarity when he was still among the mountain-valleys of Badakhshan. Accidentally touching his pulse he felt it was galloping, and, turning somewhat anxiously to his medical instructions, he took the remedies prescribed for fever. Next morning the pulse still galloped, but he felt quite well; and he soon found that the pulses of all the party were in the same way. As he remarks, man has a barometer within him which approximately shows his elevation above the sea. On the banks of Lake Sir-i-kol the pulses of his party beat at from 110 to 124 per minute—the pulsation being quicker in the stout or fat men than in the spare or thin.

On this elevated solitude Wood halted for the night. The uniform robe of snow rendered it difficult to determine distances or altitudes; hence, he says, it is possible that Sir-i-kol is much larger than he took it for, but he reckoned that the mountains at the southern end of the lake were about 3400 feet above the lake, or 19,000 above the sea, and the perennial snow upon them, partially melting in summer, furnishes a never-failing supply of water to the lake and

the Oxus which flows from it. The wintry scene was oppressive, almost appalling. A dull cloudless sky overhead, with a snowy waste below, extending far as the eye could reach. Not a living thing was to be seen, not a sound to be heard; the air was as silent and tenantless as the earth. Not even a bird stirred the air with its wings.

"Silence reigned around—silence so profound that it oppressed the heart; and" (says Wood) "as I contemplated the hoary summits of the everlasting mountains, where human foot had never trod, and where lay piled the snows of ages, my own dear country and all the social blessings it contains passed across my mind with a vividness of recollection that I had never felt before. It is all very well for men in crowded cities to be disgusted with the world and to talk of the delights of solitude. Let them but pass one twenty-four hours on the banks of Sir-i-kol, and it will do more to make them contented with their lot than a thousand arguments."

Saddling up soon after mid-day, Wood and his escort re-entered the defile, descending down to Langar Kish, and finding the mountains rising higher and higher on either hand as they descended. Journeying down the narrow valley of the Oxus, and recrossing the Pass of Ish-kashm, he made good his return through Badakhshan to Kunduz; and finally visited the Oxus at the point where it is about to enter the Deserts, after making its semicircular détour from Ish-kashm around Badakhshan. It was now a great river. It was with difficulty that he forded it on horseback, riding three abreast to break the current; and yet the river, at the ford, was split into three channels. These had an aggregate breadth of about 350 yards, and the stream in the main channel ran at the rate of four miles an hour.

Since Wood's memorable journey, the eastern "fork" (as the Americans say) of the Oxus, which joins with the Sir-i-kol River at Hissar, has been explored by the Indian traveller known as "the Mirza." As Wood suspected, this eastern branch, called the "River of Sirhad," is really the larger, although it has a much lower source. The length of its course is about 100 miles, while Wood's Oxus is about 70. From Hissar (the point of confluence) the valley of the Sirhad River rounds E. by S., close under the eastern extremity of the Hindu Kush, to where that mountain-chain is

met at an angle by the lofty Karakorum chain of the Himalaya. Apparently, at the angle where these mighty chains meet, a lofty spur runs northward, forming the eastern front of the Roof of the World, looking down upon Yarkand and Kashgar. Certainly at this point the valley of the Sirhad River turns northward, opening out on the steppe of the Little Pamir, where this branch of the Oxus (like the other) issues from a lake—about 13,300 feet above the sea.

Captain Wood's narrative was originally published at a time when Central Asia was a region not merely unknown to (which it still is), but wholly uncared for by, the public. In 1872, when the exploits of the Athalik Ghazi of Kashgar, and the military invasion by Russia, attracted public interest to that part of the East, Wood's narrative was republished, prefaced by an Essay on the Valley of the Oxus by Colonel Yule, C.B.* The Essay is worthy of the high reputation of its author, who, by his commentaries on Marco Polo's "Journey," and also by other writings, has proved himself our ablest authority on the geography and history of the greater part of Central Asia. It is from Colonel Yule's writings that we have mainly drawn the concluding portion of this paper, auxiliary to the simple narrative of Wood.

Very remarkable is it, in the historical incidents quoted by Yule, to see how prosperous and populous were many parts of this region which are now not only desert or in decay, but in some of which both soil and climate would seem highly adverse to civilized settlement. It is strange to find Wakhan—the wild narrow valley through which Wood (like Marco Polo) journeyed to the source of the Oxus—spoken of by the old Venetian traveller (in 1272) as "a land containing a good many towns and villages, and scattered habitations;" or, in still earlier times, by the historian Albulfeda, who speaks of the splendid palaces of the kings of Waksh—a most mountainous country on the upper tributaries of the Oxus—remaining unknown to the

modern world, despite the "scientific expeditions" of General Kauffman.

Strange as it may seem, these lofty mountain-solitudes of the world were as well known to the Chinese twelve centuries ago, or better, as they are to us at the present day. The first travellers who have left a written and published account of the region were two Chinese pilgrims of the Buddhist persuasion, who passed this way on their visit to India about A.D. 518, and who mention that this lofty region (called, by the Chinese *Tsung Ling*) was commonly said to be half way between heaven and earth—just as the northern continuation of the Pamir mountains is to this day called by the Chinese the *Tien Shan*, or Heavenly Mountains. In the next century (about 644 A.D.) another Chinese pilgrim to the Buddhist shrines of India, named Hwen Thsang, on his way back to China, took the very course up the valley or defile of the Sir-i-kol branch of the Oxus recently explored by Wood, and thence down from the Roof of the World into the plains of Yarkand and Kashgar, on his way to cross the very different, but not less formidable, obstacle to travellers—the Desert of Cobi. Hwen Thsang states that, on leaving India, he journeyed for 140 miles across the mountains, and reached the valley of Pomilo (Pamir), lying between two snowy ranges of the *Tsung Ling*.

"The traveller," he says, "is annoyed by sudden gusts of wind, and the snow-drifts never cease, spring or summer. As the soil is almost constantly frozen, you see but a few miserable plants, and no crops can live. The whole region is but a dreary waste, without a trace of humankind. In the middle of the valley is a great lake. This stands on a plateau of prodigious elevation. The lake discharges to the west [south-west], and a river runs out of it in that direction, and joins the Potsu (Oxus). The lake likewise discharges to the east, and a great river runs out, which flows eastward to the western frontier of Kiesha (Kashgar), where it joins the river Sita, and runs eastward into it to the sea."

That a lake should have two outlets in opposite directions is very unusual, but not physically impossible; and although Hwen Thsang's statement is generally disbelieved, Burnes heard the same story from the natives about forty years ago.

In the thirteenth century, the Roof of the World was, for the first time, beheld

*Journey to the Source of the River Oxus. By Captain John Wood, Indian Navy. New edition, edited by his son. With an Essay on the Geography of the Valley of the Oxus, by Colonel Henry Yule, C.B. With Maps. London: John Murray: 1872.

by the eye of a European, Marco Polo; and only two or three Europeans have ever beheld it since then, even down to the present day. The "Travels of Marco Polo" is truly a remarkable book. Its author was simply an enterprising Venetian merchant, who undertook the most wonderful and difficult journey, or series of journeys, no doubt with a strong love of adventure in his heart, but merely in the way of business. He seems totally unaware that he himself was doing, anything wonderful, although he expatiates on the strange sights and peoples which he met with. As regards his own adventures, and his own impressions of the difficult expedition which he undertook, he says almost nothing—not even when travelling for weeks among the coldest and loftiest mountains in the world, or while traversing for a month the pathless wastes of the sandy desert of Cobi.

The portion of Marco Polo's itinerary wherein he describes the approach to the lofty table-land of Asia, from Badakhshan up the valley of the Oxus, and the sight which met him when, like Wood nearly six centuries afterward, he emerged upon the Great Pamir, is as follows—in his own words, but abridged:

"In leaving Badashan, you ride twelve days between east and north-east, ascending a river that runs through a land containing a good many towns and villages and scattered habitations. And when you leave this little country, and ride three days north-east, always among the mountains, you get to such a height that it is said to be the highest place in the world! And when you have got to this height, you find a great lake between two [ridges of] mountains, and out of it a fine river running through a plain. The plain is called Pamier, and you ride across it south to north for twelve days together, finding nothing but a desert without habitations or any green thing; so that travellers are obliged to carry with them whatever they have need of. The region is so lofty and cold that you do not even see any birds flying. And I must notice also that, because of this great cold, fire does not burn so brightly, nor give out so much heat as usual, nor does it cook food so effectually."

Let an Alpine climber, or a tourist standing for his brief hour on the summit of Mont Blanc, look around upon the expanse of mountain-peaks and deep valleys, and fancy it all levelled up to his own altitude—a comparatively level expanse 'as far as the eye can reach, but with round-topped hills (unlike the jag-

ged peaks of the Alps) of a few hundred feet in height projecting above this mountain-plain, with small lakes in the hollows among the hills. Such would be a resemblance to the Pamir plateau where Wood saw it; except that in one quarter the horizon was girdled by a lofty range of mountains, whose summits rose between three and four thousand feet higher than Mont Blanc. And when Wood beheld it, this vast and unique mountain-plain was entirely covered with snow, and the Sir-i-kol lake frozen deep with ice.

Wood saw only the south-western extremity of the great plateau; but not the least remarkable feature of the region is its vast extent. From Lake Sir-i-kol it extends northward for well-nigh 200 miles, where the plateau joins nearly at right angles the lofty Alai chain, along whose northern base flows the Jaxartes. The breadth of the Pamir plateau is variously reckoned from 20 miles by Hwen Thsang, who apparently speaks of one particular valley-route, to 100 by Colonel Yule, who computes the general breadth of the mountain-mass. Marco Polo, for some unexplained and unaccountable reason, except it were the spirit of adventure, did not content himself with crossing this mountain-mass, but proceeded across its entire length, descending into the eastern plains at Kashgar and thence returning south to Yarkand. After speaking of Lake Sir-i-kol, the source of the Oxus, the Venetian says: "Now, if we go on with our journey toward the east-north-east, we travel a good forty days, continually passing over mountains and hills or through valleys, and crossing many rivers and tracts of wilderness. And in all this way you find neither habitation of man or any green thing, but must carry with you whatever you require. The country is called Bolor." Hwen Thsang said: "The whole tract is but a dreary waste without a trace of human habitation." Benedict Goës, who crossed the Pamir steppe late in the autumn of 1603, speaks of the great cold and desolation, and difficulty of breathing. In recent times (1861), Abdul Medjid, an agent of our Indian Government, who passed the Pamir on his way to Kokan, in the valley of the Jaxartes, says: "Fourteen weary days were occu-

pied in crossing the steppe : the marches were long, depending on uncertain supplies of grass and water, which sometimes wholly failed. Food for man and beast had to be carried by the party, for not a trace of human habitation is to be met with in these inhospitable wilds. The steppe is interspersed with tamarisk jungle and the wild willow, and in summer with tracts of high grass."

The loftiest part of the plateau is believed to be at its southern extremity where Lieutenant Wood saw it, 15,600 feet above the sea ; and it declines to about 10,000 feet at its northern end. From its western front, several lofty ranges run south-westward for two or three hundred miles, till they strike the course of the Oxus below Ish-kashm, where the river makes its north-easterly circuit round Badakhshan—with as many large rivers flowing down the narrow intervening valleys, draining the great snowy mass of the plateau. Colonel Yule says : " The core of the mountain-mass of Pamir forms a great elevated plateau, at least 180 miles north and south, and about 100 east and west. The greater part of this plateau appears to consist of stretches of tolerably level steppe, broken and divided by low rounded hills, much of it covered with saline exudations, but interspersed with patches of willow and thorny shrubs, and in summer with extensive tracts of grass." Many lakes are scattered over the surface of the plateau, from which rivers flow—the many streams, as Marco Polo says, which have to be crossed when traversing the steppe from south to north. As might be expected from the great breadth of the plateau, there is no sharp ridge dividing the drainage or water-flow ; some of the eastern rivers, which flow down to the plains of Kashgar and Yarkand, apparently rising far back on the western side of the steppe ; while some of the western rivers, tributaries of the Oxus, appear to run in valleys overlapping the others, and having their source near the eastern edge of the plateau. As already said, the eastern side of the plateau appears to be higher than the western, and some of the peaks in that quarter, according to Hayward, rise to a height of 20,000 or 21,000 feet above the sea. In its northern part, the great steppe is crossed from east to west

by a belt of mountains, traversed by the Kizil Yart Pass, which leads to the *dersht* or steppe of Alai, bounded on the north by the Alai range, whose northern front drains into the Jaxartes river. This small northern portion of the great plateau is only about twenty miles from north to south, but forty from east to west ; and it is drained westward by the Surk-ab (" Red River "), which is the greatest tributary of the Oxus, and, except one, the last of the large rivers which join the Oxus from the north.

Across this mountain-land of Pamir, lofty and desolate as it is, lay the earliest route between Western Asia and early-civilized China. In the reign of the Emperor Justinian an embassy was sent from Byzantium to the country from which silk came ; but when they reached the Bolor mountains, and the Roof of the World frowned before them, the Byzantines lost heart and turned back ; and so China remained unvisited by Europeans for other eight centuries. But, for generations before Justinian, commercial enterprise had established a route to Eastern Asia across this formidable barrier of mountains. Ptolemy the geographer speaks of the " Seric caravan," of which the Yarkand caravan of the present day is doubtless a relic. The Seric caravan, says Ptolemy, started from Hyrcania, at the south-western corner of the Caspian Sea, and " then the route runs through Aria [the Herat territory] to Margiana Antiochia [Merv]. Thence the route proceeds eastward to Bactra [Balk], and from that [crossing to the right bank of the Oxus, where there was a stone bridge in the days of the Emperor Humayoon], northward up the ascent of the hill-country of the Comedæ ; and then, inclining somewhat south through the hill-country as far as the gorge [probably about the Ruby Mines], in which the plain [along the bank of the river] terminates ; and then for a distance of about 150 miles, extending to the Stone Tower, the route would seem to tend northward [as the valley of the Oxus does above Ish-kashm]. The Stone Tower stands in the way of those who ascend the gorge ; and from it the mountains extend eastward to join the chain of Imaus [the Roof of the World], which runs north

to this point from the territory of Palimbothra" [or India].

From this statement it is plain that the ancient Seric caravan crossed the Pamir by following either the eastern or western "fork" of the Upper Oxus—either by the glen of the Sirhad River, or by Wood's Oxur, up the defile to Lake Sir-i-kol. The geographical position of the Stone Tower mentioned by Ptolemy has given rise to much discussion among geographers. Apparently, it was a fort guarding the defile leading down from the Pamir, and through which invaders or marauding bands would come from the mountains or from the country to the east, about Yarkand and Kashgar. Such a fort might be placed almost anywhere in the valley of the Oxus as far down as the Ruby Mines, if not lower still—for in Darwaz and Roshan (the provinces on the right bank of the Oxus below Ish-kashm) the long and lofty parallel chains of which we have spoken as sloping southwestward from the Pamir come down abruptly upon the Oxus. And it is curious to observe that when the Turkish tribes began to descend into Western Asia a fort was actually built in this quarter to check their irruptions. "In 793," says Yule, "Fadhl Ibn Yahya, the Barmecide, was invested with the government of all the countries from Kerman to the *frontier of the Turks*; and he caused a barrier with two castles to be erected in a defile beyond Khotl, by which the Turkish marauders used to come down in the forays. The memory of this barrier, which was known to the Arabs as *El Bab*, or 'the Gate,' is believed to survive in the name of the State of Darwaz (Gate), which still exists on the Panja, or Upper Oxus." This castellated barrier erected "beyond Khotl" must have stood on the banks of the Oxus within some 80 or 100 miles below Ish-kashm—in which district, as already said, several lofty mountain-chains from the Pamir come down abruptly upon the river's bed, as at the Ruby Mines. The Stone Tower of Ptolemy, however, lay much farther up the river, at "the gorge" leading up to the Pamir steppe; and it seems to me that Hissar, where the two forks of the Upper Oxus unite, and from whence one gorge leads up to Sir-i-kol and the Great Pamir, and the

other to the Little Pamir, very aptly corresponds with the position assigned to the "Stone Tower" of Ptolemy. Moreover, Hissar means "the Fort," just as Darwaz means "the Gate;" and the rude fort which still exists at that place may actually have existed there since the early times of the Seric caravan.

Nowhere in the world is there a more mountainous and inaccessible region than that of the Upper Oxus and its tributaries; and it is just in such localities that one finds the remains of the old population. The various travellers who have recently penetrated here and there into this mountainous region—comprising the provinces of Karategin, Roshan, Shaginan, and Wakhan—agree in stating that the settled but thin and scattered population belongs to the Iranian (Persian) branch of the Aryan or Indo-European race. The people, called Tajiks, are descendants of the early Persians; the poor rude denizens of Wakhan and adjoining districts belong to the once mighty nation which established the empire of Cyrus and Darius. In Badakhshan also the bulk of the people are Tajiks. Among this upland section of the Tajiks there are relics of the old Zoroastrian fire-worship. In Wakhan, between Ish-kashm and Hissar, Wood saw the ruins of three "Kafir" forts, which the natives believe to have been erected by the Gebirs or fire-worshippers; and I have no doubt the natives are right, for only a year ago the correspondent of the *Daily News* found a fire-temple not wholly abandoned on the shores of the Caspian. Moreover, Wood mentions the reluctance with which a Badakhshi blows out a light. In like manner, he says, "A Wakhani considers it bad luck to blow out a light by the breath, and will rather wave his hand for *several minutes* under the flame of his pineslip than resort to the sure but to him disagreeable alternative" of blowing it out.

The Tajiks, says Wood, are a handsome race of the Caucasian stock, differing widely from the Turkish or Mongolian, Uzbeks and Kirghiz, who, from the sixth century onward, have been flooding Western Asia. The Tajiks are to be found both to the north and south of the Hindu Kush. According to Wood and others, the Kaffirs of the val-

leys to the north of the Cabul River, leading up to the lofty Chitral and Baroghil Passes of the Hindû Kush, belong to the Tajik race; and they are certainly the wildest and most barbarous branch of it. Living in snowy and inaccessible valleys, it may be doubted whether they were ever brought under the influence of the Zoroastrian creed, or any other. They fiercely repel Mohammedanism, and do not appear to have any settled religion; hence the name "Kaffirs," or unbelievers, applied to them by their neighbors, the Mohammedan population both of Afghanistan and of Badakhshan. About the time of our first invasion of Afghanistan, when a British officer (I think Captain Conolly) was at Jellalabad, he was surprised one day by his attendants rushing into his tent, in a state of great excitement, and exclaiming, "Here are your countrymen coming!" It was a party of Kaffirs. But the officer apparently had little taste for ethnology, and he got rid of his wild-looking "countrymen" as quickly as possible.

The highlanders from the Upper Oxus—the Bactrians and Sacæ—formed the hardest and most daring regiments in the armies of Darius and Xerxes; and the Sacæ led the van in the attack upon the Greeks at Thermopylæ. They must either have been Turkish or Iranian, but there is no reason to believe that they were different in race from the Persian host among whom they were enrolled. Rawlinson, in his "Herodotus," places the country of the Sacæ at the head of the Oxus, on the Pamir, if not also beyond the mountains, in the plains of Yarkand. The empire of Darius appears to have extended beyond the Roof of the World; and undoubtedly in those times the entire population between Oxus and Jaxartes was Iranian—as in the main it still is to this day eastward of the longitude of Balk, except on the Pamir itself.

Widely different is the Kirghiz race, which now form the thin and roving population of the Pamir mountains, and one of whose tribes Wood found wintering for the first time in the valley of Wakhan. They are evidently of the same race as the Uzbeks, who have long been settled in Kunduz and on the plains around the lower course of the

Oxus. The difference between a temperate and a rigorous climate on the *physique* is observable in the well-proportioned frame of the Uzbek, and the stunted growth of the Kirghiz of Pamir. "More weather-beaten faces," says Wood, "I have never seen; they had, however, the hue of health. Their small sunken eyes were just visible from beneath fur caps, while the folds of a snug woollen *comforter* concealed their paucity of beard. The clothing of most of them consisted of a sheep's skin, with the wool inside." They liked tobacco, but were absolutely voracious of snuff—eating, not snuffing it. When Wood presented his box to the chief of the tribe, the Kirghiz quietly emptied half of its contents into the palm of his hand, then, opening his mouth, and holding his head back, at two gulps he swallowed the whole. Wood pronounced the young women (very unlike the men) pretty. "All have the glow of health in their cheeks; and though they have the harsh features of their race, there is a softness about their lineaments, a coyness and maidenly reserve in their demeanor, that contrasts most agreeably with the uncouth figures and harsh manners of the men." Colonel Burnaby, in his "Ride to Khiva," mentions a charming Kirghiz girl who greatly took his fancy until he saw the cool way, or rather the lively relish, with which the fair damsel cut the throat of a fat sheep which he had presented to her family for a banquet!

To the denizens of this land of snow the yak, or *kash-gow*, is as invaluable as the reindeer to the Laplander; or, in another way, as the camel to the Arab. Its milk is richer than that of the cow; and its hair is woven into clothes and other fabrics. Where a man can walk, a yak can be ridden. It is remarkably sure-footed; like the elephant, it has a wonderful sagacity in knowing what will bear its weight, and in avoiding hidden depths and chasms; and when a pass or gorge becomes blocked by snow (provided it be not frozen), a score of yaks driven in front will make a highway. This strange creature frequents the mountain-slopes and their level summits; it needs no tending, and finds its food at all seasons. If the snow on the heights lie too deep for him to find the herbage, he rolls himself down the slopes, and eats his way

up again, displacing the snow as he ascends. When arrived at the top, he performs a second somersault down the slope, and displaces a second groove of snow as he eats his way to the top again. The yak cannot bear a temperature above freezing; and in summer it leaves the haunts of men and ascends far up the mountains to the "old ice," above the limit of perpetual snow, its calf being retained below as a pledge for the mother's return, in which she never fails. It was on the summit of the Pass of Ish-kashm that Wood first met this strange animal; and he sent one down to a friend at Kunduz; but although Badakhshan was then in winter, the poor yak died long before it reached the plains.

The Roof of the World is not a place for the census-takers, but it is computed—a mere guess—that the several tribes who inhabit or frequent these mountain solitudes number about a thousand families, chiefly on the Little Pamir, around Lake Rangkul. In the summer the women, as in the pastoral districts of the Alps, encamp in the higher valleys, and devote their whole time to the dairy, the men remaining below, but paying flying visits to the upper stations. "All speak in rapture of these summer wanderings." Doubtless the temporary separation of the sexes imparts a zest to these occasions; but it is wonderful the change which summer makes even upon that lofty mountain-land. Even around Lake Sir-i-kol, the loftiest part of the plateau, as high as the summit of Mont Blanc, no sooner does the summer sun melt the snows in the valley than the most succulent verdure covers the soil. The grass grows nearly a yard high, of the richest quality; and every traveller, from Marco Polo down to Faiz Bakhsh, repeats the fact that the leanest horse becomes fat in a fortnight's time upon that verdurous upland. The *kirgahs*, or tents of the Kirghiz, are strongly built and very comfortable—about fourteen feet in diameter and eight feet in height; the fire blazes in the centre, with a good outlet at the top; and a suspended mat secludes the dressing-place of the women. While the females tend the flocks—sheep, yaks, and camels—there is ample scope for the hunters. Lake Sir-i-kol is a favorite summer resort of these

rovers of the plateau. No sooner does the sun melt the snows on the little plain than the banks of the lake are studded with their tents, while the waters of the lake are frequented by abundant flocks of wild fowl. The tenantless air, as Marco Polo and Wood saw it in winter, becomes noisy with the flight of birds. The spoils of the chase not only add to the small supply of human food, but comprise skins and fleeces alike of domestic and commercial value. The most remarkable animal of the plateau is the great sheep of Pamir (for it is found nowhere else in the world), the *Ovis Poli*, with its enormous horns. Here and there on the plateau the yak is seen in a wild state, in small herds far up on the snowy slopes of the mountains. Whether wild or domesticated, the yak is gregarious, and is able to beat off the hungry wolves. There is also a kind of goat, called *rang*, having a valuable fleece, and from which several of the lakes which dot the plateau take their names—Rang-kul, or "Goat Lake." Strange to say, deer (of some kind) abound; foxes and wolves frequent the plateau, and bears and tigers are occasionally met with.

A remarkable but highly comfortable change on the face of the earth is the great circumscription which has occurred in the domain of the wild beasts, especially of the man-slaying kind. What hard times the "prehistoric" peoples must have had, in regions of dense forests, where savage man was a feeble intruder, and the *fera* were the lords dominant! The matter-of-fact annals of the Chinese record that their ancestors at first were so ignorant and helpless that they made their dwellings in trees to escape from the wild beasts—just as do the Veddahs of Ceylon at the present day, and also some of the rude tribes of Borneo. Even in historic times, according to Virgil, the lion was a native of Italy; and the Nemæan lion was doubtless the last of his race in Greece. In less remote times the "king of beasts" abounded in the valley of Jordan, and also on the plains of Mesopotamia, affording royal sport to the bold and hardy monarchs of Nineveh, who tracked the lion to his lair—sometimes attacking him single-handed and on foot—as coolly and frequently as the Czar or the

gallant old Emperor of Germany go a boar hunting, shooting the brute from their ambush. So late as the fourteenth century lions abounded on the Oxus; and it is recorded that a great review of his army, held by Ghengis Khan, on the banks of that river (somewhere about Balk) was interrupted by a party of lions that broke into the camp. *Now*, the lion has entirely disappeared from the valley of the Oxus, and the whole western part of Central Asia. The Pamir knows him not; and although the Russian officers have heard of his being seen about Lake Issyk-kol (the White or Frozen Lake), close to the frontier of Siberia, it seems that even the vast mountain-chains of Central Asia have ceased to be the habitat of the royal beast.

"Habit is a second nature;" and when habit has operated for several generations, it is marvellous what it enables human nature to bear. So the Kirghiz tribes can roam with impunity, and in summer with pleasure, over the inhospitable Roof of the World. Even a Venetian gentleman can journey over it for forty days without a single word as to his own hardships, and merely with a few sentences descriptive of the aspect of the region. But it hardly needs the uncomplaining words of Lieutenant Wood to realize the perils of journeying at such an altitude. "The danger," he says, "which is increased by [the necessity for] sleeping literally among the snow, in the middle of winter, did not occur to me at the time. We were most fortunate in having done so with impunity. Our escape is, under Providence, to be attributed to the oceans of tea we drank, . . . which kept off the drowsiness which cold engenders, ending in death. . . . The kettle was never off the fire when we encamped; indeed, throughout the whole of our wanderings the Munshi and myself lived almost entirely upon it. We used the decoction, not infusion, and always brewed it strong. Another preventive was the firing we constantly kept up, and the precaution of sleeping with our feet toward it." Wood was only a week on the Pamir—namely, in ascending and returning from Hissar, where the Sir-i-kol defile begins—and yet the greater

part of his small party had to be sent back before reaching the summit of the plateau.

Such, then, is the Bam-i-duniyah, the "Roof of the World." At present the interest which attaches to that remarkable region is even more military and political than geographical. Russia now holds all the country north of the Alai-Tau chain, the southern water-shed of the Upper Jaxartes; and Russian "scientific expeditions" have been out on the Pamir, and exploring the quadrangular mountain region lying between their own frontier and the Upper Oxus and Hindu Kush. West of the Pamir plateau for about 200 miles the country is intersected by a series of mountain-chains coming down from the plateau unbroken till they reach the Oxus—a region well-nigh impervious and uncrossable, either from north or south. But the Pamir plateau is like a lofty mound, a mountain-bridge, whose comparatively level summit connects the Terek and other eastern passes of the Alai chain with the Darkot and Baroghil passes of the Hindu Kush—leading down the Chitral valley to Jellalabad, or by the Gilgit, across the Indus, to Cashmere. No army will ever cross this mountain-bridge; Asiatic armies, or rather single *corps d'armée*, have crossed the Pamir from east to west, but no army can traverse the 200 miles from north to south. No doubt a column might do so, even with light artillery, and might steal across it secretly, arriving suddenly at the crest of the Hindu Kush. If Stolietoff's mission could come from Samarcand to Bameean, entering Afghanistan before we had tidings of its starting, one of Kauffman's columns might still more secretly traverse the solitudes of the Pamir. Hence, when war lately threatened in Europe, our Indian government ordered the Maharajah of Cashmere to occupy the Baroghil Pass with his troops—albeit we never heard that this had been done. But even had they arrived at Baroghil, the Muscovites would have been little more than half way to India. "It's a far cry to Loch-awe!" Anyhow, we have described the geographical features of the Pamir, and readers who have military tastes may be left to draw their own conclusions.

LOIS: A SKETCH.

CHAPTER I.

"Eyes so tristful."

FIVE o'clock on a chill October evening; the wind coming in gusts, with a dreary, wailing sound in the pauses between, that tell of a coming storm. Every gust detaches fresh leaves from the avenue of chestnuts that all the summer has formed the glorious approach to Anderton House. But now the ground is thickly carpeted with their golden-brown treasures, and beneath their overarching boughs paces, with slow steps, the figure of a girl.

Twice, notwithstanding the chill dampness, the rising wind, and rapidly increasing twilight, she walks up and down the avenue, with bent head and clasped hands; then, with a long sigh, she opens the gate that leads into a trim garden, and from thence to a wide stone terrace, and pausing there, prepares to let herself in through a French window into a cheerful, fire-lit room. The key is turned reluctantly, almost as if the warm interior were not a temptation to her; and with a lingering look behind her, she hesitated, her foot on the threshold, as if half contemplating another walk, and even as she stood thus, a man's low voice fell upon her ear—a tall man's figure stood beside her.

"Lois."

"You here!" she said, with a start, bringing her eyes back from the far-away darkening sky, and her voice trembling a little as she spoke.

"I have come to see you," the voice replied; "there is no harm in that, is there? I saw you in the avenue, and followed you through the garden almost involuntarily; at any rate, without thinking it might be a liberty. But you must forgive me, as I am here, and let me in this way."

In perfect silence they entered the room and moved into the circle of firelight, and in its flickering light you can see them well.

A young man, and a younger woman. He, a big, broad-shouldered man, dark-haired, dark-eyed, with a short brown beard with gleams of gold about it, that shone in the firelight; she, a tall, slen-

der girl with a white face, out of which two dark-gray eyes looked—gray eyes that at another time might have attracted by their beauty, but to-night were only rendered remarkable by their passionate despair, and the black rings surrounding them.

It was the girl who at length broke the silence. Taking off her hat with slim white hands that trembled in the firelight, and pushing back the wavy-brown hair from a low forehead, she turned toward her companion questioningly; but as no answer came to the unspoken words, she steadied her trembling voice, and said slowly, as if it were a lesson learned by heart, "My uncle is not in."

For a minute the man made no reply. He was standing with his back to the fireplace, watching her with an intentness that might have made her nervous; but there are moments when all the little things that at another time might abash us are forgotten, or overlooked in the immensity of the present moment. So it seemed was the case now. Under those searching eyes, those of Lois did not fall; her clasped hands no longer trembled; she stood quite still indeed, but as if under the power of a mesmerist—"So the upshot of it all is, that you are going to marry Sydney Dering?" That was how he broke the silence at length. At his words thought and life seemed to return to the gray eyes, and the girl started, as if awaking from an actual dream. She lifted her hand—a hand on which flashed and sparkled in the fireglow a great diamond—and pushed the hair off her forehead.

"Yes," she made answer then, in a low, very clear voice; "to-morrow is my wedding-day."

There might have been interpreted a tinge of warning or of reproof in the tones of her voice.

"Why?"

She hesitated a moment, and then with sudden passion, that was sad to hear in so young a voice, "Do you forget that when last—" And then changing her sentence—"that you promised you would never come back?"

"I remember, and I admit that I have broken my promise. Scold me as

much as you like, do what you like, but," with a sudden break in his voice, "for heaven's sake, don't look at me like that!"

"I am sorry," she said gently; but whether the apology was for her looks or her words it were difficult to say. "I would like you to go, Mr. Moreton—I am tired—very tired. And—I am happier alone."

"Frank, at any rate; but I am not going yet. Hitherto you have had it all *your* way, but it shall be no longer so; now you must listen to me. I have tried to live without you—I cannot; so I have come to take you away. On my honor," as she would have interrupted him, "I would have tried to bear it, I would have left it all alone, if you had been happy, but you are not. Why, good heavens!" with sudden impetuosity, "I should scarcely have known you if I had met you in the street! Ah, child! what did you do it for?"

"It was right *then*; it is more than ever right now," she replied in a low voice that struggled to appear calm. "She loved you, and you were engaged to her, and besides—"

"They told you about the money, did they? And how I should have nothing if I married you, and riches with her. Oh, I've no doubt you heard all the particulars before you made up your mind! No man living is worth poverty to a woman. Well, you have got what you wanted then—Dering is rich enough in all conscience, and—"

He paused; but whether from lack of words, or in compunction at the agonized face raised to his, it would be hard to say.

"Ah, don't—don't!" she cried, clasping her hands together, "if you do not in truth wish to drive me mad! Have some pity on me. Everything and everybody is cruel and hard; and the right has grown so dim that I scarcely can tell it from the wrong! Tell me," stretching out two slender hands, "what am I to do?"

"To do?" he repeated, moving a step nearer. "You are to come with me—away—*now*; do you understand? I have friends with whom you can stay to-night; and to-morrow, before the world shall have discovered your absence, you will have become my wife."

She looked up half bewildered, as if scarcely comprehending his words. And then, as if to break the silence, and so remove the spell, "No, no," she said hastily, moving back a step as she spoke; "no, no; not that—that is all over. You must not tempt me—it is not kind. Only you must never say those cruel things again. I can bear all the rest. Have I not been learning to bear it these three months? You must have pity now."

She spoke so low that Robert Moreton had to lean down to hear what she was saying. Even his doubts were hushed to rest looking at the white, hollow cheeks, and dark-rimmed eyes.

"I cannot go," pacing up and down the room; "it is useless to tell me to do so. You love me—it is unnecessary for you to deny it; and I love you—how much you will never guess or know."

At his words a slight tinge of color passed over her cheeks.

"Hush, please," she interposed pleadingly.

"It is madness, therefore, for us to part," he went on, unheeding her interruption. "Come."

He paused in his walk, and held out his arms as he spoke.

"No, no!" she cried, shrinking away; "your words are an insult—to her—and to me!"

"I think, Lois," he cried, "you are the coldest, cruellest woman I ever met! Love! Why, the very meaning of the word is incomprehensible to you. Marry whom you will," an angry flush dying his cheeks; "it is nothing to me."

And then, with a sudden change of tone—"My darling, forgive me; I am mad, I think. Do not mind my words—do not listen to them, except when I tell you to come away with me; for, you see it yourself, we could not live apart."

They were standing close together upon the hearth-rug now, he towering above her, his dark, passionate eyes fixed on hers, awaiting, almost breathlessly, her reply.

"Mr. Moreton," she said, and her voice trembled so that she made a fresh beginning. "Mr. Moreton, an hour ago Sydney Dering was standing where you are now, saying 'Good-by,' and I—" She hesitated a second, but then went on quite firmly, though still in that low

careful voice, not taking her eyes off his face, or shrinking away from him as she had done at first—"and I kissed him for the last time before I stand at the altar as his wife. Tell me, what would you think of a woman who deceived him now?—for," her voice falling once more, "he loves me."

"And you think that I do not?"

"No, no," quickly; "but you see it is different. To marry you would be wrong; to marry him—"

"Would not be right," he interrupted; "don't think it."

"I cannot tell," she sighed wearily.

"He loves me, and," more eagerly, "I do like him, and my uncle wishes it; and—oh, tell me what to do!" with a momentary imploring cry.

"If you would listen to me you would come with me before it is too late, and leave him to make the best of it. Have you pretended to him that you love him also?"

"The color flitted over her pale cheeks.

"He knows," she said shortly.

"And you have made up your mind? For the last time, I tell you, sacrifice everything, child—the opinion of the world, the money, though I honestly believe that does not count with you—and come with me, and let my love nurse you back into health."

The dark eyes were bent upon hers, saying "Come" as plainly as the passionate words; but Lois did not falter.

"I cannot!" she cried. "You must not tempt me, for I will not go back from my word now; it is too late. Enough misery has been; I will do now what I believe to be right. You know," imploringly, "whatever you may say, that I am striving to do right."

He moved back a step as the low, sorrow-laden voice fell on his ear, and then held out his hand in silence.

Instead of taking it, she shrank back from it. "I could not," she said; "I am a weak coward, and you—you are a man, and ought to be stronger, braver; then, of your pity, go. So weak am I that if I had my hand in yours, and you said 'Come,' I could not, I believe, say 'No.' Then be merciful, and go; and if you can, do not despise me!"

In perfect silence Robert Moreton walked over to the glass door which still stood half open, but, having reached it,

he turned back once more to Lois's side and looked at her a moment without speaking, and then—"I believe," he said, "you will be happy yet. You are a good woman; you are trying to do what is right, so it will come right. You have called out all there is of good in me to-night, or I should not be saying this. By and by," with a break in his voice, "you will love your husband—good women always do—and then the past will seem a dream."

"I am going to try," she said softly.

"You will never know, Robert, how thankful I am that your last words were kind!"

"Good-by," he faltered.

"Good-by," she said tenderly, quietly, as one might whisper it in an actual dream; and the little glass door closed, and Lois Grey was left alone to contemplate her future.

What story is it the wind tells as it sobs and wails about a house? Surely a woful story, it finds such a ready echo in our hearts. Later on Lois Grey, listening to it, feels slow, painful tears rise to her eyes—tears she will not allow to fall.

"No," she says determinedly, rising as she feels them gather, and brushing them away, "I will not even cry! It is sad—most sad; but I will waste no time in tears; I will save all my strength to make a better thing of the future."

And while she is praying for guidance, and power to do right, and forgiveness for past errors, we will take a glimpse into another apartment, where another girl is wrestling with fate to-night.

A very different girl this to the one we have just left, with the sad gray eyes—a girl in the first flush of beautiful young womanhood. Brilliant in coloring—a tall, regal figure, bright golden-brown hair, and large blue eyes—certainly a woman likely to gain her full share of admiration. And yet—

On her knee lies an open letter, signed "Robert Moreton," which tells of a love that, if it once was hers, has grown cold now; and it is over this letter that the gold head is bent; at its words the blue eyes are sparkling, the low brows drawn together in sullen anger. "Throw me over—that is it in plain English," lifting her head scornfully; "and it is *her* doing—I know it

well. But I will not let him go—he *shall* love me.” And as she spoke she rose, and, drawing up her figure to its full height, stood gazing at herself in the glass.

“Yes, once married, he must love me. She would never have a chance against me. What is it,” she cried, after a moment’s pause, “that she does? A white-faced little thing like that! First Sydney Dering, and now Robert—she has taken them both away from me!”

And then, with sudden faltering, and burying her face in her hands, the tears began to flow. But she brushed them angrily away, and drawing pen and ink toward her, sat down to write. “*With* his love, or without it,” she muttered, as her pen travelled over the paper. “Ah, surely I must win it in time; and if not—” A pause. The ill-tempered look that marred the beauty of the face crept over it again. “If not, there are other things in life but love.”

Then there was silence—a silence as deep as that that had already fallen over Anderton Place, save for the moaning of the storm, which was increasing in violence with every passing hour.

CHAPTER II.

“What is my duty?—The demands of the day.”

A MONTH, four whole weeks, have passed away since Lois Grey became Lois Dering. The honeymoon is over, and Sydney has brought his wife back to Kelver—back to his ward, Florence Gainsford, who, with his mother, lives under his roof.

Lois’s eyes are less despairing than when we saw them last—an occasional gleam of sadness, like the strain of sorrow in a German valse, alone is left to tell of the sadness they have seen; they look out of a white face still—a white face sadly wanting in the curves that are the chief glory of youth; and beside the magnificent beauty of golden-haired Florence Gainsford, Lois’s small pretensions to good looks seem very small indeed.

And Florence has a knack of letting her feel that it is so—a knack of putting her farther and farther into the background—of asserting her rights as the daughter of the house—a position she has held too long to relinquish without a struggle; so that, in addition to other

reasons she may have for standing at arm’s-length from her guardian’s wife, this by itself is a powerful one.

Her reign, however, is nearly over now. Very soon will come her wedding-day; and after that— But when Lois gets as far as that she does not follow out the train of thought—only gives a great sigh of relief.

In the mean time, day by day, Robert Moreton comes riding over from Dewhurst, in obedience to his lady-love’s whims. He sat down once intending to write a letter containing some excuse—anything that should prevent his going to Kelver; sudden illness even came into his mind as a reason for running away, no matter what should be said of him. But as he sat, pen in hand, he remembered two pleading eyes that had once roused every good thought and feeling he could recall—a farewell when he had sworn to be a help, and not a hindrance; and of all that might be said of—some one—if he should refuse to go to Kelver, now that the mistress of it was home again; and he threw the sheet of paper into the fire and rode over as usual.

It was an ordeal, perhaps; but it was better for her—that was enough for him.

“She shall have every chance of happiness,” he said loyally as he flung himself off his horse; “and I do not think *he* knows who it was that went nigh to break her heart. Only I wish that *she* had given me back my freedom, though, after all, that was my own fault.”

Was Sydney Dering, it may be wondered, aware of the tragedy enacting itself beneath his eyes? Sometimes his wife wondered faintly if it were so.

He said nothing; but then he was a silent man, who rarely spoke without distinct occasion. Since that evening two months ago, when Lois Grey had faltered out her confession that the love he offered she had not to return, and he had told her he would wait in patience till she had learned to repay his affection, he had never alluded to the subject. He did not speak of hope or love in present or future—not even now when the shadow was fading slowly from her eyes, and a more peaceful expression taking its place. He might have been blind, or, perhaps, as Lois sometimes thought—merely careless.

It might have seemed strange to him, and in another man might have called forth some question or remark, how, go where he would, the slender girlish form followed him.

But she said nothing, and he asked no questions, showed neither surprise nor pleasure, perhaps felt neither; but when a well-known ring came at the door, and a well-known voice was heard in the drawing-room, wherever Sydney Dering might be, if he looked up, he was sure to find his wife by his side.

If he rose up to go out, or to play on the organ, as he sometimes would in the twilight of these winter evenings, the slim black figure seemed by instinct to put down the book it held and cross the floor. "You are going out? May I come with you?" she would say softly.

And he would reply "Yes" simply, and nothing more would pass between them. Later on the question and answer even grew unnecessary.

When he rose, his work over, and put aside his writing materials, he had only to stretch out his hand to feel the small slim fingers in his; and together they would pass the drawing-room door, whence issued the low murmur of voices; together they would walk down the long gallery, to where the organ stood; and while Sydney played, and Lois sat crouched on the rug in the fire-light listening, there was no need of words.

Once or twice they came across the lovers. Florence, superb in her beauty and her love; Robert, bending his tall head to listen to her words. Even then, though Lois felt the color die out of her cheeks in the very fear that possessed her, lest sorrow that she felt she might live down alone should come to be shared by her husband—even then, as she turned in nervous fear toward him, lest he should have observed her white face, she saw, with a sigh of relief, that he was not looking at her—that his eyes were turned toward the outside world and the gathering snow-clouds, although his hand still rested on hers.

"There will be snow," he said, calmly. "Do you think you will venture out?"

"Yes, *please*," she cried eagerly; "I should like a walk!"

"It is not a very good day, and you

look so delicate. I do not like you to run any risks."

"I am quite strong, Sydney—when I am with you," she added, with a smile, after a pause. "I would much rather go."

"Then, of course, you shall," he replied cheerfully. "Two are always better than one. I have had a hard day's work. You shall come and talk to me."

But, after all, they did not talk much—only wandered about, and looked at the dogs and horses, and speculated about the snow-storm and various other unimportant matters, until down the hard frosty road came the sound of horses' feet.

And then Sydney, looking again at the inclement sky, suggested that the library, with a bright fire, would be a pleasant exchange for this dim, cold atmosphere; and his wife agreeing, they went in.

Does he guess anything, or know anything? she wondered. But the calm, quiet face told nothing; there was no answering reflection from the questioning eyes she involuntarily turned toward him as the thought passed through her mind, and she gave a quick sigh of relief.

"Come to me when you are tired of the drawing-room and mother's society. Florence has gone over to the Veres' for a week, so you may find it dull; but perhaps I flatter myself when I suggest you may find it less dull here?"

He had his back to her as he spoke, stirring the fire, so he did not see the sudden gleam of relief that seemed to lift years off her—did not hear the exclamation of thankfulness that crossed her lips; was aware, indeed, of nothing until he felt a soft kiss on the hand that hung down by his side. When he did turn round she was gone, so all explanation of the unusual caress was of necessity impossible.

A week, when it is only a reprieve from something that must come to pass, flies more swiftly than the usual fourth of a month; but, on the other hand, the respite in itself helps us, renews our strength, and so enables us to bear better the pain, the anxiety, whatever it may be, when it does come, and so Lois Dering found.

Found Florence Gainsford in her defiant happiness, her proud beauty, less trying than before that week's holiday. Besides, the time was drawing on now; wedding-presents, wedding-dresses were discernible about the house; soon—ah! very soon now—the shadow thrown by the presence of these lovers would disappear, leaving her, Lois Dering, as she so ardently prayed, unshaded by ill—or even by faint reminders of the past.

"I will forget it," she said, day by day; "I will remember nothing, think of nothing, but *him*!"

It is the 1st of January, the evening before the wedding, and Lois is seated on a low stool by the fire in a little sitting-room that is rarely used; but every unoccupied corner in the house seems to have been called into requisition; and to be out of the confusion and fuss that is reigning everywhere else, Mrs. Dering has taken refuge here.

Her thoughts have wandered away from the book she is still holding in her hand, her head has sunk on the low rail of the fender, and almost unknown to herself, and certainly without any specific cause, the tears have gathered in her eyes.

The quiet opening of the door, however, reminds her of this fact, and she raises her hand quickly to brush them away, but not, it seems, quickly enough, for Robert Moreton's voice breaks the silence—Robert's voice, earnest and low, and full of pain: "What is it? You are crying. What is the matter?" And then, with a sudden change in his tones, "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Dering; I was told Florence was here, and that she wanted to see me directly I arrived."

"I will go and look for her," Lois said, rising from her seat and turning away, ignoring, as he had done, those first words.

"No, no!" he cried; "indeed, I would rather not. This is far pleasanter and quieter for you than the drawing-room. I will go back there; sooner or later I shall be sure to find her."

Lois could not find it in her heart to dissuade him, so she sat down again on the footstool from which she had risen, and from there she watched the man's figure as he walked irresolutely away.

Something in his attitude, something in the firelit room, and the solitude, and the quiet, reminded her in a strange far-off manner, as we recall bygone dreams in a dream, of that other evening when she had chosen her path in life, putting her duty, or what she believed to be such, before her love, and acting on an impulse that the dream caused, she stretched out her hand. "Robert," she said, in her sweet voice—"Robert, you know I wish you well to-morrow."

He turned at the sound of her voice, but he made no reply to her words; only, after a pause, "Are you happy?" he asked. Then they became aware that a third person was present—that Florence Gainsford was standing close beside them, with drawn brows, watching.

"Robert," she said slowly, "will you go into the conservatory and wait there a few moments for me? I shall not be long, and I want to talk to you a little alone—there are so many people in the drawing-room."

"All right; I'll go," he replied, and so departed, and the two women were left alone.

Then Florence, drawing her splendid figure up to its full height, and gazing mercilessly down on the slight girlish form beneath her: "You may look as innocent as you can—or as you dare, Mrs. Dering; but I tell you that you do not deceive me, if you do others, and I am determined that you shall know it. You may try to come between Robert and me, as you came between Sydney and me—"

"Hush!" cried Lois, rising to her feet, her eyes flashing—"hush! How dare you say such things? I will not listen to another word."

"You shall hear every word I choose to say. What chance do you think you have against me? I tell you that I loved your husband—that he would have married me had it not been for your false face. I tell you that I know how you flirted with Robert Moreton, and would have married him if he had had Sydney's fortune. Ah," with a hasty movement, "a child could see through you! No one but an infatuated man could ever have been deceived by such bold scheming. Take care that his love is not as quickly lost as won. But enough—your past is nothing to me,

absolutely nothing, except in so far as it affects my future. And I tell you plainly that I will not—do not—forgive anything. You can do *me* no harm; for, if you care to know it, I am marrying him solely because I do not choose that you shall come between me and anything or any one that is mine. Do you understand? But if you value your own peace of mind, you will do well not to interfere between us again."

"Ah, poor Robert!" It was almost more a sigh than an articulate sentence, but Florence heard it.

"It is too late to pity him now," she said sneeringly; "you should have thought of all that before."

Her words, the tones of her voice, awoke Lois from the apathy that had stolen over her, as she had stood there listening, though only half consciously, to Florence's words. "Oh, Syd, Syd!" she cried, clasping her hands together. "why do you ever leave me alone?"

"I will tell him *my* story, if you prefer it," Florence said coldly. "I think his opinion of you would not be quite the same if he knew as much as I do."

"Ah, spare *him*!" Lois cried, wringing her hands; "do not strive to poison his mind against me."

"He is spared—as you choose to call it—so long as you do not attempt to come between me and my husband. If you do, trust me, my vengeance is in my own hands, and will be both swift and sure."

She turned and walked slowly away, with a stately movement which it was impossible to imitate, without one word from Lois, who seemed as one struck suddenly dumb.

Miss Gainsford played her part well during the evening—did and said all that was required of her, even to murmuring a few words of love to Robert Moreton as he stood by her side in the conservatory.

She was troubled with no uncomfortable sensations at the remembrance of those words spoken to Lois. She did not think she had been untruthful, or even unkind.

From her own point of view she had interpreted Lois's conduct, and it was, as she herself said, *from* that point of

view, only too easy to be seen through; but then it is always difficult, often impossible, for a lower nature to judge a higher, from the mere fact that many deeds can be interpreted so easily well or ill, according to the power of vision granted to the interpreter. So Florence Gainsford went on her way rejoicing, feeling that she held in her hand a dagger which might be called upon to do its fatal work at any moment that might be required.

"I have given her a fair warning," she said, in a hard voice, as she stood alone in her room that night. "Next time I shall not warn; I shall strike." And so fell asleep to awake and find that it was her wedding-day.

But while she walked slowly away without a backward glance, Lois remained, sitting quite still for a whole hour, with beating pulses and wide-open eyes that stared into the dying embers of the fire, going over and over again in her mind the details of that terrible interview.

"Did I do wrong? Perhaps I should have told him everything before I married; but it would be too cruel now, whatever it might have been then. No; at any cost, it must be borne alone *now*. Why, I would put up with *anything* to save him an hour's pain!" And then covering her face with her hands: "He might not believe me—he might believe her—and think, as *she* says, that it was the money that tempted me. Oh, I could never bear it!" And with a quick movement she rose to her feet, and quitting the now dark room, walked to the door of her husband's study.

"Syd," entering, and speaking quickly with panting breath, and the marks of tears still about her eyes—"Syd, may I sit here with you?" He stretched out his hand and drew her down beside him.

"Do I ever say 'No'?" he asked gently; but he added nothing more—made no allusion to the tear-drops on the eyelashes, or the trembling voice—only smoothed the hair back from her aching forehead in silence.

"That feels *safe*," she said, half under her breath once; and he replies gently, "I like to know that you feel safe with me."

After a long pause—"Sydney," Lois asked, "where are they going for their

honeymoon? It is very odd," nervously, "but it never struck me to ask before."

"To America. You know Florence's relations are American, so it seems a good opportunity to go out and make acquaintance with them. They will be away six months."

"Six months," repeated Lois, looking up into her husband's face with a little sigh that sounded like relief. "Then when they return home we shall have been married eight whole months!"

Perhaps Lois's train of thought was not easy to follow out by Lois's husband; perhaps the sigh of relief, and the words by which it was followed, were an enigma to him he either could not, or did not care to guess.

At any rate he said nothing, and Lois returned to the watching of the fire; and on her side also the silence after that remained unbroken.

CHAPTER III.

"*Passavant le meilleur.*"—*Old French War-Cry.*

JANUARY has given place to June; instead of frost and snow, and bare branches overhead, a midsummer sun is shining strong and bright, and the trees that grow around Kelter are green with the greenness of early summer. There is summer everywhere: in the joyous song of birds, in the many colors of the gay roses that enrich the garden; and within the dark eyes and on the soft cheeks of Lois Dering it seems to have also found an abiding-place.

She is standing by the open window of her husband's study looking over the rich lawn to where the roses show beyond; and as she stands there in her clinging white dress, that is unrelieved by any color, her lips curved into a happy smile, which is reflected in her sweet eyes, it is hard to recognize the girl with great tragic eyes who said "good-by" to Robert Moreton some eight months ago.

"Lois."

At the sound of her husband's voice she turned her head.

"That," he said, holding out an envelope, "means, I suppose, that they have come home."

The smile faded slowly, entirely away, as she took it; but her husband's eyes

were bent upon his letters, which had just arrived, so, perhaps, he did not observe it. Did not observe how the color also slowly faded away, and the shadow crept stealthily back into the sweet eyes.

But she said nothing, only opened the envelope, and drew forth from it a card gayly monogrammed, which requested the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Dering at a ball to be held a fortnight hence at Siston Manor.

She looked at it a moment, as if she could not comprehend its signification, and then in silence crossing to Sydney's side, laid it down on the table.

He took it up, and, while reading it, held the hand that had placed it there, imprisoned in his; but he did not glance up at the face above him, only said gently, "I think we shall have to go, Lois, though we are not ball-going people. Unfortunately even *we*," with a smile, "have to consider the world sometimes!"

Nothing more was said then or afterward on the subject, and the dreaded day came round in due course, as days have a habit of doing, without respect to our feelings.

But in that intervening fortnight the shadow that had been banished crept back and took up its abode in Lois's eyes; the pathetic droop returned to the sweet mouth.

Once more Sydney Dering might have observed, had he been an observant man, how, whenever he looked up from his writing, the slight figure of his wife was seated on a low stool at his feet, or couched in an easy-chair by his open window, looking abroad with that far-seeing gaze that sees nothing.

Once more, whenever he went abroad, he found a small hand in his, heard a low voice beg to be allowed to go with him.

For, "if," was the unspoken dread deep down in Lois's heart—"if she should come over here, and find me alone again—or, worse still, if *he* should come!"

And then she would rise from the piano, or her painting, or whatever was the occupation of the moment, and hasten down the passage with quick nervous feet to that room that she felt represented, as far as she was concerned, safety—to that one whom she had never

known unwilling or unready to receive her.

"Besides the feeling of protection, it is a comfort that he is so absent—that he notices nothing; does not observe when I am restless and unhappy, or when I am quiet and content, which is a rest," with a sigh, "because I need not even think how I am looking, or what I am saying, when I am with him. His mind is in his book; but I," with a quick, proud smile, "have his heart. Ah," clasping her hands together, "if I were to lose it!"

The great hall of Siston was gleaming with lights; men and women, talking, flirting, dancing, quarrelling, were passing to and fro. Mrs. Moreton, resplendent in amber satin, was the admired of every one. Beauty such as hers could not fail to attract attention. But it did not touch the heart in the way that Lois Dering's did, for all that; and if votes had been taken on the subject, there would have been many given to the tall slender woman in trailing white satin—the woman with the small dark head and dreamy eyes, who moved about with her hand on her husband's arm.

"You will give me a dance?" questioned Robert Moreton, almost eagerly—an older Robert than we saw eight months ago, not precisely a happy-looking bridegroom; and Lois, at his words, shrank closer to her husband's side, and began some faltering excuse.

But Sydney interposed. "You must dance a little," he said, with a smile, "or people will say I am preventing you. And you should begin, for you know we are not going to stay very late. I am lazy," he went on, turning to Robert, "and not a ball-going man, as I dare say you may remember; so my wife is going to be obedient, and, in consideration of the long drive home, she has promised to leave early."

Mr. Moreton made no reply beyond a muttered "Balls were not much in his line either," but offered his arm, which Lois took, and almost before she was aware of what she was doing she found herself walking down the room with Robert, for the first time able to speak to him without fear of listeners since that terrible eve of his marriage six months ago.

That time was in both their minds. In his, with the remembrance of that question he had asked, the answer to which in common loyalty he had not pressed. The drooping figure, the fire-lit room, the weeping woman, all were present before him now, and forbade all attempts on his part at commonplace ball-room conversation.

With her there was but one remembrance—that of the bitter words she had heard that night, the threat that had so terrified her; and involuntarily she raised her eyes and glanced round the room in search of the one whom it was her first thought to seek in time of trouble or perplexity. Yes, there he was, standing quite close beside her, though not apparently watching her, and across her troubled heart came a sensation of relief.

And with that sensation of relief she felt capable of thinking of some slight conventional phrase wherewith to break the silence which had hitherto sheltered her; and even as she was about to say it, through all the noise about her was clearly borne to her ears a strange voice which said, as if in reply to a previous question, "Yes, he was awfully in love with her—he only married the other for her money."

"And she?"

Something in the significance of the words arrested Lois's attention—something in the words themselves helped her to a knowledge of whom they were speaking, and with a quick, terrified movement she raised her eyes to her husband's face, even as the voice made answer: "Married Dering for his."

Their eyes met, for he was watching her; and she strove to read in his if he had also heard, but there was no sign if it were so. With a sudden resolve, which blinded her to what others might think or say, "Let me go to him, Mr. Moreton," she faltered; and before Robert had realized what she meant she was by Sydney's side.

"Ah, no, no!" she cried, her words coming out with something like a sob. And then, restraining herself with an effort, and slipping her arm quietly through his, "Sydney," she said, lifting her head proudly, her eyes flashing, and a delicate color rising in her cheeks

—"Sydney, would you mind taking a turn round the room with me? I—"

"It is not very amusing for you," he answered gently, "to go to a ball and then to talk to your husband."

"I should like it," she replied softly, laying her other hand on his arm—"just once, please, round the room."

Slowly they did as she asked—she with her small head lifted, her dark eyes looking into his, and then the music striking up, told them another dance was beginning, and Lois's partner, coming to claim her, "Thank you, Syd," she said in a low voice, with sudden vehemence as she was about to leave him—"thank you, Syd, so much!" Only Robert Moreton, left partnerless by reason of Lois's sudden flight, perhaps, observed them, but he could not forget the look with which she had left him and turned away with her husband.

"Of course," he muttered impatiently—"of course she is fond of him. Did I not tell her so it would be?" half defiantly, as if it had been the fact of his telling it that had brought it to pass.

"Moreton has gone, or is going, back to America." The speaker was Mr. Dering, the scene his own breakfast-table, the audience his wife and mother, and the time a month later than the Siston ball.

"Back to America!" exclaimed old Mrs. Dering; why, they have only just returned from there."

"Not *they*," corrected Mr. Dering. "Moreton is leaving his wife in England."

At those words Lois raised her eyes quickly, as if about to speak, but she said nothing, and her husband went on: "She—Florence—is going up to Scotland for a month or two, so I asked her if she would care to come here for a few days first."

"When?"

Lois was all eagerness now.

"On Monday next; but she will not stay long—only a day or two. She said she would like to see you, mother."

"Ah, Sydney, then you will not be here!"

"No, Lois; I cannot help it. I must go to London as I arranged on Saturday; but I shall only stay as short a

time as possible. London is not very tempting at this time of year."

"No," said Lois, kneeling by his side and speaking more earnestly than the occasion seemed to warrant, "you must not say that. You must not want to come home because London is dull, but because I am here."

"Of course," he answered, throwing his arms about her and raising her to her feet. "Of course you know how I shall weary till I see you. The question is rather—No, no," interrupting himself, "we will not ask any questions, but just enjoy the time that is left to us. Let us go to the organ; I have something I should like you to hear."

"Good-by, dear wife." Mr. Dering was just starting for London, and Lois was hovering about him, saying and hearing last words, and for once Sydney seemed to have emerged out of his ordinary quiet self, and to be more disturbed than there seemed occasion for. "I wish you were coming with me. We have never been separated yet since we were married, have we? Take great care of yourself—and do not fret or worry about anything. Will you promise?"

"Yes."

"And if you should really want me you will send for me at once, will you not—to Gresham Place?"

"Yes. Ah, Syd," with sudden passion, "how good you are to me! You will be always kind to me?" imploringly.

"You are my wife, Lois," he said gently, drawing her toward him; my dear wife. Good-by, and God bless you."

He had kissed her and gone, but ere reaching the door he came once more to her side.

"Lois," stooping his head and speaking very low, but more passionately than she had ever heard him speak before, "would you say, 'Dear Syd, I love you'?"

All in a second the color died slowly away out of Lois's face. A mingling of utter surprise and many other feelings kept her silent, and in that second's space the glow faded out of Mr. Dering's face, leaving just the kind, gentle look she knew so well.

"Of course," she half stammered; but Sydney's voice cut her sentence in two.

"What nonsense I am talking!" he said. "Words are but very unsatisfactory things—deeds are much better;" and before the color had returned to her cheeks he was gone.

"Oh, Syd, Syd!" she cried when she had realized this fact, sinking down on a chair and covering her face with her hands—"why did I not say it? Oh, dear Syd, the very first thing that you have ever asked me to do!"

She wept inconsolably for some time; and then remembering that after all he was only going for a week, she dried her tears, with a resolve that the very first thing when he returned—"Ah, yes," she said softly to herself, "we shall see then."

But in the mean time Florence Moreton's visit had to take place.

She arrived on the Monday, as she had said—harder, colder, more unloving than ever, at least in Lois's eyes; but then, perhaps, she was hardly a fair judge of Robert Moreton's wife.

The day was got through somehow, Mrs. Moreton showing most clearly that her visit was paid to Mr. Dering's mother, not to his wife.

But Lois bore everything. "It will not last long," she thought. "Four more days and *he* will come home—two more days and she will go;" for this was Tuesday, and on the following Thursday Mrs. Moreton had announced that it was her intention to depart.

"Where is Mr. Dering staying in town?" she asked at dinner on Wednesday night; and his mother replied, "At 4 Gresham Place." "I shall go and pay him a visit while I am in London," she went on. "I dare say I shall find him in, and I particularly want to see him before I go to Scotland."

As she spoke she looked full into Lois's eyes, with calm, insolent triumph.

"He will be glad to see you, Florence," said old Mrs. Dering. "He is very fond of you," with a little smile at the unsmiling beauty by her side.

"Other people," she said, with a little stress on the words, "have rather put me out of his good graces, I fear."

"Impossible."

"So I should have thought," she replied shortly; and there the conversation ended—all conversation as far as Lois was concerned. Her thoughts

came faster and faster. If she could only get a moment alone to collect them in!

At length the dinner was over, and she was at liberty to retire to her own room and think over what was coming.

"Oh, what is she going to do?" she cried, pressing her hands together. And after a moment: "If she tells him what she told me, what will he think? Ah, he will believe her—I know he will. He is so unobservant—sees so little of what is going on about him that the doubt will find a place in his heart. And," with sudden passion, "he will remember how I said 'Good-by' to him—how I would not say I loved him when he asked me—and he will never know that—Ah," breaking off suddenly, "I could not bear it! It would kill me."

But rising to her feet, and with an effort calming herself, "I must see her. She shall be forced to say what she is going to do."

With hasty steps she traversed the passages that lay betwixt her room and Mrs. Moreton's, and knocking at the door, was bidden to enter.

Florence looked surprised, though, when she saw who obeyed her voice, but she said nothing, leaving it for her visitor to state the cause of her appearance. There was something in the way she turned her head, shading her eyes with a feather fan all the while from the glow of the lamp—something so calm, so relentless—that it made Lois feel herself small and pitiable, and in the wrong, as she stood before her. But any certainty was better than this terrible doubt. "What are you going to see my husband for?" she asked in tones that she could not prevent from trembling, try as she might.

"I am going to see him," replied Florence, crossing her small feet on the stool before her, and turning her head back to the contemplation of the empty fireplace, "to tell him what his wife forgot to tell him when she married him—that she was in love with Robert Moreton all the time that she was trifling with him, merely for the pleasure of preventing him from marrying me—the girl whom it was always intended he should marry—but that at last prudence triumphed over love, as in such a case it

is very likely it would do; so she married him for what he could give her, leaving Robert Moreton to console himself with me. I shall also tell him how I warned his wife," with a little scornful emphasis on the word, "that if she would confine her flirting to the past, I would say nothing about my discoveries."

"Mrs. Moreton," interrupted Lois, "you are a hard woman—an ill-tempered woman—and you hate me; still you are truthful, I think; and," clasping her hands, "even if you *do* believe some of the terrible things you say of me, you would not stoop, surely, to tell a lie, to see how much you can make my husband believe, just for the sake of being revenged on me?"

"I shall tell him," went on Florence in that same cold, hard voice, utterly heedless of Lois's passionate interruption, "how you came to our ball, talked to my husband, and how, the next morning, he told me—his wife—that England was unbearable to him, and that he should go back to America. I may be very blind, but not quite so blind as not to be able to see the cause and effect there."

"No," as Lois would have interrupted, raising her feather fan slowly, "I do not care to hear your excuses; you can keep them for your husband. It remains, of course, to be proved yet whether he will take your word or mine."

"I was going to make no *excuses*," said Lois quietly, proudly, in the pause that followed. "I should think that I had descended to your level if I banded words with you." And without another syllable she left the room.

But alone in her own apartment her courage gave way. The enemy had not altogether had the worst of it, and Lois's aching heart echoed many of her bitter words.

"Was I doing wrong all the time," she cried as she paced up and down, "when I was trying so hard to do right? Ah! why did I not tell him all? How I wish now I had! I wish I had had any one to warn me—and I am all alone, quite alone now! If she makes him believe her now, when he is everything to me—ah, it will kill me! Oh, Syd, Syd, dear Syd! my husband,

my only friend! why did you leave me?"

She was crying now bitter, salt tears, that flowed almost unconsciously, as she paced the room, or paused to look forth at the deepening gloom of night.

"She will go to him to-morrow, the first thing—this may be my last night of peace. She shall have it all her own way—she has conquered me! Besides, I could not go up with her. And fancy poor quiet Sydney in his study, with two angry women scolding and upbraiding each other in his presence!" And she smiled a little dreary smile at the very idea.

But at that moment a sudden thought struck her; she ceased speaking, and a quick faint gleam brightened the eyes which had been gazing abroad so forlornly. She took out her watch—only half past nine.

"Plenty of time," she murmured. In an instant she had rung the bell.

"Owens," as her maid entered, speaking hurriedly with burning cheeks, and eyes still full of tears, "something has occurred which makes it absolutely necessary I should see your master to-night, so I am going by the 10.50 train to town, and I want you to come with me to the station. Can you be ready in five minutes?"

"Certainly, ma'am; but will you not drive?"

"No, no," with nervous impatience; "I want to go quietly," a red streak dyeing her cheeks, "so you must not let any one know I have gone—you understand?"

"Certainly, ma'am," Owens said again; and she being old and discreet, and having been Lois Grey's maid in the old days before she came to Kelver, Lois Dering felt she might trust her; and turning to her with sudden impetuosity, "So much depends on it, Owens," she said—"all my happiness," her eyes growing misty again. "Don't let Mrs. Moreton know I have gone."

"It is all right, Miss, though I should say 'Ma'am,' but having known you before, it sometimes slips out—but they all think you have gone to bed; and how should they ever know different?"

The London train was just dashing into the station as Lois and Owens found

themselves on the platform to meet it. Lois had not spoken all the way; she would not even think of what she was going to do, the words she was going to say.

All she could think of was, that the same roof no longer sheltered herself and Florence Moreton, and that she felt she could not have borne.

She had crept into old Mrs. Dering's room before leaving, and had kissed that elderly lady, somewhat to her surprise, for Lois was not a demonstrative woman as a rule.

"Good night, mother," she said gently—she had got into the habit of calling Mrs. Dering by that name, for the sake of gathering about her, if possible, the relationships, at least in name, that she had missed so long out of her life. "Good-night, mother. If—Ah, mother! is Sydney ever unkind?"

"No, no," said the old lady, looking up half astonished at the question, and the fervor with which it was asked.

"No, no; he is too just for that."

"But it is more than justice I want," she murmured as she turned away. And it was those words that had been ringing in her ears ever since.

All through that hour's railway, all through the long drive in the rattling cab afterward, and now as she stood before the dreary dark London house, through the silent street they seemed to be echoing, "Ah, but I want more than justice!"

Who that counts upon that here is likely to be satisfied?

She had rung, how many times was it? The cabman was growing impatient, her own heart was sinking lower, lower. She had never thought of this. Suppose he were not here; that the empty house had seemed too dreary, and he had gone to his club. It was only too probable; and what should she do, alone in London, at this hour of the night? and with feverish strength she rung again—such a peal, that it seemed as if its echoes would never die away; but when they did, lo! there was the sound of shuffling feet, the door was opened by a dirty, slipshod char woman, and one great difficulty was surmounted—she was safe inside her own house.

"Where is he—Mr. Dering?" she asked; and at length, when Mrs. Jones

had sufficiently recovered her temper and her senses to answer, she pointed to the study door, under which a light was visible; and the good woman speedily retired, visions of mutton-chops having to be cooked at this unseasonable hour of the night, in addition to being awoken out of her first sleep, seizing her, and with somewhat hasty steps she disappeared. But not before Lois's nervous hand had turned the handle of the library door, and that she stood in the presence of her husband. He was hard at work; the sounds in the house had not even disturbed him—he was aware of nothing until the door opened and a low, trembling voice cried, "Sydney, I have come to you!" And looking up, he saw a vision of his wife, but not the happy, contented girl he had left four days ago, but a woman with dark-shadowed, tearful eyes, and pathetically drooping mouth, that told easily enough their own tale of woe.

"What is it?" he questioned, steadying his voice as best he could and holding out his hand.

But she never heeded it.

"Sydney," she said, crossing the room and standing on the opposite side of the table, looking down at him with wide, terrified eyes—"Sydney," speaking in quick, nervous tones, "she is coming to tell you that I married you for your money; and, Sydney—"

He held up his hand as if he would stay her words, but she went on, regardless of the sign. "And she says that I love Robert Moreton—and that when it comes to believing either her words or mine, that you will not believe mine, because I have deceived you. Oh, Sydney," clasping her slender hands together, "you *must* believe me!"

"And what must I believe?" he asked slowly.

He had risen now and was standing looking down at her white face and frightened eyes.

"Believe?" she repeated, her voice sinking into an earnest whisper. "Why, whatever she says, you must believe I love you. It may be hard," she went on, steadying her voice with difficulty, "because she says such dreadful things, and they all sound so true; but you must put no faith in them; you must try and think, however hard it may be, 'She

tried to do right." "It is not justice," a little incoherently, those words coming back to her remembrance—"I want much more than justice."

"And what, then, do you want?"

"Love," she cried unsteadily.

"Have I ever refused it?" he asked.

And then, "My dear," he said gently, "have I not watched you?—is not that better than any guess-work? The world may guess, may accuse even, but I *know*." He stretched out his arms as he spoke. "Dear wife," he said, "did you *really* doubt me? Did you suppose that any one could step between us? Did you really believe I would take any one's word against yours? Ah, dear wife, that shows that I have not quite conquered, even yet!"

His arms were about her now. her head was on his shoulder, her beating heart was growing quieter under the influence of his presence, but she raised her eyes at his words and asked what he meant.

"It was coming—the love, I mean," he replied tenderly. "Very slowly, but none the less surely, it was taking root in my wife's heart. That day—the day I came up here—it was nearly full-grown, was it not?"

"It was there, Syd," she said, the tears falling hot and fast upon his coat-sleeve, "but I did not know it. I never found out what it was till you were gone. Now," clasping her arms about his neck—"now, with all my heart, I can say, 'Dear Sydney, I love you.'"

LUX IN TENEBRIS.

BY LADY CHARLOTTE ELLIOT.

How sweet it was at dawn to float
Adown the silver rivulet!
Like Eden-bower above my boat
The wild red roses clustering met.

From tender dawn to fervent noon
Soft iris-colors paled and glowed
On rock and tree and flower-festoon,
Through which the widening river flowed.

From noon to eve raged hostile storms,
With shock and strife of heat and cold;
Cloud-chariots driven by spectral forms
Across the hissing waters rolled.

And now, at last, the air is free,
The eyeless depths of heaven are dark,
On every side a shoreless sea
Is stretched around my shattered bark.

No help have I from star or chart,
From beacon-fire or signal-bell,
And cold and bitter o'er my heart
The deadly waters rise and swell.

But lo! a light on ocean's verge
Shines tremulous through a rosy mist,
And flecks with red the throbbing surge,
And warms the clouds to amethyst.

Alas! so tempest-tossed was I,
So blinded by the rain and spray,
While long, bewildered hours went by,
And fog and darkness hid my way,

That if yon light be eve or morn,
 A brightening or a waning glow,
 A smile of life, the newly-born,
 Or torch of death, I may not know.

But ever toward that light I steer,
 With steadfast gaze and yearning soul,
 For life or death, through faith or fear,
 My only hope, my only goal.

Fraser's Magazine.

THE UNITY OF NATURE.

BY THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

II.

MAN'S PLACE IN THE UNITY OF NATURE.

MAN is included in the Unity of Nature, in the first place, as regards the composition of his body. Out of the ordinary elements of the material world is that body made, and into those elements it is resolved again. With all its beauties of form and of expression, with all its marvels of structure and of function, there is nothing whatever in it except some few of the elementary substances which are common in the atmosphere and the soil. The four principal gases, with lime, potash, and a little iron, sodium, and phosphorus, these are the constituents of the human body—of these in different combinations—and, so far as we know, of nothing else. The same general composition, with here and there an ingredient less or more, prevails throughout the whole animal and vegetable world, and its elements are the commonest in the inorganic kingdom also. This may seem a rude, and it is certainly a rudimentary, view of the relation which prevails between ourselves and the world around us. And yet it is the foundation, or at least one of the foundations, on which all other relations depend. It is because of the composition of our body that the animals and plants around us are capable of ministering to our support—that the common air is to us the very breath of life, and that herbs and minerals in abundance have either poisoning properties or healing virtue. For both of these effects are like the evidence of some relation to the organism they affect; and both are in different

degrees so prevalent and prevailing that of very few things indeed can it be said that they are wholly inert upon us. Yet there is no substance of the thousands which in one manner or another affect the body which does not so affect it by virtue of some relation which it bears to the elements of which that body is composed, or to the combinations into which those elements have been cast.

And here we ascend one step higher among the facts which include man within the unities of nature. For he is united with the world in which he moves, not only by the elements of which his body is composed, but also by the methods in which those elements are combined—the forces by which they are held together, and the principles of construction according to which they are built up into separate organs for the discharge of separate functions. Science has cast no light on the ultimate nature of life. But whatever it be, it has evidently fundamental elements which are the same throughout the whole circle of the organic world; the same in their relations to the inorganic; the same in the powers by which are carried on the great functions of nutrition, of growth, of respiration, and reproduction. There are, indeed, infinitely varied modifications in the mechanism of the same organs to accommodate them to innumerable different modes by which different animals obtain their food, their oxygen, and their means of movement. Yet so evident is the unity which prevails throughout that physiologists are compelled to recognize the fundamental facts of organic life as "the same, from the

lowest animal inhabiting a stagnant pool up to the glorious mechanism of the human form."*

This language is not the expression of mere poetic fancy, nor is it founded on dim and vague analogies. It is founded on the most definite facts which can be ascertained of the ultimate phenomena of organic life, and it expresses the clearest conceptions that can be formed of its essential properties. The creature which naturalists call the *Amœba*, one of the lowest in the animal series, consists of nothing but an apparently simple and formless jelly. But simple and formless as it appears to be, this jelly exhibits all the wonder and mystery of that power which we know as life. It is in virtue of that power that the dead or inorganic elements of which it is composed are held together in a special and delicate combination, which no other power can preserve in union, and which begins to dissolve the moment that power departs. And as in virtue of this power the constituent elements are held in a peculiar relation to each other, so in virtue of the same power does the combination possess peculiar relations with external things. It has the faculty of appropriating foreign substances into its own, making them subservient to the renewal of its own material, to the maintenance of its own energy, and to the preservation of its own separate individuality. It has the faculty, moreover, of giving off parts of itself, endowed with the same properties, to lead a separate existence. This same substance, which when analyzed has always the same chemical composition, and when alive has always the same fundamental properties, is at the root of every organism, whether animal or vegetable. Out of its material all visible structure is built up, and the power which holds its elements together is the same power which performs the further work of moulding them into tissues—first forming them, and then feeding them, and then keeping them in life. This is as true of the highest organism of man as it is of the lowest, in which visible structure begins to be. The phenomena of disease have

convinced physiologists that all the tissues of the body are freely penetrated by the protoplasmic corpuscles of the blood, and that the primordial properties displayed in the substance of an *Amœba*, which has no distinguishable parts and no separate organs, afford the only key to the fundamental properties of every animal body. One eminent observer assigns so high a place to this protoplasmic matter as the primary physical agent in the building of the House of Life, and in its renovation and repair, that he considers all its other materials, and all its completed structures, as comparatively "dead."

But the unity of man's body with the rest of nature lies deeper still than this. The same elements and the same primary compounds are but the foundations from which the higher unities arise. These higher unities appear to depend upon and to be explained by this—that there are certain things which must be done for the support of animal life, and these things are fundamentally the same from the lowest to the highest creatures. It is for the doing of these things that "organs" are required, and it is in response to this requirement that they are provided. Food—that is to say, foreign material—must be taken in, and it must be assimilated. The circulating fluids of the body must absorb oxygen; and when this cannot be done more simply, a special apparatus must be provided for the separation of this essential element of life from the air or from the water. Sensation must be localized and adapted to the perception of movements in surrounding media. The tremors of the atmosphere and of the luminiferous ether must first be caught upon responsive—that is to say, upon adapted—surfaces, and then they must be translated into the language of sensation—that is to say, into sight and hearing. The heat evolved in the chemical processes of digestion and of oxygenation of the blood must be made convertible into other forms of motion. The forces thus concentrated must be stored, rendered accessible to the will, and distributed to members which are at its command. These and many other uniform necessities of the animal frame constitute a unity of function in organs of the widest dissimilarity of form, so that however

* "On the Nervous System." By Alex. Shaw. Appendix to Sir Charles Bell's "Anatomy of Expression."

different they may be in shape, or in structure, or in position, they are all obviously reducible to one common interpretation. They do the same things—they serve the same purposes—they secure the same ends—or, to use the language of physiology, they discharge the same functions in the animal economy.

But more than this : even the differences of form steadily diminish as we ascend in the scale of being. Not only are the same functions discharged, but they are discharged by organs of the same general shape, formed on one pattern, and occupying an identical position in one plan of structure. It is on this fact that the science of comparative anatomy is founded, and the well-established doctrine of "homologies." The homology of two organs in two separate animals is nothing but the unity of place which they occupy in a structure which is recognized as one and the same in a vast variety of creatures—a structure which is one in its general conception, and one in the relative arrangement of its parts. In this clear and very definite sense the body of man, as a whole, is one in structure with the bodies of all vertebrate animals ; and as we rise from the lowest of these to him who is the highest, we see that same structure elaborated into closer and closer likeness, until every part corresponds—bone to bone, tissue to tissue, organ to organ. It is round this fact that so many disputants are now fighting. But all the controversy arises, not as to the existence of the fact, but as to its physical cause. The fact is beyond question. In a former work * I have dwelt at some length on the bearing of this fact on our conceptions of "Creation by Law," and on the various theories which assume that such close relationship in organic structure can be due to no other cause than blood relationship through ordinary generation. At present I am only concerned with the fact of unity, whatever may be the physical cause from which that unity has arisen. The significance of it, as establishing man's place in the unity of nature, is altogether independent of any conclusion which may be reached as to those processes of creation by which his body has been fashioned on a plan which is

common to him and to so many animals beneath him. Whether man has been separately created out of the inorganic elements of which his body is composed, or whether it was born of matter previously organized in lower forms, this community of structure must equally indicate a corresponding community of relations with external things, and some antecedent necessity deeply seated in the very nature of those things, why his bodily frame should be like to theirs.

And, indeed, when we consider the matter, it is sufficiently apparent that the relationship of man's body to the bodies of the lower animals is only a subordinate part and consequence of that higher and more general relationship which prevails between all living things and those elementary forces of nature which play in them, and around them, and upon them. If we could only know what that relationship is in its real nature and in its full extent, we should know one of the most inscrutable of all secrets. For that secret is no other than the ultimate nature of life. The great matter is to keep the little knowledge of it which we possess safe from the confusing effect of deceptive definitions. The real unities of nature will never be reached by confounding her distinctions. For certain purposes it may be a legitimate attempt to reduce the definition of life to its lowest terms—that is to say, it may be legitimate to fix our attention exclusively on those characteristics which are common to life in its lowest and in its highest forms, and to set aside all other characteristics in which they differ. It may be useful sometimes to look at life under the terms of such a definition, in order, for example, the better to conceive some of its relations with other things. But in doing so we must take care not to drop out of the terms so defining life anything really essential to the very idea of it. Artificial definitions of this kind are dangerous experiments in philosophy. It is very easy by mere artifices of language to obliterate the most absolute distinctions which exist in nature. Between the living and the non-living there is a great gulf fixed, and the indissoluble connection which somehow, nevertheless, we know to exist between them is a connection which does not fill up that gulf, but is kept by

* "The Reign of Law."

some bridge being, as it were, artificially built across it. This unity, like the other unities of nature, is not a unity consisting of mere continuity of substance. It is not founded upon sameness, but, on the contrary, rather upon difference, and even upon antagonisms. Only, the forces which are thus different and opposed are subordinate to a system of adaptation and adjustment. Nor must we fail to notice the kind of unity which is implied in the very words "adaptation" and "adjustment"—and, above all others, in the special adjustments connected with organic life. There are many unions which do not involve the idea of adjustment, or which involve it only in the most rudimentary form. The mere chemical union of two or more elements—unless under special conditions—is not properly an adjustment. We should not naturally call the formation of rust an adjustment between the oxygen of the atmosphere and metallic iron. When the combinations effected by the play of chemical affinities are brought about by the selection of elements so placed within reach of each other's reactions as to result in a given product, then that product would be accurately described as the result of co-ordination and adjustment. But the kind of co-ordination and adjustment which appear in the facts of life is of a still higher and more complicated kind than this. Whatever the relationship may be between living organisms and the elements, or elementary forces of external nature, it certainly is not the relationship of mere chemical affinities. On the contrary, the unions which these affinities by themselves produce can only be reached through the dissolution and destruction of living bodies. The subjugation of chemical forces under some higher form of energy, which works them for the continued maintenance of a separate individuality—this is of the very essence of life. The destruction of that separateness is of the very essence of death. It is not life, but the cessation of life, which, in this sense and after this manner, effects a chemical union of the elements of the body with the elements around it. There is, indeed, an adjustment—a close and intricate adjustment—between these and the living body; but it is an adjustment of them

under the controlling energy of a power which cannot be identified with any other, and which always presents phenomena peculiar to itself. Under that power we see that the laws and forces of chemical affinity, as exhibited apart from life, are held, as it were, to service—compelled, indeed, to minister, but not allowed to rule. Through an infinite variety of organisms this mysterious subordination is maintained, ministering through an ascending series to higher and higher grades of sensation, perception, consciousness, and thought.

And here we come in sight of the highest adjustment of all. Sensation, perception, consciousness, and thought—these, if they be not the very essence of life, are at least—in their order—its highest accompaniments and result. They are the ultimate facts, they are the final realities, to which all lesser adjustments are themselves adjusted. For, as the elementary substances and the elementary forces of nature which are used in the building of the body are there held by the energies of life under a special and peculiar relation to those same elements and to those same forces outside the body, so also are they held in peculiar relations to those characteristic powers in which we are compelled to recognize the rudimentary faculties of mind. Sensation is the first of these, and if it be the lowest, it is at least the indispensable basis of all the rest. As such, it cannot be studied too attentively in the first stages of its appearance, if we desire to understand the unity of which it is the index and result. We have seen that the mechanism of living bodies is one throughout the whole range of animal life—one in its general plan, and one even in the arrangement of many of its details. We have seen, too, that this unity rests upon that other—in virtue of which all organisms depend for the maintenance of their life, upon adjustments to certain physical laws which are held, as it were, in vassalage, and compelled to service; doing in that service what they never do alone, and not doing in that service what they always do when freed from it.

And now we have to ask what that service is? We can only say that it is the service of life in all its manifestations, from those which we see in the

lowest creatures up to the highest of which, in addition, we are conscious in ourselves. I say "in addition"—because this is the fundamental lesson of physiology and of comparative anatomy—that the principle and the mechanism of sensation are the same in all creatures, at least in all which have the rudiments of a nervous system. This identity of principle and of structure in the machinery of sensation, taken together with the identity of the outward manifestations which accompany and indicate its presence in animals, makes it certain that in itself it is everywhere the same. This does not mean, of course—very far from it—that the range of pleasure or of pain consequent on sensation—still less the range of intelligent perception—is the same throughout the animal kingdom. The range of pleasure or of pain, and still more the range of intelligent perception, depends on the association of higher faculties with mere sensation, and upon other peculiarities or conditions of organization. We all know by our own experience, when comparing ourselves with ourselves in different states of health or of disease, and by observing the like facts in others, that the degree of pleasure or of suffering, of emotion or of intellectual activity, which is connected with sensation, may be almost infinitely various according to various conditions of the body. But this does not affect the general proposition that sensation is in itself one thing throughout the animal kingdom. It cannot be defined in language, because all language is founded on it, assumes it to be known, and uses the metaphors it supplies for the expression of our highest intellectual conceptions. But though it cannot be defined, this at least we can say concerning it, that sensation is the characteristic property of animal life; that it is an affection of the "anima," of that which distinguishes animate from inanimate things, and that as such it constitutes one of the most essential of the fundamental properties of mind. So true is this that the very word "idea," which has played a memorable part in the history of speculation, and which in common speech has now come to be generally associated with the highest intellectual abstractions, has had in modern philosophy no other definite mean-

ing than the impressions or mental images received through the senses. This is the meaning attached to it (although, perhaps, no writer has ever adhered to it with perfect consistency) in the writings of Descartes, of Locke, and of Bishop Berkeley; and it is well worthy of remark that the most extreme doctrine of Idealism, which denies the reality of matter, and, indeed, the reality of everything except mind, is a doctrine which may be as logically founded upon sensation in the Zoophyte as upon sensation in a man. The famous proposition of Bishop Berkeley, which he considers as almost self-evidently true, "that the various sensations, or ideas imprinted on the sense, cannot exist otherwise than in the mind perceiving them," is a proposition clearly applicable to all forms of sensation whatever. For every sensation of an organism is equally in the nature of an "idea" in being an affection of the living principle, which alone is susceptible of such affection; and it is plainly impossible to conceive any sense-impression whatever as existing outside a living and perceiving creature.

We are now, indeed, so accustomed to attach the word "idea" to the highest exercises of mind, and to confine the word "mind" itself to some of its higher manifestations, that it may startle some men to be told that sensation is in itself a mental affection. We have, however, only to consider for a moment how inseparably connected sensation is with appetite and with perception to be convinced that in the phenomena of sensation we have the first raw materials and the first small beginnings of intelligence and of Will. It is this fundamental character of sensation which explains and justifies the assertion of philosophers—an assertion which at first sight appears to be a mere paradox—that the "ideas" we receive through the senses have no "likeness" to the objects they represent. For that assertion, after all, means nothing more than this—that the impressions made by external things upon living beings through the senses are in themselves mental impressions, and as such cannot be conceived as like in their own nature to inanimate and external objects. It is the mental quality of all sensation, considered in itself,

which is really affirmed in this denial of likeness between the affections of sense and the things which produce those affections in us. It is one of the many forms in which we are compelled to recognize the inconceivableness of any sort of resemblance between mind and matter, between external things and our own perceptive powers.

And yet is across this great gulf of difference—apparently so broad and so profound—that the highest unity of nature is nevertheless established. Matter built up and woven into "organs" under the powers of life is the strong foundation on which this unity is established. It is the unity which exists between the living organism and the elements around it which renders that organism the appropriate channel of mental communication with the external world, and a faithful interpreter of its signs. And this the organism is—not only by virtue of its substance and composition, but also and especially by virtue of its adjusted structures. All the organs of sense discharge their functions in virtue of a purely mechanical adjustment between the structure of the organ and the particular form of external force which it is intended to receive and to transmit. How fine those adjustments are can best be understood when we remember that the retina of the eye is a machine which measures and distinguishes between vibrations which are now known to differ from each other by only a few millionths of an inch. Yet this amount of difference is recorded and made instantly appreciable in the sensations of color by the adjusted mechanism of the eye. Another adjustment, precisely the same in principal, between the vibrations of sound and the structure of the ear, enables those vibrations to be similarly distinguished in another special form of the manifold language of sensation. And so of all the other organs of sense—they all perform their work in virtue of that purely mechanical adjustment which places them in a given relation to certain selected manifestations of external force, and these they faithfully transmit, according to a code of signals, the nature of which is one of the primary mysteries of life, but the truthfulness of which is at the same time one of the most certain of its facts.

For it is upon this truthfulness—that is to say, upon a close and efficient correspondence between the impressions of sense and certain realities of external nature—that the success of every organism depends in the battle of life. And all life involves a battle. It comes indeed to each animal without effort of its own, but it cannot be maintained without individual exertion. That exertion may be of the simplest kind, nothing more than the rhythmic action of a muscle contracting and expanding so as to receive into a sac such substances as currents of water may bring along with them; or it may be the more complex action required to make or induce the very currents which are to bring the food; or it may be the much more complex exertions required in all active locomotion for the pursuit and capture of prey: all these forms of exertion exist, and are all required in endless variety in the animal world. And throughout the whole of this vast series the very life of every creature depends on the unity which exists between its sense-impressions and those realities of the external world which are specially related to them. There is therefore no conception of the mind which rests on a broader basis of experience than that which affirms this unity—a unity which constitutes and guarantees the various senses with their corresponding appetites, each in its own sphere of adapted relations, to be exact and faithful interpreters of external truth.

A still more wonderful and striking proof is obtained of the unity of nature, and a still more instructive light is cast upon its source and character, when we observe how far-reaching these interpretations of sense are even in the very lowest creatures: how they are true not only in the immediate impressions they convey, but true also as the index of truths which lie behind and beyond—of truths, that is to say, which are not expressly included—not directly represented—in either sensation or perception. This, indeed, is one main function and use, and one universal characteristic, of all sense-impressions, that over and above the pleasure they give to sentient creatures, they lead and guide to acts required by natural laws which are not themselves objects of sensation

at all, and which therefore the creatures conforming to them cannot possibly either see or comprehend. It is thus that the appetite of hunger and the sense of taste, which in some form or other, however low, is perhaps the most universal sensation of animal organisms, is true not only as a guide to the substances which do actually gratify the sense concerned, but true also in its unseen and unfelt relations with those demands or laws of force which render the assimilation of new material an indispensable necessity in the maintenance of animal life. Throughout the whole kingdom of nature this law prevails. Sense-perceptions are in all animals indissolubly united with instantaneous impulses to action. This action is always directed to external things. It finds in these things the satisfaction of whatever desire is immediately concerned, and beyond this it ministers to ends of which the animal knows nothing, but which are of the highest importance both in its own economy and in the general economy of nature.

The wonderful instincts of the lower animals—the precision and perfection of their work—are a glorious example of this far-reaching adjustment between the perceptions of sense and the laws which prevail in the external world. Narrow as the sphere of those perceptions may be, yet within that sphere they are almost absolutely true. And although the sphere is indeed narrow as regards the very low and limited intelligence with which it is associated in the animals themselves, it is a sphere which beyond the scope of their intelligence can be seen to place them in unconscious relation with endless vistas of co-ordinated action. The sentient actions of the lower animals involve not merely the rudimentary power of receiving the differences which distinguish things, but the much higher power of profiting by those relations between things which are the foundation of all voluntary agency, and which place in the possession of living creatures the power of attaining ends through the employment of appropriate means. The direct and intuitive perception of things which stand in the relation of means to ends, though it may be entirely dissociated from any conscious recognition of this relation in

itself—that is to say, the direct and intuitive perception of the necessity of doing one thing in order to attain to another thing—is in itself one of the very highest among the pre-adjusted harmonies of nature. For it must be remembered that those relations between things which render them capable of being used as means to ends are relations which never can be the direct objects of sensation, and therefore the power of acting upon them is an intuition of something which is out of sight. It is a kind of dim seeing of that which is invisible. And even if it be separated entirely in the lower animals—as it almost certainly is—from anything comparable with our own prescient and reasoning powers, it does not the less involve in them a true and close relation between their instincts and the order of nature with its laws.

The spinning machinery which is provided in the body of a spider is not more accurately adjusted to the viscid secretion which is provided for it than the instinct of the spider is adjusted both to the construction of its web and also to the selection of likely places for the capture of its prey. Those birds and insects whose young are hatched by the heat of fermentation have an intuitive impulse to select the proper materials, and to gather them for the purpose. All creatures, guided sometimes apparently by senses of which we know nothing, are under like impulses to provide effectually for the nourishing of their young. It is, moreover, most curious and instructive to observe that the extent of provision which is involved in this process, and in the securing of the result, seems very often to be greater as we descend in the scale of nature, and in proportion as the parents are dissociated from the actual feeding or personal care of their young. The mammalia have nothing to provide except food for themselves, and have at first, and for a long time, no duty to perform beyond the discharge of a purely physical function. Milk is secreted in them by a purely unconscious process, and the young need no instruction in the art of sucking. Birds have much more to do—in the building of nests, in the choice of sites for these, and after incubation in the choice of food adapted to the period of growth. Insects, much more lower in the scale of

organization, have to provide very often for a distant future, and for stages of development not only in the young but in the *nidus* which surrounds them.

There is one group of insects, well known to every observer—the common gall-flies—which have the power of calling on the vegetable world to do for them the work of nest-building; and in response to the means with which these insects are provided, the oak or the rose does actually lend its power of growth to provide a special *nidus* by which the plant protects the young insect as carefully as it protects its own seed. Bees, if we are to believe the evidence of observers, have an intuitive guidance in the selection of food, which has the power of producing organic changes in the bodies of the young, and by the administration of which, under what may be called artificial conditions, the sex of certain selected individuals can be determined, so that they may become the mothers and queens of future hives.

These are but a few examples of facts of which the whole animal world is full, presenting, as it does, one vast series of adjustments between bodily organs and corresponding instincts. But this adjustment would be useless unless it were part of another adjustment between the instincts and perceptions of animals and those facts and forces of surrounding nature which are related to them, and to the whole cycle of things of which they form a part. In those instinctive actions of the lower animals which involve the most distant and the most complicated anticipations, it is clear that the prevision which is involved is a prevision which is not in the animals themselves. They appear to be guided by some simple appetite, by an odor or a taste, and they have obviously no more consciousness of the ends to be subserved, or of the mechanism by which they are secured, than the suckling has of the processes of nutrition. The path along which they walk is a path which they did not engineer. It is a path made for them, and they simply follow it. But the propensities and tastes and feelings which make them follow it, and the rightness of its direction toward the ends to be attained, do constitute a unity of adjustment which binds together the whole world of life, and the whole

inorganic world on which living things depend.

I have called this adjustment mechanical, and so, in the strictest sense, it is. We must take care, however, not to let our conceptions of the realities of nature be rendered indistinct by those elements of metaphor which abound in language. These elements, indeed, when kept in their proper places, are not only the indispensable auxiliaries of thought, but they represent those perceptions of the mind which are the highest and the most absolutely true. They are the recognition—often the unconscious recognition—of the central unities of nature. Nevertheless, they are the prolific source of error when not closely watched. Because all the functions and phenomena of life appear to be strictly connected with an apparatus, and may therefore be regarded as brought about by adjustments which are mechanical, therefore it has been concluded that those phenomena, even the most purely mental, are mechanical in the same sense in which the work is called mechanical which human machines perform. Are not all animals “automata?” Are they not “mere machines?” This question has been revived from age to age since philosophy began, and has been discussed in our own time with all the aid which the most recent physiological experiment can afford. It is a question of extreme interest in its bearing on our present subject. The sense in which, and the degree to which, all mental phenomena are founded on, and are the result of, mechanical adjustments, is a question of the highest interest and importance. The phenomena of instinct, as exhibited in the lower animals, are undoubtedly the field of observation in which the solution of this question may best be found, and I cannot better explain the aspect in which it presents itself to me than by discussing it in connection with certain exhibitions of animal instinct which I had occasion to observe during the spring and summer of 1874. They were not uncommon cases. On the contrary, they were of a kind of which the whole world is full. But not the less directly did they suggest all the problems under discussion, and not the less forcibly did they strike me with the admiration and the wonder which no familiarity can exhaust.—*Contemporary Review*.

LITERATURE AS A PROFESSION.

A FRAGMENT OF AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY BY A SUCCESSFUL AUTHOR.

THE talented author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," and many other works, recently depicted "Literature as a Profession" * in the most roseate hues, and led the outside public to believe that any one of them possessed of two fingers and a thumb, and of sufficient capital to purchase a few quires of paper and a "J" nib, could, by merely piling these properties one on the top of another and moistening them with ink, at once acquire a competency. (I think this is pretty nearly his original sketch, though he has since seen fit to wash it over with much more sombre—not to say lurid—tints.) If he had confined himself to the simple statement that these were all the ingredients necessary to the composition of a book, this paper would never have been written.

Now, once upon a time, I conceived myself to have a call to enlighten the world, and, like most other people rejoicing in the same article, was not satisfied with a guaranteed immunity from drowning, but a desire seized upon me to transmute that call into cash. With this end in view, I devoted all my spare time for three months to working up my subject (to which I had previously devoted years of anxious thought) and writing it out neatly. How saturated with ink I got during the process only an author knows! The conscientious amateur (well known in story) who personated Othello was nothing compared to me, for mine was a fast color, warranted to wash. At length the *magnum opus* was finished, and I began to waylay innocent and confiding friends, and to read it to them to the bitter end. Since I have retired from literature I have often wondered whether, during those awful stances, the last two lines of the ballad, "You are old, Father William," ever occurred to them. But, however much they suffered, they were still; peradventure they were asleep.

So far—except getting the ink out of the pores—all was plain sailing; nothing

(unless lying be the solitary exception) is more easy than writing: it was when I attempted to find a publisher that my difficulties began.

My work was intended to benefit my fellow-creatures, and there are few publishers who go in for that sort of thing at all. The first told me (more or less courteously) to be off; the second, that he had recently brought out two books of the same class, both at a loss, and was full (a low though intelligible expression) against another at present; the third took me kindly but firmly by the nape of my neck; and when I recovered consciousness I found myself convulsively grasping the key of the street, and murmuring these words of Lord Chesterfield, "This is beastly and horrid." I was (at that time) under the impression that my vocation was literary, not military; and being apprehensive of further outrage, and finding on inquiry that hawking my book about accompanied by a prize-fighter would be an expense beyond my means, I gave up seeking personal interviews, and sent it by post to the editors of several periodicals, undertaking, at the same time, either to cut it down, or to lengthen it, or to divide it into doses, as they might see fit. In spite of these accommodating offers three sent it back without comment, and one with the remark that it was not suited to his columns. Then I came across a friend who (unfortunately for himself) knew a publisher, and bored him till he gave me a letter of introduction. The letter spoke highly of me—for it was open and I read it. Whether he wrote privately to that publisher to put him on his guard, of course I do not know: if he did, his conduct was quite justifiable: if he did not, then was that publisher artful and acquainted with his business, for when I presented my letter I was informed (1) that he was not in; (2) that as it was altogether uncertain whether he would ever be in again, it was no use for me to wait; (3) that no one had the slightest idea where he had gone to. So I left the ms. (which I was now beginning to regard in much the same light as

* "The Literary Calling and its Future," *Nineteenth Century*, Dec., 1879.

the depressed Pickwickians regarded the tall horse), and in due course it returned. About this time, as if the woes my own *ms.* had brought upon me were not sufficient, other wretches in the same plight got hold of me and pestered me with theirs.

All this was bad, but worse remains behind. I am afraid, at an earlier stage, I must have bragged somewhat about my literary capabilities and prospects in the bosom of my family; and though I took to posting that *ms.* in the dead of the night, and affecting to be unaware of its existence, my domestic circle had a pretty shrewd suspicion how things were going. My wife, who up to this time had always manifested a certain respect for me (at any rate outwardly), had a malicious twinkle in her eye more annoying than words, for words you can reply to—I know no answer to a twinkle; to say, in an angry tone, to the partner of your joys and sorrows, “Don’t twinkle!” sounds ridiculous (I tried it in the privacy of my study). Then the children were constantly on the lookout for the postman (reminding me of a dreadful anecdote of a married undergraduate at Oxford whose unfeeling offspring used to apply periodically for his *testamur*, and, finding that the author of their being had not passed, rushed home, crying with glee, “Mamma! pa’s ploughed again!”). As I live in London, and the postal deliveries are numerous, I grew morbid and nervous, and had it not been for a respite on Sundays my mind must have given way. Should any of my readers write a book, let me strongly recommend him or her to say nothing about it, and—if it is a work of imagination—to devote part of that imagination to concocting a plausible theory to account for his or her inkiness; should he also—for a lady *might* meet with better treatment—determine to force his personality on unwilling publishers, let him wear an old coat, and then, if it gets split up the back, it will not be of so much consequence.

Up to this time I had thought for years, worked like a galley-slave for three months; I had spent several shillings and six entire mornings in the Row; my family were in a state of veiled rebellion; I had lost my friends and my self-respect; my health was going, and my

nerves and temper were gone. I suppose it was this last loss which caused me in desperation to rush into print at my own expense.

When I had found a printer satisfied with my references—with requests to pay an instalment in advance I was unable to comply, for reasons of no public interest—proof-sheets began to rain on me, wherein every other word was a misprint; then revised proofs arrived in much the same condition; then there was a blank—the book (by no means dear to memory) was also lost to sight; I afterward learned it was being hot-pressed, next it was bound; when, for some occult reason—I never knew any other book behave so—the binding curled up like a scroll. To remedy this, I sat upon it for two or three days, and should probably have been sitting upon it still (for it would not keep straight), only my family irritated me by inquiring whether I was hatching it—an ignominious position for a literary person; so I got up and sent it to two or three reviews devoted to the elevation of the masses. It was spoken of in the most eulogistic terms, and the public stepped in at once and bought every copy. This is my ground for claiming to be a successful author.

After paying the printer and some incidental expenses—works of reference alone cost me four shillings and sixpence—I found I had made a profit of three guineas!

Three guineas and—when the ink wore off—thumb-marks on the back of my neck, like those on a haddock—only the thumb in my case was not apostolic; my marks were caused by the sender forth, and I was my own apostle—are all I ever received for that successful and immortal work, as I am a living sinner; and when I mentioned this disgraceful remuneration to an eminent writer, he replied that I was highly fortunate—“deuced lucky” were his exact words. Writing in a government office at ninepence an hour is much more lucrative, and no “*afflatus*” is required.

Years of study! months of—but this is not a poem; besides, I have mentioned these circumstances once or twice already. However, I said to myself, “I am now known; I have a valuable property; I will take the copyright and the aforesaid reviews to those tradesmen

who treated me with such contumely ; they will see their error and repent ; they will buy it for a larger sum, and (if anything should happen to my wife—that peculiar look of her eye may be diagnostic of cerebral disease) I will marry the vizier's daughter." Fortunately, I went in such haste that I had not time altogether to cut adrift another occupation, which had hitherto furnished me with daily bread and an occasional modicum of cheese. I found one of the fraternity in, and, observing a certain confusion in his manner, imagined it arose from the fact that my fame had preceded me, that he was overcome by the presence of such transcendent genius ; but in the course of our brief colloquy it transpired that it was due to annoyance at my unwelcome reappearance. Why prolong the loathsome details ? Incredible as it may appear, my immortal work was refused again.

This is the experience of a successful author ; the unsuccessful ones are able (and willing) to narrate their own—if you are weak enough to give them an opportunity. Time with its healing fingers has almost effaced the memory of these incidents : the ecchymosis it has quite effaced. The various religious

sects and philanthropic associations who can make a living by it may in future regenerate the human race for themselves, as far as I am concerned ; I have given up literature—if persons of a carping disposition should say this is exactly the reverse of the fact, my withers are unwrung. I sent my wife to St. Leonard's for a fortnight, and she returned without the twinkle. Taking advantage of her absence, I reduced the children to subjection. I am no longer a terror to my friends. The postman once more brings Gilbey's circulars and announcements that coals are cheaper than ever without exciting any emotion in my placid breast ; and, lord of myself, I have settled down to my previous occupation, a wiser and—I don't think—a sadder man. But in the social circle which I adorn, when this topic is mooted, I reply, " Literature may be a profession ; if you like, it may be *my* profession—for it is a vague word, and I don't want to argue—a livelihood ? emphatically *No !*" And if you ever meet Mr. James Payn, you can tell him that, any time he has a few hours to spare, an author—once quite as successful as himself—will prove it.—*Belgravia Magazine.*

DEMONIACAL POSSESSION IN INDIA.

BY W. KNIGHTON.

M. RICHET, in his " *Démoniaques d'aujourd'hui*," and Dr. Carpenter, in his " *Mental Physiology*," have given some startling instances of mental derangement, the result of *hysteria*. In the East such cases would be believed to be examples of demoniacal possession. It is chiefly among women that these cases of derangement occur, not invariably, of course, but, as it chiefly concerns women, it would be well to draw the attention of those concerned in the education of women in the East to this subject. Hysteria itself is a malady so diversified in its manifestations that it has justly been called a Protean disorder. It takes as many shapes, undergoes as many changes, exhibits itself in as many forms as " old Proteus " and his three daughters.

Preternatural abstinence from food, the seeing of miraculous visions, the ap-

pearance of the stigmata, and the utterance of cabalistic and prophetic words, are all manifestations of hysteria common in the middle ages ; and all of them, except the appearance of the stigmata, are to be witnessed in India at the present day by those who interest themselves in the social condition of the people. Those who are susceptible of these manifestations are liable to have them intensified by mingling with others similarly afflicted. The sympathy of numbers develops the malady. Convulsive fits are common with them, bearing a striking resemblance to epilepsy. They constitute the great majority of the cataleptic, or sleep-walkers, and no doubt many self-deceived mediums are of the same category. Some, of course, are impostors, who make a trade of imposing upon the credulity of the ignorant, but many are themselves deceived.

In hysteria there is always a preternatural excitability of the nervous system, and its manifestations appear to be the effects of repressed or exaggerated emotion. In complicated forms of society, emotions alone are no sufficient guides of conduct, but the ruder the condition, and the more uncultivated the people, the greater the force of these emotions, and the more unrestricted their manifestations. The will acquires, by training, control over the emotions, and is enabled, by practice and habit, to direct them into fresh channels, where they may be used up, as it were, or exhausted harmlessly. If this power has not been acquired, still the will may cause the emotion to be restrained, concealed, pent up. If the nervous energy excited is not directed into new channels, it is apt to be discharged irregularly, like an electric shock, so as to weaken or dissolve the tie by which the centres of activity of the nervous system are united into a harmonious whole.

Thus it often happens that there is morbid exaltation of some one sense, of sight or hearing, for instance, at the expense of absolute unconsciousness of all other sensation. The function of respiration may be suspended, combined motive power may be paralyzed, so as to prevent walking or running. All is irregular and abnormal. The mere influence of expectant attention, the anticipation of a hysterical attack, is often sufficient to bring it on. Persons obliged to look fixedly at a small object held in the hand will often lose consciousness to all impressions save those of hearing. They believe all that is said to them. They feel and realize everything said with marvellous emphasis and energy. Hence the phenomena of electro-biology. If they are told they are cold, they will begin to shiver. If they are told it is very hot, they will try and divest themselves of superfluous clothing.

Attacks of convulsions, total or partial loss of sensation, hallucinations or delirium, are all hysterical manifestations common, according to M. Richet, when several hysterical people are brought together. And so it is in schools. One hysterical patient will produce many. In the severer attacks there is first ordi-

nary epilepsy, falling, loss of consciousness, lividity of the face, distortion of the features, flexion of the arms, clenching of the fists, and convulsive tremors. This first period usually ends in sleep or stupor, of uncertain duration. It is followed in the second stage by extravagant contortions, shrieking, barking, the execution of strange grimaces. In the third period there are hallucinations, consciousness is no longer suspended, the hallucinations are sometimes pleasurable, but, more frequently, frightful. The features and figure assume the expression and attitude of the dominant emotion, and this with a fidelity which actors might envy and artists study.

It is useless to reason with the subjects of these attacks. They are utterly untruthful, take a pleasure in deceiving, are often shameless, burst into causeless laughter, or uncalled-for tears. They are quick in catching the smallest suggestion from without, but, though extravagant and wild, they never travel beyond the region of their own knowledge, belief, or superstition.

These are precisely the exhibitions of irregular emotions on diseased minds, which in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were believed in Europe to result from Satanic or demoniacal possession, witchcraft, and such like. And so they are still regarded in India. Nor can we expect to see these foul superstitions eradicated till education has become more general.

In conversation with an intelligent Talukdar, Abd-ul-Kurim by name, when I was a magistrate in Oudh, I learned that this Satanic or demoniacal possession was commonly believed in, not only by the peasantry of Hindostan proper, but also by the higher classes, the nobility and landed proprietors.

"Among my own cultivators," said he, "is an *Ahir*, whose wife was thus afflicted a few years ago. But the devil was driven out of her, and she is now well. She was barren before. She has children now."

I was naturally anxious to see this case, and took an early opportunity of visiting the village in which the woman and her husband lived. Gunganarain Naigy, the husband, had little to distinguish him from hundreds of other cultivators who lived around. He was evi-

dently pleased to be the object of attention on the part of the sahib.

"Yes," said he, "protector of the poor! it is quite true. My wife was possessed by a devil for a long time. It was about the time that her father and mother died, six years ago, that I first observed it. She was bewitched by an old fiend that lived in that cottage over there, a wicked old hag, who died when the devil was driven out of my wife."

I saw the wife, a well-formed, active, intelligent woman, with large, lustrous black eyes. When her father and mother died she sank into melancholy. She had no children. Then it was that she became possessed. Nor she nor her husband had any doubt of the fact. She became morbid, sullen, taciturn. At length her disease culminated in dumbness. She would not speak, nay, she avers that she *could* not, and all believed this to be a fact. Gunganarain Naigy was wretched. The village sages held meetings about his case, and gave their advice, but all to no purpose.

"I was near going mad myself," said he, describing that time to me. "I was poor. I could not afford another wife, and I had no children. What was I to do? At length I heard of the *Doorgah* (or shrine of the saint) at Ghospore. The Talukdar, my master, good Abd-ul-Kurim, knew my wife and pitied us. He let me go, and gave me a fee for the priests. I took my wife with me, sullen, stolid, dumb, taking no interest in anything, devil-possessed. I brought her back sound in health, cured of the disease, in her right mind, talking intelligently."

I was naturally anxious to know how this had been accomplished. All agreed—for I conversed with several of the villagers on the subject—that when Gunganarain Naigy took his wife Meláta to Ghospore, she was a well-formed, strong, attractive young woman, but sullen and dumb, taking no interest in anything. Possession by an evil spirit was plain to all of them; and the old hag, her enemy, who lived opposite to her, was accused as the cause.

Arrived at Ghospore and admitted to the court-yard of the *Doorgah*, Gunganarain told me an *ojah*, or exorcist, began to operate on Meláta, but on the first day all in vain. Gunganarain Naigy

was present, and saw it all. She was exorcised and beaten, questioned, addressed with words of enchantment, beaten again, but all in vain. Next day severer measures were taken. Exorcism, at first, in vain.

"By the *ojah's* command," said Gunganarain, "I tied her hands behind her. I tied her feet. Cotton wicks steeped in oil were prepared. They were lighted, and stuffed up her nostrils, and into her ears."

"What fearful cruelty!" said I.

"Yes; but it cured her. It drove out the devil. She shrieked and spoke. She was convulsed, and became insensible. She is well now, said the *ojah*; the devil has left her—and it was true. In three days she returned with me, and the old hag died; and she has been well ever since, and is now the mother of children. The darkness of hell was in our house before; now we have the light of heaven." And all the villagers confirmed this—none more readily than Meláta herself.

And now to turn to Ghospore and the *Doorgah*.

About four hundred years ago an ancestor of one of the priests attendant at the shrine of Ghospore in the district of Jounpore, Sayud Umur by name, had a great reputation for sanctity. He had been to Mecca, had visited the usual holy places in the grand pilgrimage of Moslemism. In the course of his pilgrimage his own peculiar saint, Ghousul Arim, had appeared to him, ordering him to take a stone from the saint's tomb at Bagdad, and over it to erect a shrine in his own country, which should be endowed with miraculous virtues. It was at Ghospore that Sayud Umur erected the shrine. A merchant, who owed his fortune, as he believed, to the favor of Ghousul Arim, subsequently enriched it with elaborate work, and erected substantial walls round it. Every year since, on the anniversary of the completion of the shrine, a fair or *méla* is held, in which evil spirits are plentifully cast out. No one can tell whether Ghousul Arim himself, or his devout adorer, Sayud Umur, was a caster out of devils, but certain it is that from all the country round, during the month of September, all those possessed in this way, whose friends can afford it and feel

interest enough in them to do it, are collected at this great *mêla*; and marvellous is the result.

There are, of course, connected with the shrine professional exorcists, called *ojahs*, who make it their business to attend to those cases in which the relatives or friends are willing to pay liberally for their services. They have their own method of procedure; but violence and the infliction of pain to cast out the devils are the most common. When the cure is not effected almost immediately, the devil is said to be vicious and obstinate. Then severe beating is resorted to; and, in some instances, cotton wicks soaked in oil, and lighted, are stuffed up the nostrils, etc.

The *Doorgah*, or shrine, at which the fair is held, is outside the village. The demoniacs are collected in the courtyard attached to it; and in front of this courtyard is a raised platform, on which stands the officiating priest. He receives a present, in the first instance, from the friends of the demoniacs admitted into the courtyard—women for the most part. None are admitted without some fee, although the amount varies with the ability of the friends—from a pice to a gold mohur—that is, from a farthing to thirty-two shillings. This constitutes the larger portion of the revenue of the *Doorgah*, and is quite distinct from the professional fees paid to the *ojah* or exorcist. A miraculous influence is supposed to pervade the courtyard at the period of the *mêla*, and hence the anxiety of the friends to have their afflicted relatives admitted to the holy precincts. Each particular *ojah* must be feed before he will undertake his incantation, and his fees are determined, as to their amount, by the ability of the friends of the sufferer.

It is a pitiable sight to see that mass of afflicted humanity collected in the courtyard; old men and old women, young men and young women, youths and maidens, even little children, too, are there. But the women are vastly more numerous than the men, usually three times as many. Some of them are fixed and immovable in gaze, taking no interest in anything around them, their eyes set in a glazed stare, without intelligence or change. They will gaze at a portion of the building, or at some dis-

tant object, as if entranced. Others are violent and noisy, screaming, howling, hooting, or hissing, or imprecating terribly by all their gods; some, in the madness of maniacal aberration, tearing their hair, beating their breasts, crying, kneeling on the ground, bowing their heads with monotonous iteration, sometimes with extraordinary swiftness. Some are tied with ropes; they will not allow any clothing to remain on them if not restrained, while others are dangerous in their frenzy.

Idiots, maniacs, and hysterical patients are all mixed together in this terrible courtyard, and it is a fearful scene. A ceaseless beating of gongs is kept up, bells are frantically rung. The *ojahs*, or exorcists, seem to delight in making it as terrible as possible. The whole place resounds with the shrieks of the supposed demoniacs, and the prayers or objurgations of their friends and attendants. In such a scene it is no wonder if the simple spectators become possessed. The nerves are abnormally acted upon. Women lose their modesty. Men become furies.

"During the *mêla* that has recently taken place at Ghouspore," writes an intelligent correspondent of the *Pioneer*, "a very pretty and interesting-looking young woman was kneeling by the side of her husband. He was duly instructed by an *ojah*, or exorcist. He grasped her firmly with one hand by the hair; in the other hand he held a stout stick. Under the instructions he received he forced her head down, in repeated bowings, almost to the earth. After every third or fourth obeisance he asked a question at the suggestion of the *ojah*. If the answer was satisfactory he said, "good, good." If otherwise, he beat her unmercifully with a stick. It was supposed to be an obstinate devil, and could be removed only by beating. But some of the poor wretches operated upon were simply idiots."

A woman named Sidoee had two brothers-in-law, Kublass and Jugroo. Kublass had a child ill with spleen. He sent for a wise man, or soothsayer, named Jerbundhun, to prescribe for the child. Jerbundhun pronounced the child to be possessed of the devil, with which Sidoee, the aunt, who was also a widow, had bewitched it. Sidoee was

asked to withdraw the demon. She protested her innocence and ignorance, but, as Kublass was importunate with her, she naturally felt indignant, and took out of his hands the management of her property and gave it to his brother Jugroo. The child of Kublass became worse. Jerbundhun, the mischief-maker, was again called in. What the nature of his secret conference with Kublass was may be inferred from the fact that Sidooe and Jugroo both died soon after. The police heard of the suspicious circumstances attending their death, and a trial ensued. But there was no proof against either of the prisoners, and they were acquitted. Yet there can be little doubt that they compassed the deaths, both of the widow and the brother, probably by poison. So baneful is this superstition about evil spirits! Nor did the deaths of Sidooe and Jugroo save the child of Kublass, for it died too.

The educated Bengali is more than a match for the pretended exorcist and the ignorant priest of the Ghospore *Doorgah*. The educated Bengali is the Athenian of India. Although often deficient in physical stamina, he is almost invariably intellectually acute.

Ghospore is northeast of Benares, and an intelligent member of the household of the Maharajah of Benares, Sanut Kumára by name, who had been educated at the College, happening to be in the neighborhood, got into conversation with one of the *ojahs* attached to the *Doorgah*. Sanut Kumára did not believe the professions of the *ojah*, or his wonderful tales of Demon exorcism, but, professing credulity, he told him one of his servants was mysteriously afflicted, and promised to bring him to the *Doorgah*. When the servant was brought, the *ojah*, after a hasty examination, declared that he was afflicted with the devil, and offered to cure him. A day was fixed for the encounter with the demon, and, in the mean time, a certain diet and regimen were prescribed for the sufferer, a poor and meagre diet.

On the appointed day the servant appeared before the exorcist, dumb and stolid as before, apparently senseless. Evidently a very obstinate devil had got hold of him. The *ojah* demanded his fee of twelve rupees before operating.

The amount was paid. Then the *ojah* commenced his incantations, which were apparently useless. Failing by words, the *ojah* began to have recourse to blows. These the unruly patient resented. The *ojah* called on Sanut Kumára to help him in binding the unhappy possessed, so that he might operate on him without hindrance. Sanut Kumára demurred at first, but at length consented, in order that the *ojah* might treat him completely at his ease. Sanut Kumára pretended to comply, but so inefficiently was the athletic young man bound that, after a question or two had been demanded of him, to which there was no reply, and a blow or two struck, he shook off his bonds, and seizing the stick from the *ojah*, he belabored him soundly, Sanut Kumára in vain acting as mediator.

"You want to know who was my father," said the youth; "take that, son of a vile mother! and let honest men alone for the future," and, so saying, he brought down the stick upon the *ojah's* back. Sanut Kumára lifted his hands imploringly, beseeching his servant to have mercy.

"He wants to know how long the devil has been in me," said the servant again; "let him discover his own devil first, and cast him out, a lying devil, a cheating devil, a robber," and with every epithet down came a blow.

"O pray, pray, desist," said Sanut Kumára, now raising himself in earnest, for he saw that the cries of the *ojah* were attracting the attention of the priests and servants of the *Doorgah*.

With some difficulty peace was restored, and that *ojah* escaped from the hands of Sanut Kumára and his servant, a wiser, but a sorer, man. He subsequently denounced both master and servant to the authorities of the *Doorgah*, but nothing came of it.

Both Hindoos and Mohammedans resort to the *Doorgah* at Ghospore, bringing with them their afflicted relatives to be exorcised—idiots, lunatics, hysterical patients, all are brought, for the ignorant villagers class them all in the same category; they are all equally possessed with devils, and Ghospore is the place to have the demons cast out. Cures must of course be sometimes effected, or the superstition could not survive; cures

doubtless the result of the action of pain efficacy in the cure of those possessed or unwonted excitement on diseased with devils, is spread all over the adjoining nerves. Faith in Ghouspore, and its ing country.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

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THE DILETTANT.

IMITATED FROM THE FABLES OF GELLERT.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

"Dost know this water-fly?"—*Hamlet*.

THE most oppressive form of Cant
Is that of your Art-Dilettant—
Or rather, "was." The race, I own,
To day is, happily, unknown.
—A Painter, now by Fame forgot,
Had painted—'tis no matter what;
Suffice it, he resolved to try
The verdict of a critic eye.
The friend he sought made no pretence
To more than candid common-sense,
Nor held himself from fault exempt.
He praised, it seems, the whole attempt.
Then, pausing long, showed here and there
That parts required a nicer care—
A closer thought. The artist heard,
Expostulated, chafed, demurred.
—Just then popped in a passing Beau,
Half pertness, half pulvilio—
One of those mushroom growths that spring
From "Grand Tours" and from tailoring—
And dealing much in terms of art
Picked up at sale and auction mart.
Straight to the masterpiece he ran
With lifted glass, and thus began,
Mumbling as fast as he could speak—
"Sublime!—prodigious!—truly Greek!
That 'air of head' is just divine;
That contour Guido, every line;
That forearm, too, has quite the *gusto*
Of the third manner of Robusto. . . ."
Then, with a simper and a cough,
He skipped a little farther off:
"The middle distance, too, is placed
Quite in the best Italian taste;
And nothing could be more effective
Than the *ordonnance* and perspective;
Nothing, in short, could be more new—
More *ben trovato*—more *Haut Goût*!
You've sold it?—No?—Then take my word,
I shall speak of it to My Lord.
What!—I insist. Don't move, I beg.
Adieu." With that he made a leg,
Offered on either side his box,
And took his *virtu* off to Cock's.*

* Cock was one of the Christies of the last century.

—The Critic, with a smile, once more
Turned to the canvas as before.
"Nay"—said the Painter—"I allow
The worst that you can tell me now.
'Tis plain my art must go to school,
To win such praises—from a fool."

Belgravia Magazine.

WHITE WINGS: A YACHTING ROMANCE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XLVII.

AFTER THE GALE.

"WELL, indeed!" exclaimed the Laird, on putting his head out next morning. "This is wonderful—wonderful!"

Was it the long imprisonment in the darkness of the equinoctials that made him welcome with so much delight this spectacle of fair skies and sapphire seas, with the waves breaking white in Scalpa Sound, and the sunlight shining along the Coolins? Or was it not rather our long isolation from the ordinary affairs of the world that made him greet with acclamation this picture of brisk and busy human life, now visible from the deck of the yacht? We were no longer alone in the world. Over there, around the big black smacks—that looked like so many hens with broods of chickens—swarmed a fleet of fishing-boats; and, as rapidly as hands could manage it, both men and women were shaking out the brown nets and securing the glittering silver treasure of the sea. It was a picturesque sight—the stalwart brown-bearded men in their yellow oil-skins and huge boots; the bare-armed women in their scarlet short gowns; the masses of ruddy brown nets; the lowered sails. And then the Laird perceived that he was not alone in regarding this busy and cheerful scene.

Along there by the bulwarks, with one hand on the shrouds and the other on the gig, stood Mary Avon, apparently watching the boats passing to and fro between the smacks and the shore. The Laird went gently up to her, and put his hand on her shoulder. She started, turned round suddenly, and then he saw, to his dismay, that her eyes were full of tears.

"What, what?" said he, with a quick doubt and fear coming over him. Had all his plans failed, then? Was the girl still unhappy?

"What is it, lass? What is the matter?" said he, gripping her hand so as to get the truth from her.

By this time she had dried her eyes.

"Nothing—nothing," said she rather shamefacedly. "I was only thinking about the song of 'Caller Herring,' and how glad those women must be to find their husbands come back this morning. Fancy their being out on such a night as last night! What it must be to be a fisherman's wife—and alone on shore—"

"Toots, toots, lass!" cried the Laird with a splendid cheerfulness; for he was greatly relieved that this was all the cause of the wet eyes. "Ye are jist giving way to a sentiment. I have observed that people are apt to be sentimental in the morning, before they get their breakfast. What! are ye peetying these folk? I can tell ye this is a proud day for them, to judge by they heaps o' fish. They are jist as happy as kings; and as for the risk o' their trade, they have to do what is appointed to them. Why, does not that Doctor friend o' yours say that the happiest people are they who are hardest worked?"

This reference to the Doctor silenced the young lady at once.

"Not that I have much right to talk about work," said the Laird penitently. "I believe I am becoming the idlest crayture on the face of this world."

At this point a very pretty little incident occurred. A boat was passing to the shore; and in the stern of her was a young fisherman—a handsome young fellow, with a sun-tanned face and yellow beard. As they were going by the

yacht he caught a glimpse of Miss Avon; then when they had passed he said something in Gaelic to his two companions, who immediately rested on their oars. Then he was seen rapidly to fill a tin can with two or three dozen herrings; and his companions backed their boat to the side of the yacht. The young fellow stood up in the stern, and with a shy laugh—but with no speech, for he was doubtless nervous about his English—offered this present to the young lady. She was very much pleased; but she blushed quite as much as he did. And she was confused, for she could not summon Master Fred to take charge of the herrings, seeing this compliment was so directly paid to herself. However, she boldly gripped the tin can, and said, "Oh, thank you very much;" and by this time the Laird had fetched a bucket, into which the glittering beauties were slipped. Then the can was handed back, with further and profuse thanks, and the boat pushed off.

Suddenly, and with great alarm, Miss Avon remembered that Angus had taught her what Highland manners were.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" she called out to the bearded young fisherman, who instantly turned round, and the oars were stopped. "I beg your pardon," said she, with an extreme and anxious politeness, "but would you take a glass of whiskey?"

"No, thank ye, mem," said the fisherman, with another laugh of friendliness on the frank face; and then away they went.

The girl was in despair. She was about to marry a Highlander, and already she had forgotten the first of Highland customs. But unexpected relief was at hand. Hearing something going on, John of Skye had tumbled up from the fore-castle, and instantly saw that the young lady was sorely grieved; that those friendly fishermen had not accepted this return compliment. He called aloud, in Gaelic, and in a severe tone. The three men came back, looking rather like schoolboys who would fain escape from an embarrassing interview. And then at the same moment Captain John, who had asked Fred to bring up the whiskey-bottle, said in a low voice to the young lady,

"They would think it ferry kind,

mem, if you would pour out the whiskey with your own hand."

And this was done, Miss Mary going through the ceremony without flinching; and as each of the men was handed his glass he rose up in the boat, and took off his cap, and drank the health of the young lady, in the Gaelic. And Angus Sutherland, when he came on deck, was greatly pleased to hear of what she had done, though the Laird took occasion to remark at breakfast that he hoped it was not a common custom among the young ladies of England to get up early in the morning to have clandestine flirtations with handsome young fishermen.

Then all hands on deck: for now there are two anchors to be got in, and we must not lose any of this pleasant sailing breeze. In these sheltered and shining waters there are scarcely any traces of the recent rough weather, except that the wind still comes in variable puffs, and from all sorts of unexpected directions. In the main, however, it is N. by E., and so we have to set to work to leisurely beat up the Sound of Raasay.

"Well, this is indeed like old times, Mary!" Queen Titania cries as she comfortably ensconces herself in a camp-chair: for Miss Avon is at the helm, and the young Doctor, lying at full length on the sunlit deck, is watching the sails and criticising her steering; and the Laird is demonstrating to a humble listener the immeasurable advantages enjoyed by the Scotch landscape painters, in that they have within so small a compass every variety of mountain, lake, woodland, and ocean scenery. He became facetious, too, about Miss Mary's sketches. What if he were to have a room set apart for them at Denymains, to be called the *White Dove* Gallery? He might have a skilled decorator out from Glasgow to devise the furniture and ornamentation, so that both should suggest the sea and ships and sailors.

Here John of Skye comes aft.

"I think," says he to Miss Avon, with a modest smile, "we might put the gaff topsail on her."

"Oh, yes, certainly," says this experienced mariner; and the Doctor, seeing an opportunity for bestirring himself, jumps to his feet.

And so, with the topsail shining white in the sun—a thing we have not seen for some time—we leave behind us the gloomy opening into Loch Sligachan, and beat up through the Raasay narrows, and steal by the pleasant woods of Raasay House. The Laird has returned to that project of the Marine Gallery, and he has secured an attentive listener in the person of his hostess, who prides herself that she has a sure instinct as to what is "right" in mural decoration.

This is indeed like old times come back again. The light, cool breeze, the warm decks, the pleasant lapping of the water, and our steerswoman partly whistling and partly humming—

They'll put a napkin round my e'en,

They'll no let me see to dee;

And they'll never let on to my faither and mither,

But I am awa' o'er the sea.

And this she is abstractedly and contentedly doing, without any notice of the fact that the song is supposed to be a pathetic one.

Then our young Doctor: of what does he discourse to us during this delightful day-dreaming and idleness? Well, it has been remarked by more than one of us that Dr. Angus has become tremendously practical of late. You would scarcely have believed that this was the young F.R.S. who used to startle the good Laird out of his wits by his wild speculations about the origin of the world and similar trifles. Now his whole interest seemed to be centred on the commonest things; all the Commissioners of the Burgh of Strathgovan put together could not have been more fierce than he was about the necessity of supplying houses with pure water, for example. And the abuse that he heaped on the Water Companies of London, more especially, and on the Government, which did not interfere, was so distinctly libellous that we were glad no alien overheard it.

Then as to arsenic in wall-paper: he was equally dogmatic and indignant about that; and here it was his hostess, rather than the Laird, who was interested. She eagerly committed to her note-book a recipe for testing the presence of that vile metal in wall-papers or anything else; and some of us had men-

tally to thank Heaven that she was not likely to get test-tubes, and zinc filings, and hydrochloric acid in Portree. The woman would have blown up the ship.

All this and much more was very different from the kind of conversation that used so seriously to trouble the Laird. When he heard Angus talk with great common-sense and abundant information about the various climates that suited particular constitutions, and about the best soils for building houses on, and about the necessity for strict municipal supervision of drainage, he was ready to believe that our young Doctor had not only for his own part never handled that dangerous book, the "Vestiges of Creation," but that he had never even known any one who had glanced at its sophistical pages except with a smile of pity. Why, all the time that we were shut up by the equinoctials the only profound and mysterious thing that Angus had said was this: "There is surely something wrong when the man who takes on himself all the trouble of drawing a bottle of ale is bound to give his friend the first tumbler, which is clear, and keep the second tumbler, which is muddy, for himself." But if you narrowly look into it you will find that there is really nothing dangerous or unsettling in this saying—no grumbling against the ways of Providence whatsoever. It was mysterious, perhaps; but then so would many of the nice points about the Sempé case have been had we not had with us an able expositor.

And on this occasion, as we were running along for Portree, our F.R.S. was chiefly engaged in warning us against paying too serious heed to certain extreme theories about food and drink which were then being put forward by a number of distinguished physicians.

"For people in good health the very worst adviser is the doctor," he was saying, when he was gently reminded by his hostess that he must not malign his own calling, or destroy a superstition that might in itself have curative effects.

"Oh, I scarcely call myself a doctor," he said, "for I have no practice as yet. And I am not denying the power of a physician to help nature in certain cases—of course not; but what I say is that for healthy people the doc-

tor is the worst adviser possible. Why, where does he get his experience?—from the study of people who are ill. He lives in an atmosphere of sickness; his conclusions about the human body are drawn from bad specimens; the effects that he sees produced are produced on too sensitive subjects. Very likely, too, if he is himself a distinguished physician, he has gone through an immense amount of training and subsequent hard work; his own system is not of the strongest; and he considers that what he feels to be injurious to him must be injurious to other people. Probably so it might be—to people similarly sensitive; but not necessarily to people in sound health. Fancy a man trying to terrify people by describing the awful appearance produced on one's internal economy when one drinks half a glass of sherry! And that," he added, "is a piece of pure scientific sensationalism; for precisely the same appearance is produced if you drink half a glass of milk."

"I am of opinion," said the Laird, with the gravity befitting such a topic, "that of all stimulants nothing is better or wholesomer than a drop of sound, sterling whiskey."

"And where are you likely to get it?"

"I can assure ye, at Denny-mains—"

"I mean where are the masses of the people to get it? What they get is a cheap white spirit, reeking with fusel-oil, with just enough whiskey blended to hide the imposture. The decoction is certain poison. If the Government would stop tinkering at Irish franchises, and Irish tenures, and Irish Universities, and would pass a law making it penal for any distiller to sell spirits that he has not had in bond for at least two years, they would do a good deal more service to Ireland, and to this country too."

"Still, these measures of amelioration must have their effect," observed the Laird sententiously. "I would not discourage wise legislation. We will reconcile Ireland sooner or later if we are prudent and conseederate."

"You may as well give them Home Rule at once," said Dr. Angus bluntly. "The Irish have no regard for the his-

torical grandeur of England; how could they?—they have lost their organ of veneration. The coronal region of the skull has in time become depressed through frequent shillelagh practice."

For a second the Laird glanced at him; there was a savor of George Combe about this speech. Could it be that he believed in that monstrous and atheistical theory?

But no. The Laird only laughed, and said,

"I would not like to have an Irishman hear ye say so."

It was now abundantly clear to us that Denny-mains could no longer suspect of anything heterodox and destructive this young man who was sound on drainage, pure air, and a constant supply of water to the tanks.

Of course we could not get into Portree without Ben Inivaig having a tussle with us. This mountain is the most inveterate brewer of squalls in the whole of the West Highlands, and it is his especial delight to catch the unwary, when all their eyes are bent on the safe harbor within. But we were equal with him. Although he tried to tear our masts out and frighten us out of our senses, all that he really succeeded in doing was to put us to a good deal of trouble and break a tumbler or two below. We pointed the finger of scorn at Ben Inivaig. We sailed past him, and took no more notice of him. With a favoring breeze, and with our topsail still set, we glided into the open and spacious harbor.

But that first look round was a strange one. Was this really Portree Harbor, or were we so many Rip Van Winkles? There were the shining white houses, and the circular bay, and the wooded cliffs; but where were the yachts that used to keep the place so bright and busy? There was not an inch of white canvas visible. We got to anchor near a couple of heavy smacks; the men looked at us as if we had dropped from the skies.

We went ashore and walked up to the telegraph office to see whether the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland—as the Cumbræ minister called them—had survived the equinoctials; and learned only too accurately what serious mischief had been done all along

these coasts by the gale. From various points, moreover, we subsequently received congratulations on our escape, until we almost began to believe that we had really been in serious peril. For the rest, our friends at Borva were safe enough; they had not been on board their yacht at all.

That evening, in the silent and deserted bay, a council of war was held on deck. We were not, as it turned out, quite alone; there had also come in a steam yacht, the master of which informed our John of Skye that such a gale he had not seen for three-and-twenty years. He also told us that there was a heavy sea running in the Minch; and that no vessel would try to cross. Stornoway Harbor, we already knew, was filled with storm-stayed craft. So we had to decide.

Like the very small and white-faced boy who stood forth to declaim before a school of examiners and friends, and who raised his hand, and announced in a trembling falsetto that his voice was still for war, it was the woman who spoke first, and they were for going right on the next morning.

"Mind," said Angus Sutherland, looking anxiously at certain dark eyes, "there is generally a good sea in the Minch in the best of weathers; but after three or four days' gale—well—"

"I, for one, don't care," said Miss Avon, frankly regarding him.

"And I should like it," said the other woman, "so long as there is plenty of wind.—But if Captain John takes me out into the middle of the Minch and keeps me rolling about on the Atlantic in a dead calm, then something will befall him that his mother knew nothing about."

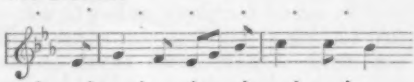
Here Captain John was emboldened to step forward, and to say, with an embarrassed politeness,

"I not afraid of anything for the led-dies; for two better sailors I never sah ahl my life long."

However, the final result of our con-fabulation that night was the resolve to get under way next morning, and proceed a certain distance until we should discover what the weather was like outside. With a fair wind, we might run the sixty miles to Stornoway

before night; without a fair wind, there was little use in our adventuring out to be knocked about in the North Minch, where the Atlantic finds itself jammed into the neck of a bottle, and rebels in a somewhat frantic fashion. We must do our good friends in Portree the justice to say that they endeavored to dissuade us; but then we had sailed in the White Dove before, and had no great fear of her leading us into any trouble.

And so good-night!—good-night! We can scarcely believe that this is Portree Harbor, so still and quiet it is. All the summer fleet of vessels have fled; the year is gone with them; soon we, too, must betake ourselves to the south. Good-night!—good-night! The peace of the darkness falls over us; if there is any sound, it is the sound of singing in our dreams.



CHAPTER XLVIII.

"A GOOD ONE FOR THE LAST."

"Ah, well, well," said the Laird somewhat sadly to his hostess, "I suppose we may now conseeder that we have started on our last day's sailing in the White Dove?"

"I suppose so," said she; and this was before breakfast, so she may have been inclined to be a bit sentimental too.

"I'm thinking," said he, "that some of us may hereafter look back on this sailing as the longest and grandest holiday of their life, and will recall the name of the White Dove with a certain amount of affection. I, for one, feel that I can scarcely justify myself for withdrawing so long from the duties that society demands from every man; and no doubt there will be much to set right when one goes back to Strathgovan. But perhaps one has been able to do something even in one's idleness—"

He paused here, and remained silent for a moment or two.

"What a fine thing," he continued, "it must be for a doctor to watch the return of health to a patient's face—to watch the color coming back, and the eyes looking happy again, and the spir-

its rising; and to think that maybe he has helped! And if he happens to know the patient, and to be as anxious about her as if she were his own child, do not ye think he must be a proud man when he sees the results of what he has done for her, and when he hears her begin to laugh again?"

Despite the Laird's profound ingenuity, we knew very well who that doctor was. And we had learned something about the affection which this mythical physician had acquired for this imaginary patient.

"What a sensitive bit crayture she is!" said he suddenly, as if he were now talking to some quite different person. "Have ye seen the difference the last few days have made on her face—have ye not observed it?"

"Yes, indeed I have."

"Ye would imagine that her face was just singing a song from the morning till the night—I have never seen any one with such expressive eyes as that bit lass has—and—and—it is fairly a pleasure to any one to look at the happiness of them."

"Which she owes to you, sir."

"To me?" said the Laird. "Dear me!—not to me. It was a fortunate circumstance that I was with ye on board the yacht, that is all. What I did no man who had the chance could have refused to do. No, no; if the lass owes any gratitude to anybody or anything, it is to the Sempie case."

"What?"

"Just so, ma'am," said the Laird composedly. "I will confess to ye that a long holiday spent in sailing had not that attraction for me it might have had for others—though I think I have come to enjoy it now with the best of ye; but I thought, when ye pressed me to come, that it would be a grand opportunity to get your husband to take up the Sempie case and master it thoroughly, and put its merits in a just manner before the public. That he does not appear to be as much interested in it as I had reason to expect is a misfortune—perhaps he will grow to see the importance of the principles involved in it in time; but I have ceased to force it on his attention. In the mean while we have had a fine, long holiday, which has at least given me leisure to con-

sider many schemes for the advantage of my brother parceshioners. Ay; and where is Miss Mary, though?"

"She and Angus have been up for hours, I believe," said his hostess. "I heard them on deck before we started anyway."

"I would not disturb them," said the Laird, with much consideration. "They have plenty to talk about—all their life opening up before them—like a road through a garden, as one might say. And whatever befalls them hereafter, I suppose they will always remember the present time as the most beautiful of their existence—the wonder of it, the newness, the hope. It is a strange thing that. Ye know, ma'am, that our garden at Denny-mains, if I may say so, is far from insignificant. It has been greatly commended by experienced landscape gardeners. Well, now, that garden, when it is just at its fullest of summer color—with all its dahlias and hollyhocks—and what not—I say ye cannot get half as much delight from the whole show as ye get from the first glint o' a primrose, as ye are walking through a wood, on a bleak March day, and not expecting to see anything of the kind. Does not that make your heart jump?"

Here the Laird had to make way for Master Fred and the breakfast-tray.

"There is not a bairn about Strathgovan," he continued, with a laugh, "knows better than myself where to find the first primroses and blue-bells and the red dead-nettle, ye know, and so on. Would ye believe it, that poor crayture Johnnie Guthrie was for cutting down the hedge in the Coulterburn Road, and putting up a stone dyke!" Here the Laird's face grew more and more stern, and he spoke with unnecessary vehemence. "I make bold to say that the man who would cut down a hawthorn hedge where the children go to gather their bits o' flowers, and would put in its place a stone wall for no reason on the face of the earth, I say that man is an ass—an intolerable and perneecious ass!"

But this fierceness instantly vanished, for here was Mary Avon come in to bid him good-morning. And he rose and took both her hands in his and regarded the upturned smiling face and the speaking eyes.

"Ay, ay, lass," said he, with great satisfaction and approval, "ye have got the roses into your cheeks at last. That is the morning air—the 'roses weel wi' dew'—it is a fine habit that of early rising. Dear me, what a shilpit bit thing ye were when I first saw ye about three months ago! And now I dare say ye are just as hungry as a hawk with walking up and down the deck in the sea-air—we will not keep ye waiting a moment."

The Laird got her a chair, next his own, of course; and then rang Master Fred's bell violently.

"How's her head, skipper?" said Queen T. when the young Doctor made his appearance—he had roses, too, in his cheeks, freshened by the morning air.

"Well," said he frankly, as he sat down, "I think it would be judicious to have breakfast over as soon as possible, and get the things stowed away. We are flying up the Sound of Raasay like a witch on a broom; and there will be a roaring sea when we get beyond the shelter of Skye."

"We have been in roaring seas before," said she confidently.

"We met a schooner coming into Portree Harbor this morning," said he, with a dry smile. "She left yesterday afternoon just before we got in. They were at it all night, but had to run back at last. They said they had got quite enough of it."

This was a little more serious, but the women were not to be daunted. They had come to believe in the White Dove being capable of anything, especially when a certain aid to John of Skye was on board. For the rest, the news was that the day was lovely, the wind fair for Stornoway, and the yacht flying northward like an arrow.

There was a certain solemnity, nevertheless, or perhaps only an unusual elaborateness, about our preparations before going on deck. Gun-cases were wedged in in front of canvas, so that Miss Avon's sketches should not go rolling on to the floor; all such outlying skirmishers as candlesticks, aneroids, draught-boards, and the like were moved to the rear of compact masses of rugs; and then the women were ordered to array themselves in their waterproofs.

Waterproofs?—and the sun flooding through the skylight. But they obeyed.

Certainly there did not seem to be any great need for waterproofs when we got above, and had the women placed in a secure corner of the companion-way. It was a brilliant, breezy, blue-skied morning, with the decks as yet quite white and dry, and with the long mountainous line of Skye shining in the sun. The yacht was flying along at a famous pace before a fresh and steady breeze; already we could make out, far away on the northern horizon, a pale, low, faint-blue line, which we knew to be the hills of southern Lewis. Of course, one had to observe that the vast expanse of sea lying between us and that far line was of a stormy black; moreover, the men had got on their oil-skins, though not a drop of spray was coming on board.

As we spun along, however, before the freshening wind, the crashes of the waves at the bows became somewhat more heavy, and occasionally some jets of white foam would spring up into the sunlight. When it was suggested to Captain John that he might set the gaff topsail, he very respectfully and shyly shook his head. For one thing, it was rather strange that on this wide expanse of sea not a solitary vessel was visible.

Farther and farther northward. And now one has to look out for the white water springing over the bows, and there is a general ducking of heads when the crash forward gives warning. The decks are beginning to glisten now; and Miss Avon has received one sharp admonition to be more careful, which has somewhat damped and disarranged her hair. And so the White Dove still flies to the north—like an arrow—like a witch on a broom—like a hare, only that none of these things would groan so much in getting into the deep troughs of the sea; and not even a witch on a broom could perform such capers in the way of tumbling and tossing, and pitching and rolling.

However, all this was mere child's play. We knew very well when and where we should really "get it"; and we got it. Once out of the shelter of the Skye coast, we found a considerably heavy sea swinging along the Minch, and the wind was still freshening up, in-somuch that Captain John had to take

the mizzen and foresail off her. How splendidly those mountain-masses of waves came heaving along—apparently quite black until they came near, and then we could see the sunlight shining green through the breaking crest; then there was a shock at the bows that caused the yacht to shiver from stem to stern; then a high springing into the air, followed by a heavy rattle and rush on the decks. The scuppers were of no use at all; there was a foot and a half of hissing and seething salt water all along the lee bulwarks, and when the gangway was lifted to let it out the next rolling wave only spouted an equal quantity up on deck, soaking Dr. Angus Sutherland to the shoulder. Then a heavier sea than usual struck her, carrying off the cover of the fore-hatch and sending it spinning aft, while, at the same moment, a voice from the fore-castle informed Captain John in an injured tone that this last invader had swamped the men's berths. What could he do but have the main tack hauled up to lighten the pressure of the wind? The waters of the Minch, when once they rise, are not to be stilled by a bottle of salad oil.

We had never before seen the ordinarily buoyant White Dove take in such masses of water over her bows; but we soon got accustomed to the seething lake of water along the lee scuppers, and allowed it to subside or increase as it liked. And the women were now seated a step lower on the companion-way, so that the rags of the waves flew by them without touching them; and there was a good deal of laughing and jesting going on at the clinging and stumbling of any unfortunate person who had to make his way along the deck. As for our indefatigable Doctor, his face had been running wet with salt water for hours; twice he had slipped and gone headlong to leeward; and now, with a rope double twisted round the tiller, he was steering, his teeth set-hard.

"Well, Mary," shrieked Queen Titania into her companion's ear, "we are having a good one for the last!"

"Is he going up the mast?" cried the girl, in great alarm.

"I say we are having a good one for the last!"

"Oh, yes!" was the shout in reply. "She is indeed going fast."

But about mid-day we passed within a few miles to the east of the Shiant Islands, and here the sea was somewhat moderated, so we tumbled below for a snack of lunch. The women wanted to devote the time to dressing their hair and adorning themselves anew; but Purser Sutherland objected to this altogether. He compelled them to eat and drink while that was possible; and several toasts were proposed—briefly, but with much enthusiasm. Then we scrambled on deck again. We found that John had hoisted his foresail again, but he had let the mizzen alone.

Northward and ever northward—and we are all alone on this wide, wide sea. But that pale line of coast at the horizon is beginning to resolve itself into definite form—into long, low headlands, some of which are dark in shadow, others shining in the sun. And then the cloud-like mountains beyond: can these be the far Suainabhal and Mealasabhal, and the other giants that look down on Loch Roag and the western shores? They seem to belong to a world beyond the sea.

Northward and ever northward; and there is less water coming over now, and less groaning and plunging, so that one can hear one's self speak. And what is this waging on the part of the Doctor that we shall do the sixty miles between Portree and Stornoway within the six hours? John of Skye shakes his head; but he has the main tack hauled down.

Then, as the day wears on, behold! a small white object in that line of blue. The cry goes abroad: it is Stornoway light!

"Come, now, John!" the Doctor calls aloud; "within the six hours—for a glass of whiskey and a lucky sixpence!"

"We not at Styornaway light yet," answered the prudent John of Skye, who is no gambler. But all the same, he called two of the men aft to set the mizzen again; and as for himself, he threw off his oil-skins and appeared in his proud uniform once more. This looked like business.

Well, it was not within the six hours, but it was within the six hours and a

half, that we sailed past Stornoway light-house and its outstanding perch ; and past a floating target with a red flag, for artillery practice ; and past a bark which had been driven ashore two days before, and now stuck there, with her back broken. And this was a wonderful sight—after the lone, wide seas—to see such a mass of ships of all sorts and sizes crowded in here for fear of the weather. We read their names in the strange foreign type as we passed—Die Heimath, Georg Washington, Friedrich der Grosse, and the like—and we saw the yellow-haired Norsemen pulling between the vessels in their odd-looking double-bowed boats. And was not John of Skye a proud man that day, as he stood by the tiller in his splendor of blue and brass buttons, knowing that he had brought the White Dove across the wild waters of the Minch, when not one of these foreigners would put his nose outside the harbor ?

The evening light was shining over the quiet town, and the shadowed castle, and the fir-tipped circle of hills, when the White Dove rattled out her anchor-chain and came to rest. And as this was our last night on board, there was a good deal of packing and other trouble. It was nearly ten o'clock when we came together again.

The Laird was in excellent spirits that night, and was more than ordinarily facetious ; but his hostess refused to be comforted. A thousand Homeshes could not have called up a smile. For she had grown to love this scrambling life on board ; and she had acquired a great affection for the yacht itself ; and now she looked round this old and familiar saloon, in which we had spent so many snug and merry evenings together ; and she knew she was looking at it for the last time.

At length, however, the Laird be-thought himself of arousing her from her sentimental sadness and set to work to joke her out of it. He told her she was behaving like a schoolgirl come to the end of her holiday. Well, she only further behaved like a schoolgirl by letting her lips begin to tremble ; and then she stealthily withdrew to her own cabin, and doubtless had a good cry there. There was no help for it, however ; the child had to give up its plaything at last.

CHAPTER XLIX.

ADIEU !

NEXT morning, also : why should this tender melancholy still dwell in the soft and mournful eyes ? The sunlight was shining cheerfully on the sweep of wooded hill, on the gray castle, on the scattered town, and on the busy quays. Busy was scarcely the word ; there was a wild excitement abroad, for a vast take of herring had just been brought in. There, close in by the quays, were the splendidly-built luggers, with their masts right at their bows ; and standing up in them their stalwart crews, bronze-faced, heavy-bearded, with oil-skin caps, and boots up to their thighs. Then on the quays above the picturesquely-costumed women busy at the salting ; and agents eagerly chaffering with the men ; and empty barrels coming down in unknown quantities. Bustle, life, excitement pervaded the whole town ; but our tender-hearted hostess, as we got ashore, seemed to pay no heed to it. As she bade good-by to the men, shaking hands with each, there were tears in her eyes ; if she had wished to cast a last glance in the direction of the White Dove, she could scarcely have seen the now still and motionless craft.

But by and by, when we had left our heavier luggage at the inn, and when we set out to drive across the island to visit some friends of ours who lived on the western side, she grew somewhat more cheerful. Here and there a whiff of the fragrant peat-smoke caught us as we passed, bringing back recollections of other days. Then she had one or two strangers to inform and instruct ; and she was glad that Mary Avon had a bright day for her drive across the Lewis.

"But what a desolate place it must be on a wet day !" that young person remarked as she looked away across the undulating moors, vast and lonely and silent.

Now, at all events, the drive was pleasant enough ; for the sunlight brought out the soft ruddy browns of the bog-land, and ever and again the blue and white surface of a small loch flashed back the daylight from amid that desolation. Then occasionally the road crossed a brawling stream, and

the sound of it was grateful enough in the oppressive silence. In due course of time we reached Garra-na-hina.

Our stay at the comfortable little hostelry was but brief, for the boat to be sent by our friends had not arrived, and it was proposed that in the mean time we should walk along the coast to show our companions the famous stones of Callernish. By this time Queen Titania had quite recovered her spirits, and eagerly assented, saying how pleasant a walk would be after our long confinement on shipboard.

It was indeed a pleasant walk, through a bright and cheerful piece of country. And as we went along we sometimes turned to look around us—at the waters of the Black River, a winding line of silver through the yellow and brown of the morass; and at the placid blue waters of Loch Roag, with the orange line of sea-weed round the rocks; and at the far blue bulk of Suainabhal. We did not walk very fast; and indeed we had not got anywhere near the Callernish stones when the sharp eye of our young Doctor caught sight of two new objects that had come into this shining picture. The first was a large brown boat, rowed by four fishermen; the second was a long and shapely boat—like the pinnacle of a yacht—also pulled by four men, in blue jerseys and scarlet caps. There was no one in the stern of the big boat; but in the stern of the gig were three figures, as far as we could make out.

Now no sooner had our attention been called to the two boats which had just come round the point of an island out there than our good Queen Titania became greatly excited, and would have us all go out to the top of a small headland and frantically wave our handkerchiefs there. Then we perceived that the second boat instantly changed its course, and was being steered for the point on which we stood. We descended to the shore and went out on to some rocks, Queen Titania becoming quite hysterical.

"Oh, how kind of her! how kind of her!" she cried.

For it now appeared that these three figures in the stern of the white pinnacle were the figures of a young lady, who was obviously steering, and of two small

boys, one on each side of her, and both dressed as young sailors. And the steerswoman—she had something of a sailor look about her too; for she was dressed in navy-blue; and she wore a straw hat with a blue ribbon and letters of gold. But you would scarcely have looked at the smart straw hat when you saw the bright and laughing face, and the beautiful eyes that seemed to speak to you long before she could get to shore. And then the boat was run into a small creek; and the young lady stepped lightly out—she certainly was young-looking, by the way, to be the mother of those two small sailors—and she quickly and eagerly and gladly caught Queen Titania with both her hands.

"Oh, indeed, I beg your pardon," said she—and her speech was exceedingly pleasant to hear—"but I did not think you could be so soon over from Styornaway."

[*Note by Queen Titania.*—It appears that now all our voyaging is over, and we are about to retire into privacy again, I am expected, as on a previous occasion, to come forward and address to you a kind of epilogue, just as they do on the stage. This seems to me a sort of strange performance at the end of a yachting cruise; for what if a handful of salt water were to come over the bows and put out my trumpery footlights? However, what must be must, as married women know; and so I would first of all say a word to the many kind people who were so *very* good to us in these distant places in the north. You may think it strange to associate such things as fresh vegetables, or a basket of flowers, or a chicken, or a bottle of milk, or even a bunch of white heather, with sentiment; but people who have been sailing in the West Highlands do not think so—indeed, they know which is the most obliging and friendly and hospitable place in the whole world. And then a word to the reader. If I might hope that it is the same reader who has been with us in other climes in other years—who may have driven with us along the devious English lanes; and crossed the Atlantic, and seen the big cañons of the Rocky Mountains; and lived with us among those dear old people in the Black Forest; and walked with us on Mickleham Downs in the starlight—why, then, he may forgive us for taking him on such a tremendous long holiday in these Scotch lochs. But we hope that if ever he goes into these wilds for himself he will get as good a skipper as John of Skye, and have as pleasant and *true* a friend on board the Laird of Denny-mains. Perhaps, I may add, just to explain everything, that we are all invited to Denny-mains to spend Christmas; and something is going to happen there; and the Laird says that so far from objecting to a ceremony in

the Episcopal church, he will himself be present and give away the bride. It is even hinted that Mr. Tom Galbraith may come from Edinburgh, as a great compliment; and then no doubt we shall all be introduced to him. And

so—Good-by!—Good-by!—and another message—from the heart—to all the kind people who befriended us in those places far away!—T.]—*Cornhill Magazine*.

FOREIGN ORDERS.

THE most famous of all foreign orders of knighthood is the Golden Fleece. It was founded by Philip, Duke of Burgundy and Earl of Holland, styled "the Good," possibly because he murdered several of his nearest relatives. However, Philip meant well, according to his dim notions of right, and really governed his subjects pretty fairly. On January 10, 1429, he founded the famous order which is inseparably associated with his name. Some ninety years after our Edward III. instituted the more renowned order of the Garter.

The name of the Golden Fleece had a twofold signification. It meant to typify the spirit of chivalrous adventure—of going into new lands to conquer new fame—the same spirit which actuated the Argonauts of legend, who went in search of the Golden Fleece. But there was also the religious idea. The Saviour has been represented under the form of a lamb. To win His redemption by "knightly" deeds, in the best signification of that noble word, was obviously an object of the new society of chivalry.

High privileges were early conferred on the Knights of the Fleece, whose number was originally limited to thirty-one. When the Counts of Egmont and Horn were illegally executed under the reign of Philip II. on account of the stand they made for the liberties of their country, they both appealed against the sentence, alleging, among other reasons, that, as Knights of the Fleece, they had the right to be tried by their brother knights.

After the war of the Spanish succession, which left a Bourbon on the throne of Spain, there arose a dispute between the emperor and the King of Spain as to which of them had the right to the sovereignty of the order. The question is an extremely complicated one. The Emperor Charles VI., as heir male of the Hapsburgs, might fairly claim the

knightly heritage as his right. On the other hand, Philip of Bourbon might urge descent through an heiress, and plead that in Spain and the Low Countries the Salic law had never been recognized. The matter was finally arranged through treaty, the emperor and the King of Spain being recognized as joint grand masters of the order, with equal power to name knights. The Austrian and Spanish badges of the order are almost, though not quite, identical in form. Each has the well-known collar of gold and flint-stones, with the typical device, "Ante ferit quam flamma micat," though the nobler legend runs—"Pretium non vile laborum."

The Archdukes of Austria and the Infants of Spain are all, as a rule, Knights of the Fleece. In later years the order has been conferred with what must to heralds have appeared undue freedom. For instance, on M. Thiers, who was not even "noble," and indeed had the sole merit of being President of the French Republic, and one of the greatest men living. Then it was that political oddity called the Spanish Republic, which bestowed the distinction of the little red collar-riband on M. Thiers. The Duke of Aosta, by the way, while figuring as Amadeus I. of Spain, sent the Fleece to a distinguished Castilian nobleman, who returned the decoration without a word. It is a waste of words to characterize the conduct of this grandee as it deserves. Why the foreign house of Savoy should be less entitled to respect than the foreign house of France it would be difficult to explain.

The Prince of Wales is a Knight of the Golden Fleece—the only Englishman who enjoys that distinction. The Spanish order was conferred on him when he was ten years old, the Austrian some time later. Not long ago it was whispered that His Catholic Majesty was rather anxious for an exchange of ribands between the courts of S. Ildefonso and

St. James'. He wanted the Garter for himself, and would have conferred the Fleece on the Duke of Edinburgh, or on Prince Albert Victor of Wales—perhaps on both—to secure for himself the most coveted of all decorations, without which no sovereign feels that he belongs to the inner circle of royalty.

Were the old Court of France still existing, and Henry V. determined to maintain the old orders, that of the Holy Ghost would come next in importance to the Golden Fleece. The order is not actually extinct, for the king is naturally always Grand Master, and the Duke of Nemours is an ordinary knight—the last surviving one. The last but one, the Duke of Mortemart, died a few years ago.

The order of the Holy Ghost was not founded till the sixteenth century, but it very soon attained to almost the prestige of the more ancient institutions. It was conferred on ecclesiastics as well as laymen; and a bishop, accused of some high misdemeanor, and commanded in consequence to deliver up his blue riband (blue was the color of the order), was not afraid to reply, "Take not thou thy Holy Spirit from me."

In a later age, a marshal of France, a notorious trimmer in politics, caused some amusement to his friends by the nice scruples which marked his conduct during the events of July and August, 1830. "But," exclaimed an old Legitimist marquis, aghast, "is this true they tell me, that you actually called on the Duke of Orleans?" "It is true," answered the marshal, "but I was careful to wear my blue riband when I called." With the abdication of Charles X. nominations to the order ceased, as did also those to the order of St. Louis. Louis-Philippe contented himself with upholding the Legion of Honor.

This most popular of modern decorations was instituted by Napoleon I. while he was still First Consul. The intention was sufficiently obvious. The idea of hereditary aristocracy had been too discredited in France for the system to be revived. The next possible check against democracy was an aristocracy the members of which should be named for life. The French seem to have accepted the creation of this privileged

society without much difficulty. They had the wit to perceive that it did not in itself militate against the principle of equality. No one was born with a right to the order; any citizen might hope to attain it; no man could bequeath it to his descendants.

The order originally consisted of four classes, afterward of five, the number at which it now stands. There are—1st, the Knights Grand Cross; 2d, Grand Officers; 3d, Commanders; 4th, Officers; 5th, simple Knights or Chevaliers. When Napoleon first established the order (1802) the concordat with Rome had not yet been signed. In fact the Christian calendar was only re-introduced on January 1, 1806. Knights Grand "Cross" were impossible at that epoch; and Knights Grand "Eagle" was the original designation of members of the first grade in the legion. To this day, the so-called "cross" is a star of five rays.

Considerable discussion arose, on the formation of the order, as to the color of the riband. Napoleon was for white, probably because on state occasions he loved to dress in scarlet, and saw how happy would be the contrast between the two colors. It was represented to him, however, that white was pre-eminently the color of the exiled house. It seems difficult to imagine why Bonaparte should have hesitated to adopt the color when he had usurped the throne. The fact remains that he did hesitate. He then suggested red, and was met with the objection that red was the revolutionary color. The First Consul now grew tired of the discussion; he never could argue calmly for long. Maybe he was too busy. Blue was the color of most uniforms in the French army, and red would do capitally as a contrast; so red was chosen.

In the last days of the Second Empire the Legion of Honor consisted of some 60,000 persons. Within a few months of the proclamation of the Third Republic, the National Assembly passed a law imposing certain restrictions on the creation of fresh members. By the principal clause it was enacted that only one member should be named to fill every two vacancies.

In speaking of the numbers of the Legion, one ought to bear one or two

facts in mind. France has no peerage officially recognized, or baronetage; while the conferring of knighthood would be a ceremony almost unintelligible to the majority of educated Frenchmen. Several other fashions in which the British sovereign delights to honor her lieges, *e.g.*, by making them honorary Privy Councillors, or of "her counsel learned in the law," are wholly unknown to our neighbors. The "Cross," and after it the successive grades of the Legion, are the sole honors with which France can reward the most illustrious of her sons; the sole outward and visible rewards. Praise to the living and posthumous renown she accords more generously than any other nation; and it is no empty phrase that is inscribed on the *façade* of the Pantheon, and which bids each successive generation remember that to great men the father-land which bore them is grateful.

It is worth noting, too, that we English seem to have acquired, in respect of decorations, the appetite that comes from eating. Every one knows the story of the British ambassador who appeared at a conference without a single star among his bejewelled colleagues; and how a fool pointed out the circumstance to Talleyrand, thinking he had "scored off" our envoy; and how the Frenchman contented himself with remarking that the Englishman's dress was certainly very neat. But we have changed all that. Lord Dufferin, in full dress, would wear three stars; Lords Lyons and Odo Russell two apiece. We have a perfect constellation of Royal and Imperial orders in these days—from the Garter conferred for wealth to the Victoria Cross conferred for valor.

Still it must be admitted that all our G.C.B.'s, G.C.S.I.'s, etc., put together, would not equal in number the knights of the Legion of Honor. Only the figures are not quite so disproportionate as might be imagined. The Prince of Wales is naturally a Grand Cross of the Legion, as he is Grand Cross of every thing else under the sun. The Duke of Cambridge also enjoys this distinction. Very few Frenchmen, indeed, enjoy the distinction (which only half corresponds to it) of Grand Cross of the Bath. Among them are Marshals MacMahon and Canrobert, and Prince Napoleon.

Old Pelissier got it after the fall of Malakoff, and was so proud of the honor that for some time after he was wont to sign "Pelissier, G.C.B."

Perhaps, after all, the rough soldier meant to pay a compliment to the allies of his country. If so, a *grand seigneur* of the time of Louis XIV. could scarcely have conceived a more delicate one.

The badges of the inferior orders of the Legion have been pretty eagerly sought after by foreigners, even by Englishmen. It is related of an English merchant, who had rendered some service to Napoleon III., that he was invited by that prince to spend a few days at Fontainebleau. When the merchant took his leave, the Emperor asked him whether he could be of service to him in any way. "May it please your Majesty," stammered the guest, "I should like—the Legion of Honor." Repressing the national habit of shrugging his shoulders—ever so slightly—Caesar replied that he should be most happy to give him the Cross. "I fancied," he added, "that your Government did not allow you to wear foreign decorations. However, if you can make it right with the English Administration, you are heartily welcome. Meanwhile you must permit me to give you a Cross of the Legion worn by my uncle, the King of Westphalia." So saying, the Emperor went to a drawer and took out a diamond star that had once glittered on the marshal's uniform of Jerome. It was handsomely done: grave as were his faults, Napoleon III. always showed himself a gentleman.

The Legion of Honor has this agreeable peculiarity, that it is accompanied by pensions—in the case of military knights. A plain chevalier receives 250 francs a year: a Grand Cross 5000. The Chancellorship of the order is a very snug berth indeed. Besides a fine income, the Chancellor has handsome apartments rent free and "perquisites." Of course, the post is generally bestowed on an old soldier: though on the restoration of the Bourbons in 1814 it was given to an eminent clergyman whom it had been found difficult to put in any other place. The porter of the palace caused some amusement by addressing the Abbé, on his official entry, in the set phrase which he had used toward

successive captains of great fame : " You have only to command, Marshal : it will be my business to obey."

There is one other French order of importance : the military medal. It is of gold, encircled in silver, and suspended by a short riband of green and yellow. Coveted almost as much as our Victoria Cross, its numbers have been extended so as to include civilians : the proportion being one of the latter to every two soldiers or sailors. When Bazaine had been for some time a Marshal of France, and Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, he received the military medal : a graceful compliment, which was meant to indicate that the cup of his honors was full, and that there was nothing left for his imperial master but to give him the remainder of the lesser decorations.

The principal Austrian Orders, after the Fleece, are the Military Order of " Maria Theresa," founded by that princess in 1757 ; of " St. Stephen," by the same sovereign, in 1764 ; of " Leopold" (1808) ; " Iron Crown" (founded by Napoleon, as King of Italy, and re-established by Francis I. of Austria in 1816) ; Order of " Francis Joseph" (1849) ; and last, but not least, the Order of the Starred Cross *Croix étoilée* for ladies. Those who are in the inner circle of English society know full well the value that is attached to the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert ; but English ladies can be happy enough without it. An Austrian " court-capable" princess would hardly consider that her coronet fitted her comfortably without the Starred Cross to match it.

Austrian orders are freely bestowed : for an excellent reason. The House of Hapsburg-Lorraine has little else to give. An English gentleman once called on a foreign General, who was his friend, and found him in boisterous spirits. " George," exclaimed the soldier, " they've given me the Elizabeth !" (a minor military decoration). The Englishman offered formal congratulations ; but knowing something of the relative significance of orders, and remembering that, as it was, the general could scarcely find room on his coat for the many stars and crosses he had won, wore a somewhat puzzled look. " I see you don't understand," the General

suddenly cried out ; " my dear fellow, they've given me the last remaining order : the next time they *must* out with their snuff-boxes, which are as good as money."* The principal Prussian order is that of the Black Eagle, to which most princes of great reigning houses belong. The last English prince invested with the riband was the Duke of Connaught. At Prince Leopold's next visit to Berlin, he too will receive the distinction—not one to be despised. The Black Eagle was founded by Frederic, Elector of Brandenburg, on his assuming the style of King of Prussia, as " Frederic I." (January 18, 1701). Frederic the Great, after the conquest of Silesia, made the Archbishop of Breslau a Knight of the Order. The first time Frederic was defeated by the Austrians, this rash prelate publicly plucked the star of the Black Eagle from his breast and flung it to the ground. Frederic won a battle soon after ; and the Archbishop was in his power. But the King took no further notice of His Grace's action than to observe " he was like all the rest."

The Red Eagle is to the Black what the Bath is to the Garter. The former are conferred for merit : the latter in acknowledgment of the claims of birth, backed by respectability of conduct.

The Order of Merit (civil division) is one of the most interesting. The Knights elect members with the approbation of the King : though, of course, His Majesty's pleasure is virtually paramount. Most Englishmen will be of opinion that Prussia shows catholicity as well as excellence of taste in having chosen two men so great, and yet so diverse in every respect, as Macaulay and Carlyle, to be members of her literary and artistic Senate.

The famous Order of the Iron Cross was founded by King Frederic William III. in 1813—in the very midst of the death-struggle with Napoleon. At that time some Prussian ladies vowed that they would wed none but Knights of the Iron Cross ; and one lady at least was true to her oath. She received numerous and advantageous offers of marriage,

* Blücher is sometimes cited as the hero of this anecdote, sometimes Reutsky, sometimes Lüders.

and declined them all because the requisite condition had not been fulfilled. She it was who, in the dark hour of her country's fate, cast around to see what she might do to serve her people. Money was needed above all things : that she well understood. And as she had no money, she bethought her of her beautiful hair, and went and sold it, and paid the money into the national fund.

Russia boasts the Orders of St. Andrew (founded by Peter the Great in 1698)—the Russian Garter ; St. Catherine, by the same prince (for ladies) ; St. Alexander Newski, also by Peter ; the White Eagle, a Polish order, said to have been instituted by Ladislaus IV. in 1325 ; the St. Anne, a German order, the sovereignty of which descended to the Czar from the House of Sleswick-Holstein ; the St. Stanislaus ; the St. George, and the St. Wladimir.

Russians do not understand laughter on the subject of tinsel. At the beginning of this century a Muscovite review gravely compared the merits of a couple of poetasters, and finally decided in favor of the worst, on the strength of the fact that he had been decorated with nine orders, whereas the other had received but seven. This may be styled criticism made easy.

Apropos : After the conspiracy of the Decembrists (1825) had been put down, a young man was being tried before a court-martial. The poor lad, who really meant no harm to anybody, but had simply the misfortune to be a fool, could find no happier way of defending himself than to cite passages from Milton, Locke, and Bentham, in vindication of the presumed rights of humanity. The General who presided looked half mournfully, half comically at the prisoner, and at length delivered himself to this effect : " Young man, I see you have read many books, written, I doubt not, by clever men. Still, they did not understand that it is necessary to believe

in God, and to be loyal to one's sovereign. Now, see to what these books have brought you. There are you, in that melancholy position : and now, look at me." So saying the General placed his hand on an embroidered coat thickly adorned with decorations. The story is Russian ; but there is a spice of truth in it.

The present writer wishes he could continue the story in the proper fashion, and tell how the General was obliged to pass sentence of death, but recommended a free pardon. Unfortunately, evidence is wanting. The odds are even against the General's having been a man of wit.

Few other foreign orders are worth mentioning ; though there are a few, besides those already mentioned, which confer some distinction on the wearer : notably that of " Charles III." of Spain ; " St. Januarius," of the extinct Kingdom of the Two Sicilies ; " the Golden Spur," or St. Sylvester, of the Vatican ; and the " Lion and Sun" of Persia.

This last order was created in 1808, as a measure of propitiation toward England. The King of Persia of the day had founded an order in honor of the French, when he had reason to think that Napoleon was all-powerful. As soon as the Shah discovered that he had calculated somewhat amiss he instituted a new order, to please, as he fondly deemed, the enemies of the French Emperor. The " Lion and Sun," which was suggested by Sir John Malcolm during his mission to Tehraun, has this peculiarity, that when it is conferred on a foreign officer he is entitled to wear the insignia of the higher grades of the order as he rises in rank in his own country. A simple knighthood may have been conferred on a captain : should he rise to be a general, he may wear the ribbon and star of Grand Cross.

—*Cornhill Magazine.*

THE ARCHAIC AGES: A GEOLOGICAL SKETCH.

BY REV. WILLIAM DOWNES, M.A.

So far is it from being a fact that geologists as a class are disposed to exaggeration upon the subject of geological time, as is perhaps a rather general impression, that the progressive modifications which their nomenclature has undergone show that their tendency has ever been to underrate it. In spite of evidence, it is only step by step and little by little that men of science have been slowly grasping the idea of the practically eternal duration of the past habitable conditions of the globe. The mind, long accustomed only to the contemplation of historic periods, gets dwarfed in its conceptions of time; and hence, perhaps, it is that rocks, which we know now to be, comparatively speaking, young, such as our Coal measures, have been classified as "Primary;"—a classification still in nominal use; but we have long known that, in the strict sense of the word, "Primary" is a term which is far from being applicable to the Coal.

Sir Roderick Murchison's discovery of abundant fossil remains in rocks very much older than the Carboniferous was one which created a considerable sensation in its day; so that afterwards, when Barrande, in South-eastern Europe, discovered other and distinct types of life in rocks a great deal older even than these, the name "Primordial Zone," which he gave them, passed at the time unchallenged. Life, however, extends back into a past vista of which we shall doubtless never discover the actual beginning; and many years have already passed since its evidences have been found in rocks as much older probably than Barrande's so-called Primordial rocks as the latter are older than the coal. Yet, in spite of these experiences, we venture to call our latest discovery "Eozoön," or the Life Dawn.

In describing the physical changes of which evidence may be found even in later geological time, the facts with which we have to deal are such as demand at first an effort of the mind to believe real. So firm and stable does land appear that it is difficult to imagine it to be

otherwise; while our period of individual observation is so utterly out of proportion to the vastness of the subject that it has misled the world for centuries. But give the time-factor full play—even the limited time-factor of Tertiary age—and land and sea become as variable in their outlines as the patterns of a kaleidoscope or a set of dissolving views. Even within this restricted limit we may talk without fear of mistake of seas rolling their billows where now the Alps and Himalayas hide their heads among the clouds. Within this limit of time we know that the site of Great Britain has been alternately insular and continental throughout countless variations of level. We know that in the early part of this period a climate comparable to that of the West Indies prevailed in our latitudes, and that this by slow gradations merged into one of such severity that the Polar ice-cap extended beyond what are now the sunny plains of Southern France. Nor is there any improbability in the speculations of those who have pictured, within these same limits of time, land continuous across both Atlantics, while undulating savannahs and Alpine peaks may have occupied the region where now the deep Mediterranean is the mirror of its azure sky.

Similar vicissitudes no doubt have taken place throughout all time; but when we come to deal with the more distant past, it becomes increasingly difficult to reproduce the physical outlines with any degree of probability. Generally speaking, all that we can do is to examine the evidences afforded us of changes in climate and in the forms of life. This it is now proposed to do in a brief series of sketches, and then to sum up some of the conclusions to which we are led. In so doing we take leave of the Tertiary epoch with the above passing allusion. We omit the Secondary ages without any comment at all, except that they were doubtless fully equal to the Tertiary in their duration. As a starting-point we take the Carboniferous or Coal-bearing rocks. Above

these 50,000 feet of newer strata are superimposed; that is to say, lie in positions which show them to be later accumulations, though it by no means follows that they are or need be in every case vertically above them now.

Though we speak of a Carboniferous age, we must not for a moment suppose that the age which bears that name is in any sense the only age of carbon; for carbon, and even coal, in some sort or degree, is a product of every age. But in Europe at least one period in the past deservedly bears the name as being Carboniferous par excellence. Coal is but one of the forms of a most changeable element, a very Proteus in nature, and it will be worth our while in the outset to glance at some of its principal transformations. First we have carbon as carbonic acid gas, or a gaseous compound of carbon and oxygen, which always exists in the atmosphere, and must always have existed there since plant life began upon the world, for plants are entirely dependent upon it for support. Under the action of sunlight the leaves of the plant seize the gas, and, after separating the carbon from the oxygen and setting the latter free, build up with the former layer on layer of cells and fibrous tissue; a process which we generally express by saying that the plant grows. Whatever the vegetable form may be, the process is essentially the same, so that a piece of coal may be not inaccurately described as "fossilized gas and sunbeams." The combustion of a piece of coal is little else but the reversal of the process, or the reunion of the carbon with its long-lost oxygen. A small portion of the coal goes up the chimney unconsumed in the form of smoke, and another small portion remains behind in the form of ash, but the main bulk of the coal, after its reunion with oxygen, goes up the chimney the same gaseous compound as that from which, long ages ago, sprang the luxuriant vegetation of the coal period.

First a gas, we recognize it next as the growing plant. At this stage it may be used for food, and thus be transferred from the vegetable to the animal world. Indeed, a beef-steak, an old shoe, and the human body are alike chemical combinations of carbon and reducible to charcoal. But under suit-

able conditions the vegetable form may be buried, and a whole graduated series of transformations may ensue. An early stage of change will find its nearest modern representative in our peat bogs. A more advanced stage is that which is known as lignite, found mostly in beds of middle Tertiary age, such as those at Ceningen in Switzerland, in Greenland, and at Bovey Tracy in Devonshire. At the latter place it reveals the fact that on the slopes of what we now call Dartmoor there once grew forests of Sequoia, a tree closely allied to the gigantic Californian Wellingtonia, and that amid these monsters of the wood, the cinnamon and the fig, the palm and the tree fern flourished, while creeping vines hung in festoons from tree to tree.*

Lignite may be regarded as coal half made, another of the intermediate forms being jet, a fossil resin or highly resinous wood of Liassic age, of which our principal supply comes from Whitby. But when we come to true coal we have by no means exhausted the vicissitudes of the changeable element. The bituminous parts produce coal tar and aniline dyes, while, deprived of its bitumen, it becomes anthracite, or stone coal, valuable for furnaces and forges from giving out intense heat with little or no flame. Time, however, has in many cases altered it still further, and in very ancient rocks we find it in the form of graphite or plumbago, commonly miscalled black-lead. But the most marvellous change of all is that which produces the diamond. The sooty mass undergoes crystallization and reappears as the sparkling gem! The discovery of the carbonic origin of the diamond is one of tragic associations, and dates from the "Reign of Terror." For it we are indebted to the French chemist Lavoisier, who, in the very act of exhibiting his wonderful discovery, was dragged from his laboratory to the mock tribunal of the populace, and thence to the guillotine. His death was the necessary stepping-stone to the plunder of his property, while his services to science availed him nothing, for, to quote the words of the judicial miscreant who presided over the tribu-

* "The Geology of England and Wales," by H. B. Woodward, p. 279.

nal, "the Republic had no need of philosophers."

But to return to the coal. The usual process of its formation seems to have been as follows. Over large areas of the present site of Europe swamps and forests once extended, which were comparable in many respects to the present cypress swamps of the Mississippi Valley. And such conditions must have been maintained during very long ages, varied only by local upheavals and subsidences. Forests grew, died, fell, and accumulated. Then the ground sank and the peaty mass was beneath silt. After a time the hollow basin would be silted up, or the level would be raised by subterranean upheaval, and then the silt would form a soil on which a fresh forest would grow. Hence those numerous alternations of coal seams and underclays which are found in our coal-fields, upward of a hundred buried forests, one above another, having been known to occur in a single coal-pit.

Most people nowadays are more or less familiar with the descriptions which have been so often given of the Carboniferous flora. As a whole it differed very greatly from anything that the world can now produce; but there were two forms, and those two of the most common, which it will be easy for us in imagination to reproduce. If we take a common horse-tail equisetum from a wet ditch, and magnify it till it seems to attain the dimensions of a forest tree fifty or sixty feet high, we have a very fair representation of the calamite of the coal. Or, again, if we magnify a common club moss in the same manner, we get a very good idea of the *Lepidodendron*, whose hirsute arms formed in that far-off age a tangled shade shutting out the sky. And, curiously enough, the latter was very subject to the attacks of a fungous parasite, invisible to the naked eye, but which, when examined under the microscope, can scarcely be distinguished from the tiny fungus (*Peronospora infestans*) which is unfortunately only too familiar to us now under the popular name of "potato disease."*

Upon the shores of these old forest swamps the ripple-marks of tides which

ebbed and flowed many million years ago are still plainly visible, and the pittings of their rain-drops still give evidence of contemporaneous showers, and even show by their shape the quarter from which the wind blew. Here also huge ungainly reptiles left their "footprints on the sands of time." But we must not linger over them longer. We have to conjure up other and older images of the past.

Upon the site of these coal forests there had existed in many cases, before the conditions suitable for terrestrial vegetation had set in, a very different scene. Instead of muddy swamps and tangled shade, there had been the clear blue water of the open sea, where corals and sea-lilies had spread their dainty tentacles of every hue. Here the ferocious megalichthys pursued the little palæoniscus, whose glittering scales betrayed his whereabouts only too well to his formidable enemy; and many a strange form of marine life abounded. The length of time during which such conditions remained may be roughly judged by the thick masses of limestone which we may now see in Derbyshire, on the banks of the Avon near Bristol, and in other places, and which were slowly built up in the early part of the Carboniferous age by corals, sea-lilies, and mollusks, amid whose dead remains plentiful sea-mats grew. The latter were akin to those marine objects which every storm casts upon our shores, branching or net-like organisms, often confounded with the seaweeds which they superficially resemble, but which really are a compound animal, ranking higher in zoological classification than a bee.

Descending again, we come to the *Old Red Sandstone*, or *Devonian* age, as we call it, from the fact that its rocks are typically developed in Devonshire, and because they were first explored in that county. Here we find again a great thickness of limestones, often furnishing very beautiful marble, as notably in the neighborhood of Torquay. These were formed under very similar conditions to those of the Carboniferous age which we have just described. But if we go into details the similarity ceases. The coral species are different; so also are the mollusks; but, like their Carboniferous descendants, so effectually have they

* *Science Gossip*. 1877, p. 269.

done their work that a large reef of limestone in the United States, covering an area of nearly half a million square miles,* besides other great extensions in Canada, in Germany, and elsewhere, are the solid monuments which their work has raised.

But what we know more strictly as the *Old Red Sandstone*, though approximately of the same age, has little else in common with these deep sea reefs. It is believed to be the sand, now in a consolidated form, which the rivers of a great continent, lying probably somewhere to the south-west of our isles, bore into extensive lakes or inland seas. In Great Britain it is found in many places besides Devonshire, as *e.g.* in Herefordshire, in South Wales, and in North-eastern Scotland. The latter beds are especially famous for the labors of Hugh Miller, the stonemason of Cromarty, and Robert Dick, the Thurso baker, who succeeded in disinterring from them the remains of fishes of the quaintest forms imaginable. Most of these were covered with bony plates, and one (*Cephalaspis*) in shape very nearly resembled a cheesemonger's knife. Here also were found certain hideous Crustaceans somewhat resembling lobsters, but about six times as large, which the quarrymen of Forfar, with perhaps unconscious irony, nicknamed "Seraphim" before science took them in hand. The spawn cases of these creatures, which have some resemblance to blackberries, were once thought to be vegetable remains.† In many instances the fish seem to have perished in shoals, suffocated perhaps by a sudden influx of muddy water, their contorted attitude being indicative of pain, and convincing us that even their dying agonies are faithfully recorded in the stone.

A step deeper into the past brings us to beds of "Silurian" age, so named by Sir Roderick Murchison from the districts in Shropshire and North Wales which were first described by him, and which correspond topographically with the Siluria of the ancients. Before the time of that veteran geologist it was supposed that the limits of life, or at least

of all evidences of life, had been reached in beds above these. The Silurian rocks are, however, in truth very prolific of fossil remains. Among the most characteristic may be named the Graptolites, or sea-pens, a compound marine animal, and a great number and variety of the curious crustaceans called, from their bodies being thrice segmented or lobed, "Trilobites." The latter for the most part were of small size, and comparable in this respect to shrimps, though some were very much larger. So abundant, indeed, were they, that whole rocks are in some places, and especially in some regions of America, saturated with animal oils, distilled from their dead remains. Hence the petroleum or rock oil of commerce, the product of rocks which seem to be a mass of organic traces of mollusks, corals, and trilobites, but especially the latter. It is not perhaps generally known to what extent the brilliancy of the lamps which light up our winter evenings is due to distilled trilobites of Silurian age.*

Silurian rocks attain in England to a thickness of 26,000 feet. They show many evidences of alternations of physical conditions, and other proofs that the period of their deposition must have been excessively long. Most of the precious metal gold has been furnished by rocks of this age in California and Australia.

As the Silurian rocks of England are intimately associated with the name of Murchison, so also are the "Cambrian" rocks, the next in descending order, associated with the name of Sedgwick. Alas! we cannot name the two names without being reminded of one of the saddest episodes in the annals of geology. A question, which at the first was little more than one of drawing an imaginary line between the rocks of the two periods, ripened into a bitter personal quarrel, and caused two friends, who had so well and effectually wielded the hammer side by side, to part for life! True is it that in the loneliness of the old age of the one, and in a crushing season of sorrow which struck down the other, some expressions of sympathy were tendered and acknowledged, but it was

* "Geological Stories," by J. E. Taylor, F.G.S., p. 63.

† *Parkia decipiens*, now believed to be the spawn cases of *Pterygotus*, the crustacean above mentioned.

* "Geological Stories," by J. E. Taylor, p. 41.

never to be again as in the former days of intimacy and brotherhood, and the grave has now closed over a breach which was never entirely healed.*

In England the Cambrian rocks are mainly noted for the excellent roofing slate which they furnish. Their fossil remains are scanty, but in Bohemia rocks of the same ages how a tolerably abundant fauna. These are M. Barrande's so-called "Primordial Zone."

For the proof, however, that the latter are not really Primordial, but that life evidences extend backward into the past to rocks of vastly greater age than these, we are indebted in the first instance to the geological survey of Canada, so ably conducted by the late Sir W. Logan. Thus the Eozoon Canadense of the "Laurentian" rocks was brought to light, since which time much labor has been bestowed upon the description of this lowly type of life by Drs. Dawson and Carpenter. It is now known that rocks of Laurentian age occur in many other places besides the St. Lawrence country from which they take their name. They are found in the Island of Lewis, in the Hebrides, in Shropshire, in North Wales, and in Bohemia, but they attain their grandest proportions in the great continent which by a strange misuse of terms we call the "New World." There they attain a total thickness of 48,000 feet. We cannot do better than quote Dr. Dawson's own description of these rocks. "Everywhere," he says, "on the lower St. Lawrence they appear as ranges of billowy rounded ridges on the north side of the river; and, as viewed from the water on the southern shore, especially when sunset deepens their tints to blue and violet, they present a grand and massive appearance, which, in the eye of the geologist, who knows that they have endured the battles and the storms of time longer than any other mountains, invests them with a dignity which their mere elevation would fail to give. . . . The grandeur of the old Laurentian ranges is, however, best displayed where they have been cut across by the great transverse gorge of the Saguenay, and where the magnificent precipices known

as Capes Trinity and Eternity look down from their elevation of 1,500 feet on a fiord which at their base is more than 100 fathoms deep. The name "Eternity" applied to such a mass is geologically scarcely a misnomer, for it dates back to the very dawn of geological time, and is of hoar antiquity in comparison of such upstart ranges as the Andes or the Alps."*

With the like feelings to those expressed by this distinguished Canadian, may the Englishman regard the conspicuous knoll which rises out of the Shropshire plains. The Wrekin is the oldest mountain in England,† if not in Europe, and is approximately contemporaneous with the Cape Eternity of Canada.

In the Laurentian rocks of Canada are the earliest traces of life known to us at present, and it seems scarcely possible that earlier should ever be found. Animal life is represented in them by the "Eozoon"‡ alone, which, though belonging to the humble class of Protozoa, has contrived to build up limestone beds in all 3,500 feet thick, which may be traced almost continuously from Labrador to Lake Superior. It is not till a late age of the world that the work of Protozoa has been again displayed upon so grand a scale; not, indeed, until other members of their class built our chalk downs, or, later still, when nummulitic Rhizopods piled up much of Italy, Egypt, Asia Minor, Syria, and notably the Mount of Olives.§

Vegetable life is represented in the Laurentian rocks by graphite alone, that is to say, by carbon altered till there is nothing to show what the organic form had been when it lived and grew. Plant life there was, but we cannot with any certainty say whether it was terrestrial or marine.

And now that we have penetrated to

* "The Dawn of Life," by J. W. Dawson, F.R.S., pp. 9, 10.

† "The Pre-Cambrian Rocks of Shropshire," by C. Callaway, M.A., F.G.S., *Quart. Jour. Geo. Soc.*, November, 1879, pp. 649-52. Also the "Oldest Mountain in England," by the same. *Popular Science Review*, January 1879.

‡ The Protozoic origin of Eozoon is generally admitted, and is stated in most geological manuals. It is only fair, however, to add that it has been disputed.

§ "The Dawn of Life," by J. W. Dawson, F.R.S., p. 99.

* "Memoir of the Life of Sir Roderick Murchison," by Prof. A. Geikie.

the lowest known strata, and to the earliest known forms of life, is it possible for us to reckon up the items thus far, and to throw some light upon the age of old Mother Earth? We know her age to be great. The contorted condition of all the older rocks shows that, if they could be flattened out into their original horizontality, they would serve as a skin much too large for our planet in her present shrunk and wrinkled state, though in her youthful days they fitted her.* But can we say nothing more definite than this? Can we at all put it into figures? According to Mr. T. Mellard Reade† we may do this with some approximation to truth.

Mr. Reade's statistics are derived mainly from the evidence of limestone and chalk rocks, and from these he finds that the minimum age of the world from the beginning of the Laurentian period to the present day must be not less than 600 million years. We observe that this does not profess to be the actual but the minimum age. According to Mr. Reade the age may be more, but it cannot be less.

It would be impossible in our present cursory sketch to do anything like justice to Mr. Reade's arguments, nor probably would long tables of figures be acceptable to many readers, but it may be pointed out that in two directions our calculations are subject to hard and fast laws of possibility. The lime-building animals cannot build at more than a certain roughly calculable rate, nor can the lime be supplied to them at more than a certain approximately ascertainable speed. The actual amount of carbonate of lime which the ocean contains in solution can be computed. It holds enough only to cover all present land surfaces to a depth of twelve feet, a small quantity as compared with that of common salt, of which there is enough in it to cover them to a depth of 914 feet.‡ Observations also warrant us in saying that it has taken 20,000 years to accumulate each foot in depth of the chalky ooze which covers much of the bottom of the

Atlantic, while the accumulation of a foot of the peculiar red clay which is found at very great depths would probably have taken ten times as long.*

And if 600 million years will carry us back to the commencement of the Laurentian age, what are we to say of rocks that are older still? There is good reason to suppose that there was land, with rivers to pare it down, and seas to receive the sediment, when the Laurentian rocks were formed; but beneath the Laurentian rocks we now find granite, and granite only.

The question then arises, What is granite? One thing at least is certain. It is an igneous rock—one produced by the action of intense heat. Nor, according to the now generally accepted nebular hypothesis of Laplace and Sir W. Herschel, is there any reason to doubt that our planet was once in a molten incandescent state throughout. It was therefore a very natural supposition, and one which once gained very general credit, that granite was the original consolidated crust of the cooling globe. But we know now that this could not be the case. In the first place, the original cooling crust, having no pressure upon it except that of the atmosphere, would be, so far as we can judge, a loose scoriaceous or pumiceous mass, like the products of modern volcanoes. In the second place, granite is found associated with rocks of every age, even with tertiary rocks, and is therefore itself of every age. And, in the third place, a minute examination of granite shows that it was formed at great depth, under much pressure, and *not upon the surface*. It is scarcely possible, therefore, to escape the conclusion that granite represents what has once been ordinary sedimentary rock, such as sandstone, limestone, or slate, and that in the course of those secular fluctuations of level to which rocks of every kind are exposed, it has been sunk into the glowing depths of the earth, where heat and pressure have reduced it to a paste, and that subsequent elevation and cooling have reproduced it in its present altered and crystalline form. If so it be, and if the sealed granite book could

* "The Dawn of Life," p. 12.

† "Chemical Denudation in Relation to Geological Time," by T. Mellard Reade, C.E., F.G.S.

‡ "Ibid." pp. 25-27. Decimals have been omitted.

* "Chemical Denudation in Relation to Geological Time," p. 39.

be made to reveal its secrets, our sum total of earth's myriad cycles might be by no means at an end; and even after we have numbered up our 600 million years, we might have to commence our series, or some part of it, over again.

We get some idea of the conditions which go to form granite from the computation* that Cornish granite must have come into existence at more than eleven vertical miles below the surface, and Scotch granite at a depth of nearly sixteen miles. Now, mining experience has everywhere proved that, as we descend into the interior of the earth, the temperature increases at about a rate of 1° Fahr. for every 55 feet. Supposing, then, this rate to continue uniformly, we should, long before we had got half way toward the centre of the earth, have reached a temperature at which every known mineral substance would not only fuse but be instantly converted into gas. Pressure, however, has in this respect the opposite effect to heat, and tends to retard gaseous evanescence. And the enormous pressure which is brought to bear upon the inner portions of the globe may be imagined if we reflect that in any downward series not only is the mass of superincumbent rock constantly on the increase, but that the very same substance gets actually heavier the nearer it approaches to the centre of gravity.† So that, though sixteen miles is only a small fraction of the earth's radius, it will be easy to see that both heat and pressure at that depth would be very considerable. The heat, in fact, would be about 1586°

Fahr., or nearly seven and a half times the heat of boiling water at the sea level. What, then, could have been the condition of the water itself which was imprisoned there, and which the microscope even now reveals enclosed in the cavities of the quartz, one of the chief constituents of granite? It may startle some people to be told that probably it was red-hot, or at least of a dull red heat! Yet, since pressure forbade it to expand freely into vapor, and it was more than seven times as hot as water is popularly supposed to be capable of becoming, it is not easy to see how it could be otherwise.* At any rate, we cannot wonder at any transformation which rock matter might have undergone after seething for ages in such a Plutonic cauldron.

Granite, as it forms a barrier to one who would in imagination penetrate the interior of the earth, separating us from those unknown depths of high incandescence which lie somewhere beneath our feet, so also does it create a borderland, as it were, between geology proper and those regions of astronomical physics which deal with the earliest and uninhabitable conditions of our planet. But if we could gaze behind and beyond the screen which the very oldest of our granites interposes between the inquiring geologist and the wonderland of the more distant past, we might perhaps solve the hitherto vainly attempted problem of the physical origin of life, and we might tell how cosmical silence first yielded to

The moanings of the homeless sea,
And sound of streams that, swift or slow,
Draw down Æonian hills, and sow
The dust of continents to be.

As it is, we can but indulge a dream.
We behold in fancy a world over which
hung constellations quite different from
those which now illumine the nocturnal
heavens, for the whole solar system
has since travelled far. We picture to
ourselves sea and land, represented,
the one by hot water not yet perceptibly
salt, and the other by a network of cin-

* "Geological Stories," by J. E. Taylor, p. 10.

† For bodies independent of each other there is a definite formula. The force of attraction (which is only another name for weight) is said to vary inversely as the square of the distance. Thus, if we suppose a substance when upon the earth's surface, or at any given distance from the centre of gravity, to weigh (say) 36 lbs., then at double the distance it would weigh $\frac{36}{2 \times 2} = 9$ lbs., while at treble the distance it would weigh $\frac{36}{3 \times 3} = 4$ lbs., and so forth. But within a body like the earth the force of attraction would not vary at an uniform ratio, for the different densities of the earth's constituent parts, as well as the attraction of the superincumbent rocks, would have to be considered.

* A discussion on the possible combined effects of great heat and pressure upon water followed the reading of a paper bearing upon that subject before the Geological Society, by R. Mallet, F.R.S., on November 5, 1879. See abstract of the Proceedings, No. 374.

der-heaps. And while winds are whispering their mysterious oracles over nascent earth, we look in vain for the inferior planets Venus and Mercury, which had not yet been evolved out of a luminous nebula.—*Belgravia Magazine*.

MEMORY.

IT is one of Lord Bacon's apothegms that the brains of some creatures taken in wine, as hares, hens, deer, are said to sharpen memory. This opinion must have broken down under experiment, or no dishes would be more in request than those in which brains were the principal ingredients; nor would there be any incivility in setting these savory remedies before our guests, for defective memory is a fashionable complaint no one is ashamed to accuse himself of. La Bruyère indeed regards the confession or claim to one as a resource of egoism, under cover of which men arrogate to themselves superior qualities. "Men talking of themselves avow only small defects and those compatible with great talents and noble qualities. Thus they complain of bad memory; inwardly satisfied, and conscious of good sense and sound judgment, they submit to the reproach of absence of mind and reverie as though it took for granted their *bel esprit*." It is, in fact, the one question about our intellectual selves we may discuss in a mixed company. It involves no real self-depreciation to accuse ourselves of bad memory; for defective memory, in social popular discourse, is regarded as an accidental disadvantage outside the higher faculties, and with little more to do with the thinking part of us than short-sightedness, or the broad face attributed to himself by the Spectator. This prevalent indulgent tone in no way falls in with philosophical language toward this deficiency. "Memory," to recall Locke's judgment to our readers, "is subject to two defects: *first*, that it loses the idea quite, and so far it produces perfect ignorance; *secondly*, that it moves slowly, and retrieves not the ideas that it has, and are laid up in store, quick enough to serve the mind upon occasion. This, if it be to a great degree, is stupidity; and he who through this default in his memory has not the ideas that are really preserved there, ready at

hand when need and occasion calls for them, were almost as good to be without them quite, since they serve him to little purpose. The dull man who loses the opportunity while he is seeking in his mind for those ideas that should serve his turn, is not much more happy in his knowledge than one that is perfectly ignorant. It is the business, therefore, of the memory to furnish the mind with those dormant ideas which it has present occasion for; in the having them ready at hand on all occasions consists that which we call invention, fancy, and quickness of parts." In fact, however, it is only the small change of memory that people willingly proclaim themselves short of: by the very act of owning it, taking for granted the store of gold laid up and ready for the intellect's greater needs.

The truth is, it is not a personal topic that particularly interests any one but the man's self. Men trouble themselves very little about the memory of their friends, except when some lapse interferes with their own convenience. They take him as he is, without speculating on the difference a better memory would have made in him. He is viewed as a whole. What he can recall—in what order his mind stands in its innermost recesses—is nothing to other men, however much it may effect his place in the world. Regrets on this head pass as so many words, of course. And yet, if there is truth in them, they mean a great deal—they account for a great deal. Nobody can do much in the department he has chosen without having tenacity of memory in it. A man may forget what he pleases out of his own sphere of thought and practice, but he must have a ready, clear memory in that sphere, or he will make no way; and for this reason, that if he forgets in that sphere, there has been defect in the great preliminary of attention. In the way most men have learned what they are assumed to know they have no

right to expect to remember it. A good memory, as a rule, represents much more than itself. It indicates a mind capable of a keener, more fixed, more single attention than ordinary men can bestow on anything beyond their immediate personal interests—a mind open to receive, a judgment ready to weigh what is worth retaining, a capacity for quick selection and concentration of thought.

Are really strong, vivid impressions ever forgotten? and does not a generally treacherous memory imply a universal defect and want of stamina, either congenital or due to self-neglect? We read of the great memories of great men; but does not this mean that what they have once seen, done, learned, was welcomed with a warmer reception, scored at the time with a deeper incision, engraved in larger, stronger characters, than is the case with ordinary men—and in this way made their own? Most people receive facts and knowledge into their minds, not as permanent inhabitants, but as lodgers. If only they heard with all their ears, saw with an undistracted gaze, listened with an undivided attention, took all in with resolute apprehension at the *time*, they would be providing a home for new ideas. Everybody who does all this remembers—can recall at will. The habit of such attention is the building of an edifice where everything is assigned its proper place, and can be found when wanted.

We believe that all minds have a sort of lumber-room wherein toss the past events of life, fragments and tatters of the knowledge once acquired and the facts once familiar. For want of active measures for storing them on their first reception, these lie irrecoverable, or at best unavailable, for present need. And if persons put themselves to the question, they need be at no loss to account for this. Probably of all habits of mind, inattention is earliest contracted and most difficult to dislodge. Where it has gained a firm footing, even the will cannot cure it. We believe nothing is so rare as a power of unbroken attention. The seductive pleasures of wool-gathering insinuate themselves, fasten themselves, offer themselves like an easy cushion, assert themselves as originality and invention—divert, amuse, take prisoner, lap in Elysium before the victim

is aware of his lapse or can rally his powers to the immediate demands of the hour. Wherever there has been this sort of bargain between duty and indolence, to attain no more than is necessary for the present occasion, drifting off into dreamland as a relaxation, there the memory has been incurably weakened. There should be a surplus of attention, a concentration beyond the necessities of the hour, to form a memory.

This formation of memory starts with consciousness, and has its moral aspect. Where the interests centre in self and its immediate surroundings, the memory cannot be laying up treasures for the future. We see the difference in the youngest children. It is a great thing, of course, to teach in an interesting way so as to make attention as little painful an effort as possible. The child so taught starts at an advantage; but there is a subtle form of selfishness that eludes all benevolent aims to enlarge the range of interests, that refuses to see beyond the charmed circle, and shackles and confines the memory at the outset. We may almost foretell of some children that they will remember what now occupies them so deeply, because we see no undercurrent of self at work interfering with the free reception of new congenial ideas, while others take in new thoughts with a reserve; half occupied with themselves, if they attend, turning the new acquirement into an occasion for present show and self-glory. The phrase "hits the fancy" explains the posture of mind. Nothing hits the fancy of some children apart from self; with others, the object which hits and seizes the attention stands single, and takes them out of themselves. Sir Walter Scott owns to this memory. "I had always a wonderful facility in retaining in my memory whatever verses pleased me," quoting the old Borderer who had no command of his memory, and only retained what hit his fancy. "My memory was precisely of the same kind; it seldom failed to preserve most tenaciously a favorite passage of poetry, a play-house ditty, or, above all, a Border-raid ballad; but names, dates, and the other technicalities of history escaped me in a most melancholy degree." Of course this early passion of interest implies a bias. The memory here came by nature, was not cultivated

by self-mastery ; but, while following a bent, it carried him out of himself and beyond himself, which it is an important function of memory to do. All people have not only a memory, but a tenacious memory for some things. If for nothing useful, if not for things observed, for things learned, for thought, for events, for persons, for the outsides of things, for words, for names, for dates—yet for follies, vanities, trifles, grudges connected with self ; and especially for losses, wrongs, slights, snubs, disparagements, injuries, real or fancied, inflicted in the course of a lifetime on that dear self. If memory is not put to its legitimate uses, subjected to rule, given work to do, it degenerates into a mere deposit, a residuum of worthless refuse, degrading the nature it should elevate, supplying the mind with unwholesome food, on which it largely broods and ruminates. Of the same class is the memory roused of its lethargy by the presence of others—as, for example, on the revival of former acquaintance—into a sort of malignant activity ; a memory dissociated from sympathy, recalling precisely the things which ought to be forgotten—misfortunes, humiliations, and the like—and forcing on reluctant ears with unflinching accuracy of detail facts long erased from busier, fuller, better-trained memories, as though inspired by a sort of necessity to let loose the unmannerly crowd of revived images where it gives most annoyance. How often we wish for others the reverse of what we desire for ourselves ! If they could only forget !

There are memories that seem self-acting instruments, stimulated neither by feeling nor intellect ; as though eye and ear stamped words and characters on the brain independent of thought and will, and with no relation to the idiosyncrasy of the owner. Something in the signs of time, number, name, gets a mysterious hold. These associate themselves with some quality in the man in a way incomprehensible to the observer. Memories, averge and fallacious on general topics, have an un-failing accuracy in retaining rows of figures and arbitrary combinations of letters. Nor can the possessor of these fixed impressions account any better than another for this speciality. What

comes to us by nature we regard as proper to man. It is the absence or failure of it that takes us by surprise. Again, there are memories where the intellect is conspicuously below par, which expend themselves with marked success on trivial, minute matters, removed from any reasonable connection with themselves. Thus they regard their fellow-creatures perhaps on the side of age : how old they are ; on what day their birthday falls. It is on this point that they bring themselves into relation with their fellow-men, on which they can draw comparisons and find affinities. Or it may be the expenditure of money : what things cost ; what people died worth ; and so on. Whatever the subject of recollection, it is connected with anything rather than the inner self of the object dwelt on.

However, these are the curiosities of our subject. It is this view of memory as something arbitrary that makes it easy for people to accuse themselves of the want of it, great feats of recollection of this class serving the ordinary loose defective memory a good turn. It cannot be said of any natural power that it is without legitimate purpose or use ; but no reasonable man regrets that he does not know everybody's birthday, or that he cannot reproduce a dozen figures in a line that have once met his eye. What men do need for themselves is the memory that puts them in a position to cultivate and use their other gifts ; that makes a judicious selection at starting ; that stores what is worth keeping ; that lets nothing slip that belongs to the development of their aptitude or genius ; that arranges its treasures in order for use ; that can meet a sudden occasion ; that retains whatever it is desirable to keep. Such a memory is not a faculty in itself—it is the indication, and, indeed, proof of many other faculties, and also of self-management. Some new ideas find such congenial soil that it is no merit to make them welcome ; but how many must own to themselves that the will failed rather than the understanding, when what was uncongenial and difficult was first presented to them, and the choice given of acceptance or passive rejection ? Then was their opportunity ; then memory was open and receptive ; but they indolently suffered

knowledge to pass over their minds like the shade of a cloud, which they might have made their own by a resolute effort of sustained, however painful, attention. So far as a strong will directed to good ends is a virtue, memory of this character seen in its function is a virtue, and tells for the man, morally as well as intellectually. In this view of things, in proportion to the man's natural powers, his confession of bad or defective memory is a serious avowal, to which his hearers may attach more importance than he himself is willing to give it.

While a strong and vast memory is an object of vague longing with us all, as a fact, people often wish for it who have already as much as is good for them—as much as they can make good use of; that is, they have it in proportion to their other gifts. Their grasp of thought, of the deep and abstract, could never have been a powerful one; their interests in large subjects never keen or sustained; and a disproportionate memory is a property unmanageable in weak and indiscreet hands; it imprisons the mind within its own range, and lends itself to display. People so gifted, in sober truth, require an excess of modesty, sympathy, and discretion to keep the gift from being obtrusive and troublesome. To employ the memory in *tours de force*, which is the very natural and, indeed, excusable temptation, often defeats its object, impressing the hearer rather with the exhibitor's vanity or want of judgment than with the wonder or splendor of the display. Society would not be the better for a large accession of memories of the class of Mrs. Tibbs in the "Citizen of the World." Our readers will recall the scene at Vauxhall, where the city widow, for her good behavior, and unwilling to forfeit all pretensions to politeness, has to sit and listen to that lady's song of portentous length, of which she would not spare her party a single verse: "Mrs. Tibbs therefore kept on singing, and we continued to listen, till at last, when the song was just concluded, the waiter came to inform us that the water-works (which the widow had gone to see) were over!"

A good memory of the social order, stimulated by companionship and conversation, is indeed a delightful faculty when it is supported by wit and observa-

tion; but the people who long for it might not be equal to the charge of such an engine, and indeed persons largely gifted this way sometimes make us realize that there are things it is good to forget. They are apt to run off into surplusage of detail and the like. Their memory rather obeys some inner law than is guided by sympathy with the general mind. People with exact memories of scenes in which they have played a part do not always consider how far this minuteness and exactness are worth the hearer's attention, or are likely to suit his turn of mind. A strong hold of self, an intense sense of the *Ego*, is almost a necessary accompaniment of great memories that show themselves in social intercourse. Whatever touches this, whether through pain or pleasure, makes an impression beyond the ordinary measure. A man's self may be said to be all he has, and every man has this; but the difference is surprising between one man and another in the hold and realizing of this possession. It is an intellectual, not a moral difference. It is strength. But it occasionally puts the man of strong memory a little out of step with his auditors. He finds himself listened to with interest while his memory runs in the groove of his hearers' tastes and likings; while it supplements theirs; while he reveals stores which are of the quality they can value and would willingly make their own; while he is the channel of communication with noted persons and eventful doings not otherwise approachable—and he does not always understand the grounds of his power of sustaining the attention of others, and reckons on taking it along with him farther than it willingly would go—into occasions which only concern his private interests and merely personal matters. We hope to hear—what his powers allow us a right to expect—a reproduction of some vivid scene, some occasion appealing to the general sympathies, some touch of human nature given with verbal truth of word and tone, some trait of humor, wit, or wisdom, of which his memory is the sole chronicler; or, at least, to be enlightened, cleared up, set right on some point that concerns us. Instead of this we find ourselves involved in some dull narrative, some incident, some intricate dispute, either out

of the hearer's line of interest and comprehension, or in its nature trivial, and the proper prey of oblivion. If it occupies his mind, he does not always see why it should not charm other ears, and hold them in the willing bondage his clear, sustained, vivid narrative is used to do on subjects not more interesting or important to himself.

Great memories in all but great men are, it may be observed, apt to be infested by hobbies. Mankind, as such, has its infatuations, taken up with eagerness, but presently laid down again out of mere incapacity to secure the attention of others, a condition necessary to the permanent existence of hobbies, which are essentially sociable things. Even while they are in full force in unretentive minds, the facilities for escape prevent their being the tax and infliction upon others which a hobby in the hands of a powerful memory and practised delivery is felt to be—a memory that never loses its thread or relaxes its hold of a forced, unwilling attention. There is an alliance between voice and the propensity under discussion. Either the social memory cultivates the voice to sustained effort, or the voice, strong and sounding, stimulates the talking power. It may be some benevolent scheme, some view, some discovery, some grievance, some panacea, some standing quarrel, some political or religious theory; but whatever it is, it is unwelcome—the speaker is known for this flaw. We are in for a repetition of what we have heard before without interest; there is no freshness of handling. He is excellent, delightful, edifying—the best company—the past is quickened into life under his spell; what he has seen, what he has read, is still an open page into which he will initiate you and hold you enthralled, if you can only keep him clear of this pitfall; but he drifts into it by a sort of fatality, and prefers to be a bore. An inexorable memory, incapable of letting slip the minutest point—a memory where nothing fades into indistinctness—holds him and his hearer in hopeless prolixity of detail.

With all its temptations, social memory, as dependent on other gifts for its success, is yet the memory that confers most pleasure, whether on him who exercises it or on those who profit by it.

A sort of security attaches to it; things seem more real in its presence; the land of shadows assumes outline; we know where we are; we stand on firmer ground. But when memory is discussed in ordinary talk, it is more commonly tested by what are called its feats. A good talker is never at his best when his memory comes in for much commendation. And here general ability may be quite dissociated from it. Memory may be a man's sole distinguishing gift, as possibly it is of that native scholar commended by Professor Max Müller, who, "almost naked and squatting in his tent, knows the whole Samhita and Pada text by heart;" and those Brahmans who, the same authority tells us, can repeat the whole Rig Veda—twice as long as "Paradise Lost." Or, to shift our ground, of a certain William Lyon, a strolling player commemorated in the magazines of the last century, who, one evening over his bottle, wagered a crown bowl of punch—a liquor of which he was very fond—that next morning at the rehearsal he would repeat a *Daily Advertiser* from beginning to end. "At this rehearsal his opponent reminded him of his wager, imagining, as he was drunk the night before, that he must certainly have forgot it, and rallied him on his ridiculous bragging of his memory. Lyon pulled out the paper, and desired him to look at it and be judge himself whether he did or did not win his wager. Notwithstanding the want of connection between the paragraphs, the variety of advertisements, and the general chaos that goes to the composition of any newspaper, he repeated it from beginning to end without the least hesitation or mistake." "I know" (continues the narrator) "this to be true, and believe the parallel cannot be produced in any age or nation." This, no doubt, is going too far; but it is a feat which may take its place among the achievements of Brahmans and rhapsodists, though we would not put it on an equality with Mr. Brandram's wonderful faculty. Of the quality of that memory which, in the case of George Bidder, who at ten years old could add two rows of twelve figures, give the answers immediately, and an hour after retain the two rows in his memory, it is not within our scope to pronounce.

But feats of this sort also adorn the memory of men, on whom they hang as mere ornaments, accidental graces, adding little to their prestige. Biographies of a past date delight in eccentric exercises of the faculty. Thus of Fuller we are told—"That he could write *verbatim* another man's sermon after hearing it once, and that he could do the same with as many as five hundred words in an unknown language after hearing them twice. One day he undertook to walk from Temple Bar to the farthest end of Cheapside, and to repeat, on his return, every sign on either side of the way, in the order of their occurrence, a feat which he easily accomplished." And what has lately been reported of the Rev. Orlando Hyham, as an example of his most distinctive faculty, "that his memory was such that as he read Liddell and Scott's Greek Dictionary he destroyed the successive pages, content with having mastered their contents," is told of Bishop Bull, at the end of a masterly array of intellectual powers: "And as his reading was great, so his memory was equally retentive. He never kept any book of references of commonplaces, neither did he ever need any," the writer adding that, "together with this happy faculty he was blessed with another that seldom accompanied it in the same person, and that was an accurate and sound judgment." Memory was in a past day more systematically cultivated than with us. People set themselves tasks. Thus Thomas Cromwell, of the Reformation period, as a travelling task, committed to memory the whole of Erasmus's Paraphrase on the New Testament. Bishop Sanderson could repeat all the Odes of Horace, all Tully's Offices, and much of Juvenal and Persius without book. Bacon alludes to receipts for its improvement, as well as what herbs, in the popular mind, tend to strengthen imperfect memory, as onions, or beans, or such vaporous food. Again, he writes, "we find in the art of memory that images visible work better than conceits" in impressing things on the mind. A fact which finds modern illustration in the case of the Fifth Avenue Hotel waiter, who daily receives some five hundred hats from chance persons dining together in one room, and without any system of

arrangement promptly returns each hat to its owner, explaining that he forms a mental picture of the wearer's face inside his hat, and that on looking into the hat, its owner is instantly brought before him. Again, to recur to Bacon's speculations, he finds that "hasty speech confounds memory." Again—as writing makes an exact man, so—"if a man writes little he had need of a great memory." And he criticises the exercises used in the universities as making too great a divorce between invention and memory in their cultivation of both faculties.

Progress would seem to discourage the feats of memory that once gave such simple ingenuous self-forgetting pleasure in social circles. People are more impatient for their turn; the attitude of admiration is less congenial to modern society than in the days we read of; hence there is less encouragement for people to cultivate this gift as a social accomplishment. Those were the days when men listened to quotations—delighted with their aptitude to the occasion—content even though they could not cap them with something equally well fitting. Of Burton, the author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," Wood writes: "I have heard some of the ancients of Christ Church often say that his company was very merry, faceté, and juvenile; and no man in his time did surpass him for ready and dexterous interlarding his common discourses among them with verses from the poets or sentences from classic authors—which being then all the fashion in the university, made his company the more acceptable." In our day we prefer the habit of quotation, if a strong and pertinacious one, as interlarding imaginary discourse. Even Dick Swiveller, incomparable in resource, and master of the art of linking the poet's thought with the homely needs of daily life, might sometimes weary mankind's growing impatience in actual intercourse, however refreshing and suggestive in the page are these indications of an inexhaustible memory—as, for example, in that interview with the mysterious lodger who obstinately withholds his name:

"'I beg your pardon,' said Dick, halting in his passage to the door, which the lodger prepared to open. 'When he who adores thee has left but the name—'

"What do you mean?"
 "But the name," said Dick—"has left but the name—in case of letters or parcels."
 "I never have any," returned the lodger.
 "Or in case anybody should call."
 "Nobody ever calls on me."
 "If any mistake should arise from not having the name, don't say it was my fault, sir," added Dick, still lingering. "Oh, blame not the bard!"

A summary ejection stops a flow which nothing else would have brought to an end. Perhaps it is because the effusions of our own poets offer more difficulties to the memory than Moore's flowing lines, but we do not imagine that the verse-loving youth of the present day are charged with the same amount of quotable verse as when Dickens wrote his early works. It should be a regret to Mr. Browning that the human memory is incapable of retaining even specimens of the vast mass of his poetry, so to call it. The poems of his (for we grant some very few noted exceptions to our rule) that can be learned, that can live as music does in the mind, are as the halfpenny worth of bread to the huge bulk of what cannot be assimilated by memory, of verse which relies solely on the printed page, solely on the eye of the reader, for its prolonged existence.

No memory has had finer things said of it than Lord Bolingbroke's. Spence quotes Pope on it:

"There is one thing in Lord Bolingbroke which seems peculiar to himself. He has so great a memory, as well as judgment, that if he is alone, and without books, he can sit down by himself and refer to the books, or such a particular subject in them, in his own mind, and write as fully on it as another man would with all his books about him. He sits like an Intelligence, and recollects all the questions within himself."

And in one of the records of the time we find a letter dwelling on the same faculty:

"Whatever he read he retained in a very singular manner, for he made it entirely his own; and whether he was to speak or to write on any subject, all he had ever read in his favorite authors occurred to him just as he read it, so that he delivered this in conversation, or threw it upon paper, as if he had the book in his hand—a circumstance that it imports you to know, for otherwise you will take for studied affectation what was to him, and perhaps only to him, perfectly natural. In the earlier part of his life he did not read much, or at least many books, for which he sometimes gave the same reason that Menae

did for not reading Moreri's Dictionary, that he was unwilling to fill his head with what did not deserve a place there, since, when it was once in, he knew not how to get it out again."

This fear is surely unique—that is, of books as a whole, though every memory is more retentive than its owner cares for in particular cases. We find in all the social records of this period great mention made of the faculty, with warnings against the habits that spoil it, such as "large commonplacing," which teaches one to forget, and spoils one for conversation, or even for writing. Pope's memory is a subject with himself and others. It was good in its way; he could use it for books and reference; but his nerves—those disorganizers of the mind's system and order—stood in its way in general intercourse. He never could speak in public:

"I don't believe," he said, "that if it was a set thing, I could give an account of any story to twelve friends together, though I could tell it to any three of them with a great deal of pleasure. When I was to appear for the Bishop of Rochester in his trial, though I had but ten words to say, and that on a plain point (how the bishop spent his time while I was with him at Bromley), I made two or three blunders in it, and that notwithstanding the first row of lords—which was all I could see—were mostly of my acquaintance."

It need not surprise us, therefore, to find that he does not give a high place to the faculty, and quenches its pretensions in a neat simile:

"In the soul where memory prevails,
 The solid force of understanding fails;
 Where beams of warm imagination play,
 The memory's soft figures fade away."

He had had unpleasant experience of Wycherley's eccentric memory, who, whether owing to disposition or a fever in his youth, did not remember a kindness done him from minute to minute.

"He had the same single thoughts, which were very good, come into his head again that he had used twenty years before, his memory not being able to carry above a sentence at a time. These single sentences were good, but without connection, and only fit to be flung into maxims. He would read himself asleep in Montaigne, Rochefoucault, or Seneca, and the next day embody these thoughts in verse, and believe them his own, not knowing that he was obliged to any one of them for a single thought in the whole poem."

Good—i.e., tenacious—memories, we may observe, sometimes serve their

owner the same trick. They cannot always distinguish foreign ideas, which have got a fixed place in their minds, from native produce. A notable instance of this fact is the unconscious repetition by Shelley, in some verses in his prose romance of St. Irvyne, of whole lines of Byron's "Dark Lachin-y-gair."

Neither Bolingbroke, nor any of the unlettered examples whose memories were the more powerful, because—like the Hermit of Prague, who never saw pen and ink—they had nothing else to trust to, can be set above Lord Macaulay in this question of memory. It was a memory of stupendous feats, and also an intelligent instrument and servant. He could not only remember what was useful, what he wanted to remember, but what was utterly worthless; what entered his mind by accident; what was read by the eyes only, scarcely entering into the mind. If, on one occasion, he repeated to himself the whole of "Paradise Lost" while crossing the Irish Channel, on another, waiting in a Cambridge coffee-house for a post-chaise, he picked up a country newspaper containing two poetical pieces—one, "Reflections of an Exile," and the other, "A Parody on a Welsh Ballad"—looked them once through, never gave them a further thought for forty years, and then repeated them without the change of a single word. The readers of his Life will remember that his memory retained pages of trashy novels read once in his youth. In fact, in a way of speaking, he forgot nothing. As has been well said, "his mind, like a dredging-net at the bottom of the sea, took up all that it encountered, both bad and good, nor ever seemed to feel the burden"—in this differing from Bolingbroke. We have spoken of disproportionate memories. His we cannot but think a case in point. He would have been a fairer historian if he could have forgotten some things—if his early impressions had so faded that they could have given place to, or at least been modified by, new ones. In their vivid strength they stood in the way of judgment. To quote again from the same source:

"There have been other men, of our own generation, though very few, who, if they have not equalled, have approached Macaulay in

power of memory, and who have certainly exceeded him in the unfailing accuracy of their recollections. And yet not in accuracy as to dates, or names, or quotations, or other matters of hard fact, when the question was simply between *ay* and *no*. In these he may have been without a rival. In a list of kings or popes, or Senior Wranglers, or Prime Ministers, or battles, or palaces, or as to the houses in Pall Mall, or about Leicester Square, he might be followed with implicit confidence. But a large and important class of human recollections are not of this order; recollections, for example, of characters, of feelings, of opinions—of the intrinsic nature, details, and bearings of occurrences. And here it was that Macaulay's wealth 'was unto him an occasion of falling;' and that in two ways. First, the possessor of such a vehicle as his memory could not but have something of an overweening confidence in what it told him. . . . He could hardly enjoy the benefit of that caution which arises from self-interest and the sad experience of frequent falls. But what is more, the possessor of so powerful a fancy could not but illuminate with the colors it supplied the matters which he gathered into his great magazine, wherever the definiteness of their outline was not so rigid as to defy or disarm the action of the intruding or falsifying faculty. Imagination could not alter the date of the battle of Marathon, of the Council of Nice, or the crowning of Pepin; but it might seriously, or even fundamentally, disturb the balance of light and dark in his account of the opinions of Milton or of Laud, or his estimate of the effects of the Protectorate or the Restoration."*

Wonders are told of Lord Brougham's memory for trifles as well as for important things, in his case certainly dissociated from judgment as a pervading influence. George Ticknor, calling upon him in 1838, after saying what a disagreeable disposition he found in him when he spoke of Jeffrey and Empson, adds:

"What struck me most, however, was his marvellous memory. He remembered where I lodged in London in 1819, on what occasions he came to see me, and some circumstances about my attendance in the Committee of the House of Commons on Education, which I had myself forgotten till he recalled them to me. Such a memory for such mere trifles seems almost incredible. But Niebuhr had it; so had Scott, and so had Humboldt—four examples which are remarkable enough. I doubt not that much of the success of each depended on this extraordinary memory, which holds everything in its grasp."

Sir James Mackintosh's memory was one of the same gigantic order, and no doubt served him well. The more that, of him it was said, he so managed his

* "Gladstone's Gleanings," vol. ii.

vast and prodigious memory as to make it a source of pleasure and instruction rather than that dreadful engine of colloquial oppression into which it is sometimes erected. This allusion serves to prove that prodigious memories afford others more wonder than delight, as generally applied, whether in exhibiting their power by ill-timid display, or by giving the impression of a more complete knowledge of what concerns ourselves than suits with human reserve; for it would not be comfortable to live with a person who never forgets our own small sayings and doings. Indeed, it is sometimes very disagreeable to be reminded of things about ourselves that we have forgotten or would willingly dispute, but that the remembrancer is held infallible. For social purposes, the memory that has its specialties is a more congenial element—it puts us more on an equality—a memory that while it even boasts its powers makes confession of failures. Thus Horace Walpole mingles the two conditions of feeling in speaking of his especial turn. "In figures I am the dullest dunce alive. I have often said of myself, and it is true, that nothing that has not a proper name of a man or a woman to it affixes any idea upon my mind. I could remember who was King Ethelbald's great aunt, and not be sure whether she lived in the year 500 or 1500."

We have spoken of the unsympathetic memory: but there is a memory, the growth and result of sympathy; the memory of the listener too actively and unselfishly interested to lose the first impression received by a disengaged attention. There are memories charged with innumerable confidences; for who has not at one time or another occasion for a confidant at once secret and sympathetic, of whom the confider can feel sure when he resumes his revelations that no reminders are necessary—that what has gone before, the story as he told it, lives clear and distinct? Again, there is the memory of the affections, confining itself to the ties of consanguinity, of family, and domestic life; where alike live what are called memorable scenes in all their circumstances, minute details—the sayings of childhood, the small joys and sorrows, the gayeties, the engagements, the changes,

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dates, times, seasons, birthdays, journeys, visitings, successes, crosses, of those who constitute, or have ever constituted, home. These, on the whole, are comfortable memories, kindly referees, who know how to keep unwelcome recollections to themselves—who rouse no ghosts by unseasonable revelations. Akin with this is the memory that connects long periods of time, belonging to a vigorous organization, to a receptive childhood, early open to the stimulus of exciting events passing around it. Sir Walter Scott's mother, who died December, 1819, had such a one. Of whom, he writes, "she connected a long period of time with the present generation, for she remembered, and had often spoken with, a person who perfectly remembered the battle of Dunbar, and Oliver Cromwell's subsequent entry into Edinburgh." There is the memory for what meets the eye, and strictly confined as a specialty to some taste or pursuit. Some people can retain the details of scenery, the outlines of mountains, the exact place of a particular passage on the page of a book, etc., with an accuracy that refuses to be puzzled or misled. What they have once seen they see still, in all its changing aspects, while the faces of their friends and acquaintances refuse to be conjured up in absence. There is the memory connected with self-glorification that should be checked by its owner—for memory may cultivate certain habits of mind as it may be cultivated by them; the memory that preserves polite no-meaning speeches and fine compliments, and by mere repetition gives them a point and value. There is the memory that plays its owner false, that remembers and forgets at the same time—a memory familiar to us all by example, and even perhaps by some nearer touch of it—of which, not to wound living susceptibilities we will borrow our illustration from an essayist of the last century discussing the same habit. He in his turn goes back to a previous age, recording an "observation made by that celebrated reprobate, the Earl of Rochester, on Charles II.," who lives, in the general notion at least, as a wit and good company:

"That monarch had a custom of telling every day in the circle a thousand trifling oc-

currences of his youth, and would constantly repeat them over and over again, without the smallest variation, so that such of his courtiers as were acquainted with his Majesty's foible would instantly retreat whenever he began any of his narrations. My Lord Rochester, being with him one day, took the liberty of being very severe upon that head. 'Your Majesty,' says he, 'has undoubtedly the best memory in the world. I have heard you repeat the same story, without the variation of a syllable, every day these ten years; but what I think extraordinary is, that you never recollect that you generally tell it to the same set of auditors.'"

This memory of the "Merry Monarch" was clearly a drawback to the mirth of his company, and set his courtiers on rueful speculation. Lord Halifax says of it: "A very great memory often forgetteth how much time is lost by repeating things of no use. It was one reason of his talking so much; since a great memory will always have something to say, and will be discharging itself, whether in or out of season, if a good judgment doth not go along with it and make it stop and turn. Sometimes he would make shrewd applications, at others he would bring things out that never deserved to be laid in it." Persons beyond the reach of checks and snubs should always receive compliments on their memory with suspicion. For the want of such rude lessons, the memory of royal personages has played them strange tricks, and led them to assert as their own, with persistent repetitions and in good faith, the feats and successes of their victorious generals.

There is, again, the verbal memory—a delightful and enviable gift in good hands, though not inconsistent with the misuse of it in the manner just recorded. Some persons can recall the very words used by others, and can give life and truth to any remembered scene by a faithful reproduction of language and tone, while others are so totally wanting in the power of repeating words in the order in which they have heard them, though believing themselves fully possessed of their purport, that they are incapable of the most trifling task. A story bearing upon this infirmity was told of Hogarth:

"With Dr. Hoadley (son of the latitudinarian bishop), the late worthy chancellor of Winchester, Mr. Hogarth was always on terms of the thickest friendship, and frequently visited him at Winchester, St. Cross, and Alres-

ford. It is well known that the Doctor's fondness for theatrical exhibitions was so great that no visitors were ever long at his house before they were solicited to accept a part in some interlude or other. He himself, with Garrick and Hogarth, once personated a laughable parody on the scene in *Julius Caesar* where the ghost appears to Brutus. Hogarth personated the spectre; but so unretentive was his memory that, although his speech consisted only of two lines, he was unable to get them by heart. At last they hit on the following expedient in his favor: the verses he was to deliver were written in such large letters on the outside of an illuminated paper lantern that he could read them when he entered with it in his hand on the stage."

Is there any connection between this inability literally to follow the course of another man's thought and the painter's declaration "that no other man's words could completely express his own ideas"? No person successful in the pursuit he has chosen can be without memory good for the work he especially needs for it. We do not therefore question Hogarth's memory for art, though he could not commit to it two successive lines of verse. People constantly accuse themselves of bad memories who are less deficient in the faculty than they believe. There are two ways of forgetting: there is the clean sweep of matter received into the brain—a process which, when it takes place, follows very early after its reception; and there is the latent unconscious retaining of it in the mind where it effects some functions of culture. One must hope so at least, or where lies the difference between the reader of the ordinary type and the man who never opens a book? This is the forgetfulness Cowper owns to: "What I read to-day I forget to-morrow. A bystander might say this rather an advantage, the book is always new; but I beg the bystander's pardon. I can recollect though I cannot remember; and with the book in my hand I recognize those passages which, without the book, I should never have thought of more."

In truth, forgetfulness has a very important part to play in placing men in their proper standing, whether intellectually or morally, as the maxim forget and forgive teaches us. Forgiveness is easy where the other comes first, and submission stands in the same relation—

"For we are more forgetful than resigned."

And those whose lives lead them into

contact—often clashing, difficult contact—with others, feel the same benefit from a capacity for letting, or finding, things slip out of recollection. Vexations, disappointments, provocations, worries, do not accumulate. Each day brings its own; but what yesterday seemed a serious trial, with qualities for sticking and making itself lastingly unpleasant, through a benign relaxation of the memory is cleared off like a cloud. Pascal, "that prodigy of parts," of whom it was said that till the decay of his health he forgot nothing of what he had done, read, or thought in any part of his rational age, yet derives a valuable lesson from an occasional lapse, not unfamiliar to lesser intelligences: "En écrivant ma pensée elle m'échappe quelques fois. Mais cela me fait souvenir de ma faiblesse que j'oublie à toute heure; ce qui m'instruit autant que ma pensée oubliée, car je ne tends qu'à connaître mon néant." The trial of failure in the matter of memory is better adapted for pious meditation or for speculation, pen in hand, than for conversation. It is troublesome enough to all concerned not to remember what we ought, when the occasion demands it; it makes matters worse to detain the company with regrets and ejaculations. Self-interest ought to teach a man not to dwell on a proper name that eludes him. For when it comes to forgetting these arbitrary signs the faculty has lost some of its edge. By beating the brains for a word that will not come, he is only making the world acquainted with the deterioration.

By comparison with others, we may talk of perfect memories; but in truth there can be no really retentive memory—none that does not let slip infinitely more than it remembers. Men would be something beside men if they did not forget. Indeed, in so far as Bolingbroke approached universality, he suggested this idea; for Pope thought so highly of him, we are told, that to him he seemed in this world by mistake, and fancied the comet then visible had come to take him home. Cardinal Newman, in his "Grammar of Assent," has written on the one-sidedness of the best memory:

"We can," he says, "form an abstract idea of memory, and call it one faculty which has

for its subject-matter all past facts of our personal experience; but this is really only an illusion; for there is no such gift of universal memory. Of course we all remember in a way, as we reason, in all subject-matters; but I am speaking of remembering rightly as I spoke of reasoning rightly. In real fact, memory, as a talent, is not one indivisible faculty, but a power of retaining and recalling the past in this or that department of our experience, not in any whatever. Two memories, which are both specially retentive, may also be incommensurate. Some men can recite the canto of a poem, or good part of a speech, after once reading it, but have no head for dates. Others have great capacity for the vocabulary of languages, but recollect nothing of the small occurrences of the day or year. Others never forget any statement which they have read, and can give volume and page, but have no memory for faces. I have known those who could, without effort, run through the succession of days on which Easter fell for years back; or could say where they were, or what they were doing, on a given day in a given year; or could recollect the Christian names of friends and strangers; or could enumerate in exact order the names on all the shops from Hyde Park Corner to the bank; or had so mastered the University Calendar as to be able to bear an examination in the academical history of any M.A. taken at random. And I believe in most of these cases the talent, in its exceptional character, did not extend beyond several classes of subjects. There are a hundred memories as there are a hundred virtues."

As we have said, it needs qualities and faculties in proportion to make a vast memory a desirable gift. Nobody can hope by pains and cultivation to acquire one, and the attempt would be misspent time. What a man wants for himself in memory is not master-power but a servant; the memory that keeps his past of learning and experience alive in him, one recognized not as itself but by results. In society the memory that gets itself talked about often wearies, but conversation can never be at its best without the play of memory upon it. Every circle should have some member whose age leads him naturally, or whose temper inclines him to look back; who has a store to turn to where the first treasures were laid in a receptive inquiring childhood. It is the want of this infusion of a past which—all-engrossed in the present—makes the talk of the young among themselves, however bright and clever they may be, of so thin a quality; its liveliness so evanescent—so mere a flash of youthful spirits—so flat if there is an attempt to revive its sallies. The resources of memory give a form to vivacity and a

body to wit. The cheerfulness that has its minor harmonies, that has known sorrows, and through a native spring of spirits surmounted them, has more intellectual satisfying value than any mere effervescence of natural gayety. It is Dr. Johnson's view that solitary unsocial spirits amuse themselves with schemes of the future rather than with reviews of the past, which, in fact, are pleasanter to talk of with a large liberty of expression than to think over in every detail. But these are reveries very well

to entertain self with, though never suggesting themselves to common-sense as a topic for conversation. Time, however, drives all men to their past at last—the time when “we have no longer any possibility of great vicissitudes in our favor, and the changes which are to happen will come too late for our accommodation”—that time the description of which more properly belongs to the moralist and the preacher. —*Blackwood's Magazine.*

INVERAWE AND TICONDEROGA.

BY DEAN STANLEY.

It was in the dreary autumn of 1877 that in the dark woods of Roseneath I heard the following tale from the parish clergyman who ministers with so much ability to the inhabitants of that famous and beautiful spot. I repeat it in the first instance as it was repeated to me, reserving to a subsequent page the variations which further investigations have rendered necessary.

In the middle of the last century the chief of the Campbells, of Inverawe had been giving an entertainment at his castle on the banks of the Awe. The party had broken up, and Campbell was left alone. He was roused by a violent knocking at the gate, and was surprised at the appearance of one of his guests, with torn garments and dishevelled hair, demanding admission. “I have killed a man, and I am pursued by enemies. I beseech you to let me in. Swear upon your dirk—upon the cruachan or hip where your dirk rests—swear by Ben Cruachan*—that you will not betray me.” Campbell swore, and placed the fugitive in a secret place in the house. Presently there was a second knocking at the gate. It was a party of his guests, who said, “Your cousin Donald has been killed; where is the murderer?” At this announcement Campbell remembered the great oath which he had sworn, gave an evasive answer, and sent

off the pursuers in a wrong direction. He then went to the fugitive and said, “You have killed my cousin Donald. I cannot keep you here.” The murderer appealed to his oath, and persuaded Campbell to let him stay for the night. Campbell did so, and retired to rest. In the visions of that night the blood-stained Donald appeared to him with these words: “*Inverawe, Inverawe, blood has been shed; shield not the murderer.*” In the morning Campbell went to his guest, and told him that any further shelter was impossible. He took him, however, to a cave in Ben Cruachan, and there left him. The night again closed in, and Campbell again slept, and again the blood-stained Donald appeared. “*Inverawe, Inverawe, blood has been shed; shield not the murderer.*” On the morning he went to the cave on the mountain, and the murderer had fled. Again at night he slept, and again the blood-stained Donald rose before him and said, “*Inverawe, Inverawe, blood has been shed. We shall not meet again till we meet at Ticonderoga.*” He woke in the morning, and behold it was a dream. But the story of the triple apparition remained by him, and he often told it among his kinsmen, asking always what the ghost could mean by this mysterious word of their final rendezvous.

In 1758 there broke out the French and English war in America, which after many rebuffs ended in the conquest of Quebec by General Wolfe. Campbell of Inverawe went out with the Black

* It was not clear whether the oath was by Ben Cruachan, or by “cruachan,” the hip where the dirk rests. “Cruachan” is the hip or haunch of a man.

Watch, the 42d Highland regiment, afterward so famous. There, on the eve of an engagement, the general came to the officers and said, "We had better not tell Campbell the name of the fortress which we are to attack to-morrow. It is Ticonderoga. Let us call it Fort George." The assault took place in the morning. Campbell was mortally wounded. He sent for the general. These were his last words: "General, you have deceived me; I have seen *him* again. This is Ticonderoga."

The story, romantic in itself, was the more impressive from the fact that Ticonderoga was a name familiar to me from the monuments in the south aisle of Westminster Abbey to two officers killed in that disastrous affair. One is to Lord Howe, erected by "the Province of Massachusetts Bay," not yet the State of Massachusetts. The other is to Colonel Townsend, with the fortress carved on the monument, and two red Indians underneath it.*

When in the following year, 1878, I visited America, I was resolved, if possible, to explore the place and discover any traces of Campbell of Inverawe. It was on a delightful evening spent at Hartford in Connecticut with that flower of the American Episcopate, Bishop Williams, who had made the lakes of those regions his especial study, that I repeated the story of Campbell of Inverawe, which he had never heard before. We arranged for a rendezvous on the spot at a later time of my journey. "We shall not meet again till we meet at Ticonderoga." It so happened that unexpected engagements prevented the good Bishop from keeping his appointment, and we were therefore compelled to visit the spot without the benefit of his guidance.

Ticonderoga is situated on the isthmus which unites Lake George with Lake Champlain. These two lakes, in connection with the Hudson which runs as it were to their feet, in those early days of American history were the great thoroughfare of the country—the only means of penetrating through the dense masses of tangled forest which then as now overhung them from rock and pin-

nacle and hill. Lake George especially was the Loch Katrine of those highlands, and the natural features gave additional interest to the movements of English or French armies on the surface of its waters. I venture to give a brief memorandum supplied for our journey by Bishop Williams. It conveys much interesting information:

"Its Indian name was *Canaderioit*—meaning the Tail of the Lake, because it bore somewhat the same relation to Lake Champlain as a beaver's tail 'does to the beaver.'"
 " 'Horican' is no Indian name at all. When Mr. Cooper was preparing to write 'The Last of the Mohicans,' and seeking for the Indian name, he found the real one awkward and not over-poetical. Looking at an old French map, he found a tribe designated as 'Les Ouricains' put down as living near the lake. Out of this word he made up the name 'Horican,' which one is now often told means 'Holy Water!' The French word was a blunder for 'Les Iroquois.'"

"The French name 'St. Sacrament' was given at the time of its discovery in 1649. The lake was entered on the eve of Corpus Christi Day—*le jour du Saint Sacrement*—and hence the name. The story that the name was given because the waters of the lake were used, on account of their purity, in baptism, is untrue."

"The English name was given in 1755, in honor of George II. It ought to be kept, and I fancy it will be. The lake was seen, I believe, by Samuel Champlain, in 1609. He joined an expedition of Canadian Indians that year (in the summer) against the Iroquois, and the first gun ever fired in the northern part of the United States was fired during this expedition on Lake Champlain. It was the herald of the coming wars, and fired against the Iroquois, it set them against the French. In 1649 Father Jogues entered the lake on May 29th, and gave it its French name. He also calls it 'Andiatarocete,' which is said to mean 'where the lake closes.'"

"It came first into notice in 1755, at the beginning, in America, of the Seven Years' War, and its whole story is one of battles and sieges. There is, to my mind, a picturesqueness in these wars which is specific and peculiar. Most Indian battles are wearisomely monotonous; it is all dodging behind trees and making ambushes. Civilized battles are monotonous also. Armies move in them like machines. In these wars there is room for individual prowess, and yet with it mingles the order and manœuvring of trained troops. The white coats of France and the red coats of England, the Lily of the Bourbon, and the Cross of St. George, the tent of the soldier, and the wigwam or forest-fire of the Indian, the soldier in his uniform, the provincial in his hunting-shirt, the savage in his war-paint, are all mingled together in picturesque confusion in the virgin forest, on mountain and by lake."

* The date on the monument is 1759, but this is probably a mistake for 1758.

That sudden uprising of the French soldiers in the boat on the waters of Lake George, and the discharge into the unsuspecting Indians, was the momentous shot* which, exasperating the whole of the great Iroquois tribe against the French, contributed in large measure to the ultimate decision of the preponderance of the English over the French cause in North America. The names of Colonel Williams, the founder of the Williams University, amid the hills of the American Berkshire—of Fort William Henry from the Duke of Cumberland—the tragical story of Jane Macrea, which evidently furnished the basis of "The Last of the Mohicans"—had already given a kind of celebrity to this romantic region when General Abercrombie led his expedition, on a flotilla, down the lake, including the Highland regiment, in 1758, against the fortress of Ticonderoga, which commanded the whole region. There was a Scottish lady,† then living as a girl in Albany. She watched the splendid array leave the town: she saw the dismal return. They advanced from Lake George across the neck of land which has to be crossed before the approach to the fortress. On that neck of land a preliminary skirmish occurred in which the young and gallant Lord Howe lost his life. He was beloved by Americans and English; he united the most austere sense of discipline with the most engaging attention to the wants of the soldiery, and the most courteous attention to the society in which he so gracefully moved. It is he to whom the Province of Massachusetts Bay erected the monument, already mentioned, in Westminster Abbey, and to his memory, in these last few years, a memorial stone has been erected on the spot by the owner of the property:‡ "Near this spot fell, July 6, 1758, in a skirmish preceding Abercrombie's defeat by Montcalm, Lord George Augustus Howe, aged 34. Massachusetts erected a monument to him in Westminster Abbey. Ticonderoga places here this

* So I remember it was graphically and forcibly described by Bishop Cox, with whom we crossed the Atlantic.

† Mrs. Grant, in her "Memoirs of an American Lady," p. 204-208.

‡ The Rev. W. Cooke, a well-known lecturer in the United States.

monument, 1776." The brook by which he fell, once called Northbrook, is now called Lord Howe Brook.*

The fortress stands in a commanding position, overhanging Lake Champlain. It is called by its Indian name Ticonderoga (abridged by modern Americans† into "Ti"), meaning the sounding of the waters. Champlain, the discoverer of the lake, had given it the corresponding name of Carillon—"the chimes or melodies of the waters." The river, in fact, forms a precipitous cascade as it falls from one lake to the other, and is traversed by more than one rude bridge.‡ It turns the wheels of "The Old King's Saw-mill." "The Old King's Store" is on the promontory. It was taken by Judge Hay, a Scotsman. Local tradition maintains that his ancestor routed the English with his hickory club. Hence the King of Scotland§ called out "Hey! Hey! Hey!" This is not the only Scottish name connected with Ticonderoga. The whole property belonged till recently to Edward Ellice, of Invergarry. Two conspicuous mountains look down on Ticonderoga, both connected with its after history. One is Mount Independence, from the proclamation of the Declaration of Independence there on July 18, 1776. The other is Sugar Loaf Hill, where General Burgoyne took the fortress at sunrise in 1777, and gave it the name of Mount Defiance, which it still retains. The fortress itself is now a ruin—it may be said to be about the only ruin in the United States. One can figure the passage by which the giant Ethan Allen and the daring Arnold forced their way into the fort in 1776, and the window out of which appeared the surprised commander and his wife. But it is curious to see how short a time is needed to produce the venerable aspect of decay and age. Ticonderoga is as complete a ruin as Conway or Kenilworth. It was in

* The American mistakes of the title are observable.

† The place got a bad name from the races on the ice. "Ti" was synonymous with depravity. "No God up there" was a sign-board on the lake.

‡ See the account further on.

§ I saw this in a local history of Ticonderoga on the spot. It is needless to point out that this is an American version of the legend of the battle of Luncarty.

the assault on this place that the great rout took place in which Campbell of Inverawe received his death-wound. Every officer of the 42d was either killed or wounded.* I vainly sought for any indication of his sepulture. A mass of grassy hillocks at the foot of the hill alone marked the graves of the British officers.

"Thy green earth, Ticonderoga,
Keeps their glory fresh as ever,†

but neither in tradition nor inscription was there anything to his memory. It was a wild and stormy evening in October on which we explored the scene. The intelligent keeper of the village inn gave me the point of a rusty bayonet, dug out from the hillside, which I brought home and placed on the monument of Colonel Townsend, where it may still be seen, in Westminster Abbey. The Congregationalist minister called on me—Thomas Jones, son of Henry A. Jones, merchant in Bangor—and, also introduced by him, a younger and rougher type, Elijah Jones, a Baptist minister.

With these scanty reminiscences we left Ticonderoga, and reached Saratoga at midnight. Before retiring to rest, I was turning over the pages of Lossing's "Revolutionary War," when in the description of the burial of Jane Macrea at Fort Edward my eye fell on these words: "Her grave is near an old brown headstone on which are inscribed the words—*Here lies the body of Duncan Campbell of Inversaw (sic) Esq., Major to the old Highland regiment, aged 55 years, who died the 17th July, 1758, of the wounds he received in the attack of the entrenchments of Ticonderoga or Carillon, 8th July, 1758.*" Here was the very grave we were in search of, recording the additional fact that he survived his mortal wound for nine days. The first impulse was to return to the spot. But we were already at Saratoga; Fort Edward was far in our rear, and we were due at Concord the following night. We were forced to abandon the actual visit; but that day I wrote to Bishop Williams, stating that we had found the grave, and asking

whether any particulars could be procured of the reason or manner of his burial. In a few days, through him, I received the following reply from the Episcopalian clergyman residing on the spot. It is inserted at full length, as it is thought that it may interest other Campbells besides the chief of Inverawe, including the great head of the Argyll tribe.

"Duncan Campbell was buried in the old cemetery at Fort Edward, to which Jane Macrea's body was removed from a graveyard down the river. Jane Macrea's remains were again removed, this time to Kingsbury, and finally to the modern cemetery lying between Fort Edward and Sandy Hill. A few years ago a family of Gilchrists of this place, in removing their dead from the old to the new graveyard, carried Duncan Campbell's remains with them, claiming him as a relation.

"The claim can be traced now to a tradition only that he was of their family, and to the fact that their ancestor, Alexander Gilchrist, one of the original Scotch settlers in this vicinity, asked, when dying, to be laid 'by the side of Duncan Campbell, my nearest relative in America,' he said.

"The old brown headstone, in a good state of preservation, is now in the enclosure of the Gilchrists at the new cemetery. [The inscription is here given as above.]

"Near by, in the same enclosure, and brought from the same old graveyard as was the former headstone, are two small marble slabs, to the memory of two of the name of Campbell. On the one is written:

"In memory of Mrs. Ann Campbell, of the Family of Balenabe, and Consort of Mr. Duncan Campbell, Who died Aug. the 10th, 1777, in the 74th year of her age.' On the other we find: 'Ann Campbell, daughter of Mr. Archibald and Mrs. Florance Campbell, who died Aug. 11th, 1777.' It is said by the Gilchrists and others that there were other Campbells buried in the old cemetery, but as their graves were without headstones, all knowledge of their names is lost.

"Alexander Gilchrist daily attended Major Campbell at Fort Edward during the weeks he lingered there before his death, and it seems strange that more is not known among the Gilchrists of to-day of him who was so prominent in the land, and so nearly associated with their ancestors.

"The old lady, Mrs. Mary Finn, whose grandfather was Archibald Campbell, the first husband of Mrs. McNeil, died in 1856. She is said to have remembered many interesting facts about the Campbells and others of importance in the early days of this country, and was often visited by persons who were gathering information about them. She has left several sons and a daughter, and grandchildren, but none of them knew anything more of the Campbells than the headstones tell, except the fact of their relationship with Duncan Campbell.

* Mrs. Grant's "Memoirs of an American Lady," p. 206.

† A Highland marching song by Alexander Nicholson (Sheriff-substitute of Wigtonshire).

"Considerable interest has lately been aroused among these descendants by one of their number, now travelling in Europe, writing home for all the facts about the descent from Duncan Campbell, and they are a little touched with the quite common mania about some vast inheritance to come from the old country to them. Their relative may only be looking up something to give him a claim at the heraldry office.

"According to a history of this country just published, and carefully made up, there was a proclamation by the Governor of New York, in 1735, calling for 'loyal Protestant Highlanders,' to become settlers in this portion of the State, at first called 'Charlotte,' and now 'Washington County.' The purpose was to have a band of brave and trusted men to stand as a bulwark against the inroads of the French, from Canada, and the Indians. In response to this call Captain Laughlin Campbell, in 1737, came to America and bargained with the acting governor of New York for a grant of thirty thousand acres of land in the proposed section. Campbell then returned to Scotland, sold his property there, gathered a company of four hundred and twenty adults, besides children, and started for his new lands with a portion of his colony accompanying him. On his arrival, and presenting himself for his grant, the governor demanded fees and a share in the lands. This Campbell resisted. The assembly was called to his aid, but no relief was afforded him, and he and his company scattered to different places. The disappointed leader finally died in poverty.

"In 1763, after the French war, in which the Scotch settlers had performed brave service, Donald, George, and James Campbell, sons of Captain Laughlin Campbell, petitioned the governor for a grant of land, to the extent of one hundred thousand acres, in the place where their father expected to settle. Their large demand seemed to be made in recognition of their services, and perhaps as a provision for all the disappointed colonists and their descendants who followed their father.

"The full amount of their request was not granted them, but they were given for themselves, the three brothers, and their three sisters, and four other persons, who were also called Campbell, ten thousand acres in the place now called Argyle.

"Learning of the success of the children of Captain Campbell, descendants of the colonists he brought with him, and a few of the original adventurers, some of them living at the time in New Jersey, made application for a grant of land, in recognition of their services and early claims, and were allowed forty-seven thousand four hundred and fifty acres, in the same neighborhood with the grant to the children of Captain Campbell, and with it forming the first town of Argyle. This grant was made out in conformity to the advice of the council, by State authorities, to whom the necessary authority had been delegated, and not by a special act of the king, as many have supposed. The instrument was dated May 21, 1764, and in it the name of Argyle was given to the town, and offices were named. It is the com-

mon understanding that the name was given in honor of the 'Duke of Argyle.'

"There is a list of names of the grantees, who were not of the immediate family of Laughlin Campbell, and in it occurs the following: Mary, Elizabeth, Archibald, Duncan, Alexander, Elizabeth, Malcolm, Duncan, George, James, Duncan, Jr., and John Campbell."

I now propose to resume the original story with the additional information which I have received since my return. I have frequently mentioned the tale, and I propose (without dwelling on the process by which I arrived at these details) to give them in the order in which they attached themselves to the narrative.*

I have first to relate the murder of Donald Campbell. It was apparently not in leaving, but in approaching Inverawe that the event occurred. It was at Barcaldine. Barcaldine Castle stands nearer to the shore of Loch Crieran, and is now, and has for a long time been, a ruin. Barcaldine House was in great part in existence at the time of the story. It stands in the wild country enclosed between Loch Crieran and Loch Etive. Down a steep romantic glen falls the river Deargan†—"the river of the red stain"—into Loch Crieran. High rocks rise on each side of the valley, whence streams descend broken into deep black pools. At the entrance of this valley is a ford over the Deargan, marked by four or five huge stepping-stones. It was when Donald Campbell‡ reached the second of these

* My kind friends Sir Edward and Lady Colebrooke put me into communication with Mr. Lillie, the friend of Mr. Campbell of Inverawe, who pointed out to me the story, as told with many embellishments, in the "Tales of the Highlands," by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder. Mr. Campbell is since dead, but Mrs. Cameron, his sister-in-law, still possesses Barcaldine House, and from the obliging hospitality of herself and her son I obtained on the spot most of the information which appears. Mr. Campbell of Inverawe before his death had already written a letter which I insert hereafter. Inverawe itself ("Old Inverawe" to distinguish it from "New Inverawe," a modern house built at some distance on Loch Awe) is now the possession of Mrs. Campbell of Monzie, who, with her daughter, kindly received us.

† "Deargan" means anything of the color of red.

‡ According to the more authentic version in the family, he was not the cousin, but the brother. Another version represents him as a foster-brother of the name of M'Niven.

stones that he was overtaken by Stuart of Appin, with whom there had long been a mortal feud. Stuart caught him and slew him on the spot. The place is still called Murder Ford, and the deed goes by the name of the Murder of Loch Crieran. The tradition has no account to render of what became of Donald's body. It was never found, and it is conjectured that Stuart of Appin carried it up to the old burial ground which is on the bare hill-top immediately above the ford, and there interred it. He then—whether as following his original intention,* or as endeavoring to throw himself on the protection of the murdered man's brother—followed the stream, which by a direct, but at that time almost trackless path, led straight to Inverawe. The glen is still unchanged; the wild deer, "desiring the water-brooks," may still be seen rushing through the bracken and crossing the stream; the overhanging boughs still intertwine over the pass, until at last the glen becomes inaccessible, and the path mounts over the side of the hill. It is called Glen Saleach—"the dirty pass"—either from its associations with this deed of blood, or from the dark umbrageous character of the woods and rocks. We can imagine how, like James Fitzjames in the "Lady of the Lake"—

"The broom's tough roots his ladder made;
The hazel saplings lent their aid—

till the murderer had reached the top of the ascent, and then plunged down by Bunaw, the ford over Loch Etive, and thence rushing over the side of the hill reached the house of Duncan Campbell. Here we leave our informants at Barcaldine, and we find ourselves at the gates of Inverawe. Inverawe† is situated on a slight acclivity above the Awe—as its name implies, near enough to its discharge into the loch to deserve its name, "the Awe's mouth." It stands beneath

* The story as told by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder has many amplifications. One which may possibly have some foundation, but which I have heard nowhere confirmed, is that Campbell of Inverawe had been under obligations to the murderer, whom he had encountered in a dangerous exploit some years before.

† My information about the house was obtained during a visit on which I ventured before reaching Barcaldine.

a wooded hill; on one side is a craggy eminence, called the Quarry Hill, from quarries in its bosom; on the other side rises the magnificent pyramid of Ben Cruachan. Far behind it in the distance are the Three Herds of Etive. Much modernized, it yet still retains the ancient hall, where we may suppose that Campbell reclined as the unexpected guest threw himself on his mercy. What passed between them has been sufficiently described. According to the version current in the Campbell family, he was taken at once to a cave in Ben Cruachan, whose lofty peak rises high above the whole scene. There is one chamber at Inverawe which bears the name of the Ghost Room, with oaken panels all round, and an oaken bedstead. Here it was that the apparition gave its threefold warning.*

There are three final touches to the fatal story added by the inheritors of the tradition. The first is a slight variation from the story as first communicated to me. On the night before the battle Campbell went out to explore the village, and traversed the bridge, or one of the bridges, that spans the rapids of the descending river. It was a storm,† and he wore in consequence a gray overcoat. On the bridge he saw a figure approaching him also in a gray surcoat. The face was hidden or imperfectly seen, but on the breast he saw a wound, with blood streaming down over the gray coat. He approached it and extended his hand. The figure vanished away. He knew that by the laws of second sight it was the shadow of himself.‡ He inquired of the inhabitants of the village what they called it. They answered "Carillon." He asked again whether there was no other name. They

* In another version that has reached me it is stated that it was Campbell's custom to read for some time before retiring to rest, and that he observed the figure of a man coming between him and the light. The figure held up his hand with a threatening and supplicating gesture, and then came the demand for the surrender of the murderer.

† In the story as told to me it was a "snow-storm." But snow in July on the American lakes is only to be paralleled by such a miracle as caused the erection of S. Maria Maggiore on the ground covered with snow in July in the streets of Rome.

‡ Compare "Waverley" and "The Legend of Montrose."

answered "Ticonderoga."* On this he made his will, and he conjured the officers, if he fell, to search out his body. On the morrow took place the fatal conflict. They sought everywhere, and at length they found him wrapped in his overcoat, the wound in front, and the blood streaming over the gray coat, as he described the figure to his brother officers.

The next story must be told in the words of the actual inheritor of the name, Campbell of Inverawe, the grand-nephew† of Duncan Campbell. His tale is as follows :

"About forty-five years ago an old man was carrying a salmon for me up to the Inn at Taynuilt.‡ When I offered him money for his trouble he declined, saying, 'Na, na, mony a fish have my forbears carried for yours.' So of course we had a crack together about old times, and he told me that his ancestors had been in charge of the stall nets at the mouth of the Awe for generations—that his grandfather was foster-brother to Macdonnochie (the Gaelic patronymic of the Laird of Inverawe, 'the son of Duncan'). Then followed the story. His father, a young lad, was sleeping in the same room with his father, but in a separate bed, when he was awakened in the night by some unaccustomed sound, and behold there was a bright light in the room, and he saw a figure in full Highland regimentals cross over the room and stoop down over his father's bed, and gave him a kiss; he was too frightened to speak, but put his head under the coverlet and went to sleep again. Once more he was roused again in like manner, and saw the same sight. In the morning he spoke to his father about it, who told him it was Macdonnochie he had seen, who came to tell

him he had been killed in a great battle in America. And sure enough, said my informant, it was on the very day that the battle of Ticonderoga was fought, and the Laird was killed."

There was a third story told, something of the same kind :

"As two ladies, a Miss Campbell and a Miss Lindsay, were walking in the neighborhood of Inverawe, they saw a battle in the sky, and recognized many of those who fell, among them their two kinsmen. They came home and told the marvel to their friends. A note of the event was taken, and it was found to correspond in every particular with the historical account of the attack on Ticonderoga, and to have been seen at, or nearly at, the same time as the battle took place."

Such is this singular Highland story, which needs a Walter Scott to adjust the proportions of the natural and preternatural which have so inextricably blended together. In the pathetic story of the "Highland Widow" he has shown how beautifully the scenery which forms the framework of this tale can be lighted up—the Bridge of Awe, the waters of Loch Awe, the heights of Ben Cruachan. The only title that I possess for the repetition of the tradition is that I am probably the only person now living who has seen the Murder Ford at Barcaldine in all its beauty, the haunted castle of Inverawe, the ruined fortress of Ticonderoga, and (almost) the old brown headstone which marks the grave of Duncan Campbell. —*Fraser's Magazine*.

A LARGE CRATER

BY PROF. JOHN MILNE, F.G.S., JAPAN.

THE crater I wish to describe is called Asosan. It is situated in Kiushiu, the southernmost large island of the Japanese

* Perhaps in the story of General Abercrombie giving the wrong name, Carillon was the *alias*. Another version describes the false name as being Fort Hudson.

† He died suddenly in the course of this year 1880. It may be worth remarking that whereas Sir Thomas Dick Lauder represents Campbell's son as perishing in the battle, their kinsman states that "his son Alexander was a captain in the same regiment and severely wounded," but that "he reached Scotland and died at Glasgow, where he was buried in the Greyfriars Cemetery."

‡ Taynuilt is on the Awe, nearly opposite Inverawe.

empire. The width of this crater is about fifteen miles, and in the bottom of it there are living, and living for aught I know in peace and plenty, about 20,000 people.

The way in which I came to find this crater was this : For the last four years I have been spending my spare time in travelling about Japan geologizing and visiting volcanoes. At the end of the summer of 1878, the only island of Japan which remained for me to see was Kiushiu, and a part of this I made up my mind to travel over during the coming Christmas holidays. After making application for extra leave, which was

very kindly granted to me, I left Yokohama *en route* for Nagasaki, which for foreigners is the chief town in Kiushiu, on the afternoon of the 17th of December; the greater portion of this journey, which can all of it be performed in a comfortable steamer, is down what is called the Inland Sea. This journey is a trip which is made by every one who visits Japan, and rather than being a journey down a sea, as its name implies, it is more like a journey along a river or a lake, which in places is so thickly studded with little islands that at every moment they seem to come within a stone's throw. After a day's rest at Nagasaki, where I was joined by Mr. A. Wooley, of the British Legation, I took a small steamer bound from Kumamoto to the capital of Hizen, one of the chief seats of the fighting during the last rebellion. At this point I may say that the luxuries of travelling were ended; and not knowing that there was anything particularly interesting before me, it was not with feelings of pleasure that I left the steamer and took to muddy roads and Japanese hotels. Foreigners who only come to Japan for a week and travel along a well-frequented road, or in the neighborhood of an open port where the habits of the strangers from afar are more or less understood, write descriptions of the empire of Japan sufficient to induce the whole world to come and settle in it. If, however, these gentlemen had been compelled to travel for say two consecutive months upon Japanese food and in districts somewhat remote from the great capitals I think, if they ever lived to tell the story, that they would write a different account from those which we usually read—when it becomes an absolute necessity to walk over mountain-passes which are more like flights of steps than ordinary roads, to sleep on hard mats, and to subsist on vegetable diet, the chief portion of which consists of rice and a radish called "daikon"—the hardships of travelling in Japan will be fully recognized. Occasionally a foreigner will endeavor to travel as a native; but usually, after finding that his health has suffered, you will discover him to have fallen back upon the usual plan of travelling, the essential part of which is to have a native servant and a

pack-horse to carry some provisions; and under these circumstances it is but seldom that you can find a foreigner who is able or who cares to continue his exploration beyond the period of one month. At the end of that time, having lost ten per cent of his original weight, and longing for the flesh-pots of the open ports, he beats a quick retreat from the rugged hills and brawling streams, the enjoyment of which is hemmed in by so many difficulties.

From Kumamoto, where, in the new town, the ruined castle, and groups of troops, I saw indications of the recent war, I travelled directly eastward, along a road which upon the native maps appears to lead from one side of the island to the other. Straight before us we could see Asosan, the mountain to which we were going, giving off heavy clouds of steam; between us and this there was a long range of rugged hills parallel with the coast which we had just left behind us; these looked reddish and bare, but when we came actually upon them, I found that their color was due to a covering of brown grass, and not to earth and stones, as I had previously supposed. The road on which we travelled was, for a Japanese road, very wide; on each side of it there were two lines of trees; the lines nearest to the road were wax-trees, while those behind them were cryptomerias. As the wax-trees had lost their leaves, they looked very bare and ragged, but in summer time, when they are in full foliage, they must form an avenue which I think would far surpass anything I ever saw in an English park. Roads bounded with lines of tall trees are a feature in Japan, and some of these, which continue for twenty or thirty miles in almost unbroken lines, form sights which when once seen will always be remembered.

After eleven and a half miles up this road, we reached the village of Odzu, where we took up quarters for the night. Early next morning we started out upon frozen roads to climb the hills which were before us. The ascent was gentle. Right and left were broad stretches of uncultivated grassy ground. Away upon our left we could see a high mountain called Kuratake, which, from its general shape, and a rugged-looking hollow which had been breached upon

the side toward which we were looking, seemed to represent the remains of an old volcano. Looking back, we could see the plain across which we had come on the previous afternoon; at the edge of it, where it reached down to the sea, we could just make out the position of Kumamoto; while beyond that, at the other side of the bay on which Kumamoto is situated, there rises a rugged mass of mountains the highest peak of which was the volcano Unsen. This volcano is the one which, among all Japanese volcanoes, has probably been the most destructive.

In 1793, during an eruption which extended over many days, a large portion of it literally blew up. The earthquakes that accompanied this outburst—the rushing in of the sea, and the falling boulders and fiery rain of red-hot cinders—laid waste the surrounding country, and took away the lives of fifty thousand of its inhabitants. The scenes which occurred during this eruption were too horrible for description, and, as a Japanese historian remarks, the terror and the ruin were unparalleled.

Turning round, and continuing the ascent, after a little more climbing we reached the top of the ridge called Futaiyaino-toge; and here, before us, was a sight which was as striking as it was unexpected, because the ascent from the sea up to this point had been so gentle, being indeed only about 1750 feet. We had naturally expected that on reaching the summit we should have before us a descent equally easy, but instead of that we found ourselves standing on the edge of what was nothing more or less than a deep pit, which, so far as we could see, was nearly circular. The greater portion of the sides of this pit were perpendicular cliffs of rocks, which here and there, near their upper parts, showed the irregular, broken stratification, so characteristic of the sides of many craters. In places at the foot of these cliffs a sloping talus had been formed, while in other places (which, I may remark, were few in number) the cliff-like forms had been so far denuded that the sides of the pit formed irregular, but exceedingly steep, slopes. Looking at this pit from the commanding position in which we stood, I estimated its width at seven miles; and it

was not until we descended, and tried to walk across, and found how little was the progress which we made, that we recognized how far we had underrated its true dimensions. In the middle of the pit, and running up far above its sides, there is a large, irregular block of mountains, the central peak of which is always giving off large clouds of steam. This peak was Mount Aso, the goal of our journey. From the rim upon which we stood, by a zig-zag pathway, we quickly made the descent to the crater plain below us. The depth at this point was about 600 feet.

At the foot of these mountains the priests have their permanent rendezvous, and on the summit small temples and shrines, where during fixed seasons they reside, and receive the crowds of pilgrims to the deities of the mountain. The number of pilgrims who ascend the famous Fujiyama every year must be many thousands, and the fees the priests derive thereby, from the toll-gates on the upward paths which they have established, are very numerous, and must form a considerable revenue. If you visit some of these mountains at any other time than the appointed season, you may be refused permission to ascend. I myself was refused in this way at Iwakisan, one of the most beautiful volcanoes in northern Nipon. On another mountain, Chokaisan, I was subjected to a most curious treatment. I commenced ascending this mountain, and after scrambling over blocks of lava, and up long fields of snow, I reached the top, faint and weary, at half past one o'clock P.M. My first impulse was to eat and drink, but in this I was prevented by four priests, who insisted that before satisfying either my hunger or my thirst I ought to pay my devotions at a small shrine which they had built. Being too tired and feeble to resist, I allowed them to lead me into the shrine, where I dropped on my knees before the idol between two priests, who, after putting on their robes of office, commenced to invoke the deity, and beat small drums. After this, they opened a small door in front of me, and showed me my reflection in a metal looking-glass, where I suppose I was expected to see the lines which sin had graven on my face. Next, one of them

handed me a large, clean, metal bowl. Instinct told me that an opportunity was coming to satisfy my thirst; so I took it reverentially in my two hands, and the priest immediately filled the bowl up with Japanese wine (*saki*), which I learned afterward had been dedicated to the gods. Never did nectar taste so good. After the first half pint the priests invited me to more wine, and, feeling faint, the offer was readily accepted. Again the offer came, but this was too much; modesty overcame me, and putting down twenty cents as an offering to the gods, I withdrew to my sandwiches. This was a Japanese sacrament, and I must say that I found it very good. The question now comes, What does all this mountain-worship mean? The reply to it I think we find in Buckle, who shows us how the imagination of a people has been excited by all great natural phenomena, especially those like earthquakes and volcanoes. The terror which a volcanic eruption has caused, like that at Unsen, when fifty thousand people were slaughtered almost in one night, we have historical evidence to show has been the cause of many superstitions. The phenomena were so terrible, so unexpected, and at the same time so inexplicable, that to account for them superhuman agencies were invoked and gods created. In Italy and Spain it would seem that it is to these seismic and volcanic agencies that we are in a great measure to attribute not only the superstitious character of the people, but also their poetry and arts. In Japan, however, the most prominent result of these terrible catastrophes appears to have been the cultivation of superstition. Not only has the religion probably been to a great extent an outcome of the phenomena of nature, but if we examine into their literature, and observe their sentimental reverence for antiquity, and the *conventionalities* in their art, we shall see that much of what is so peculiar in the national character of the Japanese may probably find an explanation by looking in a similar direction. This subject, however, is too large to dwell upon here.

From the foot of the crater to Bojo I calculated the distance to be about five miles, and as this point was about half

way across this portion of the pit, the total width would here be about ten miles. From a map of the crater, which our host, who kept a small shop in Bojo, made for me, the diameter in some directions must be fourteen or fifteen miles. This I confirmed by sketching in the position of the crater upon a map prepared by the government. Looking on the map, inside the space I marked out as being the boundaries of the crater, I counted about eighty villages. Fifty of the villages, our host said, were a moderate size. If these contained say on an average three hundred people, then living in the crater there must be from fifteen to twenty thousand people.

Airy, in his "Popular Astronomy," tells a story of an early philosopher who, when writing a paper for the Royal Society intending to prove the truth of the Copernican theory, commenced for some reason or other with the assumption, "Now we all know that hell is in the centre of the earth." If this assumption is true—and it emanated from a member of a very learned body—the twenty thousand people I have referred to are perhaps unwittingly living upon the lid of that establishment.

The following account, which was given to me, of the last eruption of Asosan, might, in the mind of that early philosopher, have helped to strengthen his hypothesis: "During the winter of 1873 sounds were heard, and white and black smoke was observed proceeding from the top of Asosan. On the 27th of February in the following year, while the wind was blowing from the south, the ground began to quake, and ashes were thrown out. What the thickness of the beds of ashes in the rice-fields was we cannot tell, but near to us they obtained a thickness of one inch. The ashes covered everything, and the leaves of the pine-trees and the wheat were turned quite red. At six o'clock in the morning of the 13th the ground again began to shake, and noises were heard on an average a hundred times an hour. On the 14th, at six o'clock, there were two or three very heavy shakes, and on the 23d these became still more violent. These shakings were so strong that neither old nor young could sleep. They continued on the 24th, but on this

day the eruption ceased. The material which was thrown out was of a gray color, but afterward it became red. The greatest quantity of ashes fell at Kurogawagumi, and Higashi-kurogawa. At the commencement of the eruption, which was on the 1st of December, 1873, the volcano threw out stones one and two feet in diameter; and four men, who were working at some sulphur deposits on the top of the mountain, were immediately killed. Many hot springs burst out, and so much sulphurous matter was thrown into the river Shirokawa, which flows from this crater to Kumanoto, that all the fish were poisoned. Even up till the 3d of March, 1874, shocks were felt, and material was thrown out which covered the ground for a distance of eighteen miles. During the day it was at times as dark as night. Previously, in 1806, there had been another serious eruption. The fame of this mountain spread even to China, and in the Chinese book I found the following:

"Smoke rises up to the sky from mount Aso in Nipon. People say that in this mountain there is a precious stone of a blue color and shaped like an egg, which shines at night. They worship this, and call it Antikokusan. The shining smoke on the top of this mountain has three colors, which can be seen from a distance of three miles; these three colors are blue, yellow, and red."

On the morning after reaching Bojo we started off to ascend the central peak of Asosan. After a climb of about 200 feet we turned round to look at the crater which we were leaving. At our feet was a cultivated plain dotted over with clumps of trees and villages, beyond which there was a line of fir-trees and cryptomeria. These formed a belt round the foot of the amphitheatre of perpendicular cliffs which intercepted any further view. Before us, but on the left, there was a rugged peak called Nekodake, a portion of which looked very like a ruined crater. To the right and to the left of us was a wide expanse of sloping ground covered with brown grass. When we were 400 feet above Bojo we came to patches of snow. As we neared the top we crossed one or two old lava streams and beds of ashes. At the height of about 2000 feet above

our starting-point, or about 3600 feet above the sea, we were on a level with the upper crater of Asosan, a huge black pit which was giving off vast clouds of steam. All the rocks which I saw up to this point were andesites, similar to those which form the ring-wall of the outer crater. Here we found one or two men who were engaged in collecting sulphur. Upon our right there was a rounded hill called Dobindake, which rose almost 500 feet above the level of the crater. The extreme height, therefore, of Asosan above the sea-level is perhaps a little over 5000 feet. From this position we had a good view of the big crater which surrounded us, as the slope on its outside is generally so gentle that it looked like a huge pit with perpendicular sides which had been dug out of the top part of a piece of ground in shape like an inverted saucer. On the northern side the cliffs which bound this pit are almost everywhere perpendicular; but on the south side, which was the side toward which we descended, they were more worn away to form rugged hills. The cliff-like character, with its horizontally-stratified structure, could, however, be in many places distinctly traced. That night, foot-sore and tired, we reached a village called Kurokawa. The only lodgings we could find were in a school-house, where, after a supper of biscuits, we shivered all night, lying upon the boards with our top-coats to cover us, our arms for pillows, and the thermometer somewhere below zero.

Next day we left the crater, passing through a breach in its northwest side. It is through this opening that the Shirokawa flows, the river which with its tributaries drains the crater plain.

Six days later, after walking many miles along roads which were often nearly a foot deep in mud, subsisting mostly on a poor vegetable diet, sleeping continually in our top-coats, caps, and all the clothes we could command, and experiencing snow and rain and hail, we were once more back enjoying the luxuries of Nagasaki.

Now, how does the crater of Asosan compare with other craters in the world? Among those which are active it appears to be the largest which has hitherto been discovered, and even if we include those

which are extinct, it appears to take the foremost place.

Scrope, in his valuable work on Volcanoes, among other remarkable craters speaks of the following :

In St. Helena there is "a trachytic volcano encircled by a broken ring of basalt, the area of which measures eight miles by four."

In the Mauritius there is a crater the shortest diameter of which is thirteen miles.

In St. Jago (Cape de Verde Isles) there is a similar crater.

The Cirque of Teneriffe is eight miles by six.

Pantellaria (near Sicily) has traces of a crater twelve miles in diameter. The rock is trachytic.

Bolsena (an oval lake basin) twelve miles in diameter.

Papandayang (Java), here there is a hollow fifteen miles by six, supposed to have been formed by the blowing off of the entire summit of a mountain by long-continued explosions.

Bromo (in Java) is a crater four or five miles in diameter, with perpendicular sides a thousand feet in height.

Another point of interest about a mountain like Asosan, and one which would form food for the speculation of almost every visitor, is the question as to how such a crater has been formed.

If I read Mr. Scrope aright, I must imagine that over this crater there was once a volcano, the upper portion of which, by a series of violent explosions, has been blown to atoms. In many cases the origin of craters in a manner like this is no doubt true, and this I may say, not because I should myself have imagined it, but because competent witnesses have seen the operation actually performed. In certain cases, however, and certainly in the case of a crater like that which we see at Asosan, I should be inclined to modify the suggestion of such paroxysmal causes and adopt something more gentle, and which to me seems more in accordance with the facts.

If from the heights and distances which I have given we make a drawing of Asosan, it will be found that the average slopes in the outside of the large crater must be about six degrees ; and if we were to continue this slope upward,

we obtain a representation of the portion which, if it ever existed, has been blown away. If such an occurrence has ever taken place, I find by calculation that we have to account for thirty-five cubic miles of material which represented the cone, and about seventeen cubic miles representing the crater, or in all fifty-two cubic miles of material which have disappeared. If the action was paroxysmal, surely some of this material ought to be found in blocks and boulders, distributed round the outside of the big crater. Although I crossed the outside mountain in two paths, I must say that I failed to meet with such material ; in fact I do not remember seeing even a single boulder : all was smooth.

If in spite of this we still hold on to the idea of paroxysmal actions, the only refuge which we have seems to be that the whole of this vast quantity of material was suddenly dissipated as dust. A conclusion of this sort seems to me improbable ; and instead of regarding this crater as the basal wreck of some large mountain, I should be inclined to look upon it as being now, as it ever was, the upper crater of an old volcano, inside which in more recent times a cone has grown. Although at the commencement of the mountain the action may have been cataclysmic in its nature, subsequently, however, I should think that it grew up higher, partly by the accumulation of ashes, but now perhaps by the boiling over of a highly liquid trachytic lava. That this latter action has taken place seems to be testified by the roughly stratified appearances which are exhibited in the ring walls ; the growth has, in fact, been probably something like the growth of Mauna Loa in the Sandwich Islands, or a geyser tube in Iceland. I may also add that were we to suppose the upper portion of a mountain like that which must have existed if we complete in our imagination the truncated remains which bound large craters such as Asosan to have been blown away, we are, I think, assuming that the later eruptions of these mountains were more powerful than the first, whereas, I think, experience teaches us that the reverse is generally the case, as the action of a volcano continues by the quantity of material it piles upon itself. The hydrostatic pressure of its

new column of lava, the increase in size of the cavity produced by evisceration in which we may suppose the actuating steam to be confined, are causes which will all help to make succeeding outbursts vigorous. No doubt examples might be quoted to show the reverse of what is here suggested, but I think that many more examples might be collected to show its truth; and certainly if we could regard volcanic energy as a whole through all past times, the enfeeblement in volcanic energy which has taken place would be fully recognized.

Among the large craters which I have mentioned, and these are the largest which are recorded by Scrope, it would seem that Asosan, considering its size and its activity, is without a rival. If we go further, leave the earth and compare Asosan with craters which we find upon our satellite the moon, although it cannot stand before a pit like that exhibited by Copernicus, which is said to

have a diameter of fifty-six miles, it nevertheless may be regarded as an example of healthy competition.

As an active volcano, however, it still holds its place; and if America boasts of the largest waterfall, and India of the highest mountains, in one of the most prominent classes of natural phenomena Japan, also, will be able to take an equally prominent position. Further explorations may perhaps lead to the discovery of craters which will excel Asosan; but so far as present knowledge is concerned, among the active craters in the world, as yet Asosan appears to be pre-eminent.

And now not only may the Japanese boast of possessing one of the most beautiful of volcanoes, which mountain is the far-famed Fuji, but they may boast of one of the most remarkable of craters.—*London Popular Science Review.*

TWO BEGGARS: A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY JOHN DANGERFIELD.

I USED at one time to live in a quiet London street and in a corner house, the windows of which exactly faced a tolerably well-frequented crossing. It is amusing to look out from a first floor window and watch a crossing and the people who pass over it. There is a good deal of what it is the fashion to call human comedy always going forward there, and a man may look on quite as safe from observation as if he were a spectator at a real play in the stage box of a theatre. The crossers look up the street and down for coming carriages, or to the ground to pick their way between the two little swept-up walls of mud on each side of them; or they hurry on to pass the sweeper without a tip, while he keeps just in front of them, executing a rapid pantomimic re-sweeping of the already well-swept path. The sweeper at my crossing is a very good one as sweepers go. He is not a fair-weather worker, and sticks to his post even in rain and snow. He happens to be an old friend of mine, and was, as I well remember, the smartest trooper in my company. Since then things have

altered for the worse with both of us. He lost a leg in action, and retired on a pension. I retired, too, with both legs, but with gout badly in one of them. His face has got terribly weather-beaten, and his hair gray. Mine has not yet whitened permanently, but my complexion is warmer than it used to be, and my tailor pads my coats and waistcoats without any express orders from me.

I don't like to see an old soldier on the streets and doing what is little better than begging his bread—touching his hat all the day long to all comers, and getting coppers half in charity from morning till night. It is derogatory.

"Phil," I said to him one day, "a soldier who has followed the Queen's colors into action might do better than this."

"Jineral!" he replied, "I like my freedom, and the trade is a good trade."

I could have got him entered in the Corps of Commissionaires, or tried for a porter's place for him somewhere, for the man is sober and honest; but he

preferred his own work and his own hay.

My outlook upon Phil Kegan's crossing was the occasion of my once seeing out a little bit of that same human comedy I was talking about. It hardly amounts to a story, but it made me laugh at the time. I have never mentioned the thing till this moment.

When I left my old regiment I left in it a young fellow who had just joined, and who had brought good introductions to me. I did not see my way to do more for him than give him plenty of good advice, all of which he required, and none of which he profited by. I told him that if he kept four hunters on £500 a year and his pay he must inevitably come to grief. That guinea pool with better players than himself, heavy books on a dozen sporting events in the twelve months, and some three or four other pleasant vices, would help rapidly to the same result. He thanked me, went his own way, and very soon came to the grief I had anticipated. He was sold up, after a military career of only four or five years. A good-humored fellow, and every one was sorry for him. He had never done anything approaching to shady, but met the onslaught of his justly exasperated creditors like a man—not running under bare poles for Boulogne harbor, as so many gentlemen in distress do, but making complete shipwreck of his fortunes like an honest man. He never left the country at all, but added one more to that legion of extraordinary beings who have nothing to do, who pass ten months of the year in London, and who live well, dress well, and look happy on absolutely nothing at all. He waited for something to turn up, and he waited in vain. I don't think there was a prison governorship, or the post of chief constable anywhere, or an inspectorship of almost any kind vacant during ten years that Frank Boldero did not apply for. He always made good running, too, and never, as he used to tell us, lost by more than a neck; but he did lose, and remained a highly ornamental member of the aforesaid legion of the unemployed and the penniless.

Boldero and I have always been good friends. I still give him good advice; he still smokes my cigars. He is the

only man I know who ventures to walk up to a particular drawer, open a particular box, and take out a Cabana of a particular brand without leave. There is a placid impertinence about the proceeding and about Boldero generally which rather takes me, though I am supposed to be rather a short-tempered man.

"Confound your impertinence, sir," I say, when I have watched him through his performance.

Boldero half smokes through his cigar sometimes before he answers me, after a good look at the white ash, and waving the cigar slowly under his nose to catch the aroma, "General, don't run out of this brand; I like it."

One sees at once the sort of man Boldero is—a lazy, imperturbable kind of fellow, who takes all that comes to him as his right; never did a day's work at anything since he was at school, and lectures every one all round on their duties. That is the most trying thing about Boldero. He never does a thing himself, and wonders why his neighbors work no harder. "Hang the fellow! Why doesn't he stick to his work?" I have heard him say of some barrister or literary man with his hands as full of business as they can hold.

If I did not know Boldero personally, and any one described him to me exactly as he is—told me what his life had been and how he had wasted it; how he had had good chances and thrown them away; a fair fortune and lost that; and now how he went on coolly laying down the law for other people—I should be indignant at the thought that such an idle, good-for-nothing impostor should cumber the earth. But the truth is, it is rather difficult not to like the man. His manner is on his side; he has a queer way of keeping up a pleasant smile on his face while he talks, while he is uttering some signal impertinence probably, and it makes it quite impossible to be offended with him, or take him up as he deserves to be.

"Why did you retire, General?" he said to me one day. "Eh?"

"Because I chose," I growl out.

But Boldero is not to be snubbed.

"But you had no business to choose. Your duty was to stay. Who is to lead

us if we have to fight the Russians?"
—All this with a sweet smile.

I groan.

"You should have heard what a lot of us were saying yesterday at the Club. All the fellows agreed that you were the right man."

"Confound them all for a set of asses."

He shakes his head, and his smile still lingers on his face. Never in my life have I come across such a mixture of amiability and impertinence.

One rainy day in November Boldero and I were looking out of the window together. He was waiting to keep one of his numerous appointments with ministers and other people high in office. There was an inspectorship vacant, and he was looking after it. Phil Kegan was working double tides that day in the cold sleet and drizzle, running backward and forward with every well-dressed foot passenger, touching his hat innumerable times, escorting old ladies and children, waving back cabs and carriages from his charges—sweeping, talking, bowing, all at once.

"Look at that poor devil," said Boldero, "begging for his bread—it's an infernal life, eh?"

"It's his own choice after all."

"Some fellows *won't* do an honest hard day's work if you pay them for it."

"Hang it all! The work's hard enough and honest enough."

"Well, I don't know about hard, but it's begging."

"I tell you what, Boldero," I say, a little out of patience with him, "it may be begging; but that fellow Phil has done more real work in the ten minutes we have looked at him than you have since I knew you."

Boldero smiled and shook his head. He never takes in this sort of personal argument; and presently he borrowed an umbrella and walked off to keep his appointment.

I watched him over the crossing. I saw him stop in the rain (with my umbrella over his head) and talk to Phil Kegan as he very often did, for the man had been his servant in the regiment; but he did not, as he generally did, tip him. On the contrary, he buttoned up his great coat rather ostenta-

tiously, shaking his head the while. I guess that poor Phil was getting a lecture on his duties.

In about two hours Boldero came back. He had told me he would look in to say how he got on. I never saw him so "down" before. He slid into an arm-chair in a very limp attitude without a word, and his hat slid, too, in a dejected way to the back of his head.

"Well?" I asked.

"Lost by a head again; and the very place I wanted—comfortable, fair pay, a house, coals and candles, very little work—none to speak of. Damn it all! Isn't it enough to make a man swear?"

There was no smiling about Boldero this time. Then he told me how it had happened.

"The old fellow, you know, is sort of uncle by marriage, so I could speak pretty freely to him. I told him this made about the fifth inspectorship I had asked him or his predecessor for. 'Pon my soul,' I said to him, 'it's too bad;' but he didn't seem to see it. What claims had I got, he wanted to know, more than that I was always asking, and my friends were always asking for me. 'Well,' I said, 'what more do you want? Doesn't Lord Button ask it as a special favor? The Button influence is good influence, surely?' But he talked about my being an untried man. I might be fit; I might not be. Then there was Chub in the lists among others. Chub had worked all his life in that line. How could he refuse Chub? Chub knew all about the work. There was no doubt about Chub's fitness. If he refused Chub there would be an outcry."

"Look here, Frank, old man," I said, interrupting him, "this won't do, you know. They don't mean to give you anything. Why should they? What's the good of talking about the Button influence? Things are not managed that way now. Lord Button doesn't carry half a dozen boroughs about in his pocket as his grandfather did. I know a bigger man than Lord Button, who tried at everything for his favorite nephew, a goodish man, too, and had to fall back upon a club secretaryship for him at last. If you want to

turn an honest penny. Frank, you must work for it, and work hard."

Boldero groaned, and collapsed still further into his chair. "You make my blood run cold," he said.

"It's no good praying and begging for a good place and nothing to do. You won't get it, and you'll only feel mean. There's the press on the watch, and public opinion. Jobbery, and nepotism, and all that are gone things in these days."

"You bet they're not!" said Boldero, rousing up a little.

"Frank, my boy, there's just one chance for you—emigration. Scrape together what you have left, go to New Zealand, and join your brother there. They tell me he is making his pile."

Boldero only shook his head. I was really sorry for him. He seemed so completely knocked over.

"Got any of those bitters left?" he asked when I had finished my lecture. "I think I want a pick-up."

I rang for a glass of sherry bitters. Boldero rose from his chair and sauntered half-mechanically toward the drawer with the box of particular Cabanas, took one, lit it, and walked listlessly toward the window. We looked out together. The rain had stopped; the wind had got up. It was a cheerless day. Phil Kegan had turned up his collar, and looked miserable. Still he worked on with a will.

"Poor devil!" said Boldero; "but he doesn't know what it is to have nothing to do and nothing to look to. It's a nasty feeling that, General."

Wayfarers were getting scarcer. We watched an old lady with a pug come over the crossing; a stout old gentleman with a gold-headed cane; a fish-monger's man with a tray of whitings; a telegraph boy who rang at my door.

My servant presently came in with the bitters and a telegram on a tray. The telegram was for Boldero.

"Boy came on from your club, sir," the man said as he handed Boldero the telegram and wineglass together.

He took the glass first, and drank slowly and critically.

"What bitters are those, General, eh?"

"Chiretta."

"I thought so. It's the best tonic going. Take a glass three times a day before meals. It'll wind you up like a clock. I shall try it myself, I think. I am just one peg low."

"Try quinine," I suggested.

He put his glass down, and took up the yellow telegram envelope.

"Some lie from the stables," he said, opening it contemptuously. "If it is a good thing, what's the use when a man can't swim to it?"

"Halloo! I say, General, what's this? 'Chub'—I say, by Jove! Look here—'Chub has declined. I offer the post to you.'"

We simply looked at each other and laughed. Why do men always laugh in this inane way, I wonder, when they are pleased? I was uncommonly glad, I must say, and Boldero looked happy. It seemed to pick him up a good deal more than the bitters. I shook hands with him, and hit him on the back as one does on these occasions. He did not say much, but I could see that a vision of the good house, the easy work, the coal and candles, was passing pleasantly through his mind.

"It suits me, you know," he said presently, with great seriousness. "By Jove, sir, it suits me *down to the ground*."

Presently Boldero went off, but he came back before he got to the bottom of the stairs.

"I say, General, will you lend me a *sover*?"

I gave him a sovereign. It made either the twenty-sixth or the twenty-seventh.

"I say, you haven't got an old great coat for Phil Kegan, have you? He must be frightfully cold out there, you know."

"No, I give all my things to my own man."

"Good-by, old fellow," and he disappeared.

I had the curiosity to watch him as he left. I saw him slip my sovereign into Phil Kegan's hand. I know it was not a shilling, for I saw the color of the gold.

Certainly there is a rudimentary conscience about Frank Boldero, and he is not half a bad fellow at heart.—*Cornhill Magazine*

POETIC PARALLELS.

"THAT "there is nothing new under the sun" is as trite as true; and possibly, when the Hebrew king said it, he was himself but repeating an ancient proverb. Boswell tells us that Dr. Johnson was so convinced of the fact that he thought of writing a book to demonstrate that the amount of invention in the world was very limited, and that really the same incidents and the same imagery, with but slight variation, have sufficed all the authors who have ever written. Unfortunately, the learned lexicographer never executed his idea; but the position he assumed was perfectly tenable. Thoughts are few, and run in grooves; and there can be no doubt that much which has been denounced as plagiarism is often quite as original, to the author himself, as the bulk of what the world receives as a genuine addition to its stock. Of course there is such a thing as real plagiarism, or downright robbery; but with that it is not our present purpose to deal, our intention being to merely furnish some remarkable examples of poetic coincidences of thought, due, apparently, to that unconscious process of assimilation to which Johnson evidently referred.

The greatest poets have always been deemed the greatest offenders by the public; and no man's ideas have been more severely scrutinized by the critics than Shakespeare's. His contemporaries declared he had decked himself in their plumage; and their successors have traced many of his golden opinions to another origin; but, unlike too many of his craft, nearly all he touched he improved. Shakespeare's similarities are too well known to call for instances.

Gray's "Elegy" has afforded much occupation for the coincidence-seekers, who declare it to be a mere piece of mosaic-work, in which every idea may be traced to former writers; and they prove their assertion. In some of the same writer's other poems many curious similarities have been detected. If Gray, however, benefited by his predecessors' ideas, many of his successors have resorted to him for theirs. The Koran spoke of the angel Israfel's heartstrings as "a

lute;" the "Elegy" alludes to the heart as "the living lyre;" Moore likens it to "the harp of a thousand strings;" Edgar Poe to "the trembling living wire;" Charlotte Brontë to "the human lyre;" and Béranger to "a lute."

Scarcely second to Gray in these unlucky parallels was Pope; indeed some one went so far as to assert that he was the greatest of all plagiarists. In support of this terrible accusation, much evidence can be adduced. "Eloisa and Abelard" is—

Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiven;
which is suspiciously like Davenant's

Kind as the willing saints, and calmer far
Than in the sleep forgiven hermits are.

Pope's line—

I have not yet forgot myself to marble,
reads too like Milton's "Forget thyself to marble" to be purely accidental; while Sir Thomas Browne's words, in his dear old "Religio Medici," "Nature is the art of God," sounds suggestive of the Twickenham bard's "All nature is but art." Young, it may be remarked, apparently preferred the old form, as he reproduced it in his "Night Thoughts" verbatim. Denham spoke of

The foul guilt
Of Eastern kings, who, to secure their reign,
Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred
slain.

Then Orrery followed with the smile:

Poets are sultans, if they had the will;
For every author would his brother kill.

Whereupon Pope wrote:

Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the
throne.

The close resemblance of the lines beginning

Vital spark of heavenly flame
to some that were written by Flatman, an almost unknown versifier of Charles II.'s time, has often been commented upon; while the well-quoted words—

The proper study of mankind is man,
have been traced to the French: "La vrais science et la vrais étude de l'homme c'est l'homme." From the

French, from Boileau's "Art" of Poetry," has also been derived Pope's sarcastic line

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread ;
although some deem it suggested by Shakespeare's

Wrens may prey where eagles dare not perch.

In explanation, if not in extenuation of Pope's adaptive proclivities, Thackeray urged that "he polished, he refined, he thought ; he took thoughts from others' works to adorn and complete his own, borrowing an idea or cadence from another poet as he would a figure or a simile from a flower, or a river, a stream, or any object which struck him in his walk."

Sir William Jones, who, by the way, detected some close parallels in thought between Hafiz and Shakespeare, is credited with the poetic idea, of undoubted Oriental origin, that "the moon looks on many night-flowers, the night-flower sees but one moon." This fancy, which bears some resemblance to an aphorism of Plato's, was probably in Moore's mind when he wrote :

The moon looks on many brooks,
The brook can see no moon but this.

And the late Lord Lytton used a similar idea in the blind girl Nydia's song, where

The Wind and the Beam loved the Rose,
But the Rose loved one.

But there is no need to go abroad for these transmissions of thought. It is really surprising how many writers will use the same idea without any material alteration, one after the other. A case in point is the oft-quoted line of Campbell—

Like angel visits, few and far between ;
and which, unfortunately for the later poet's fame, the ancients said before him. In Blair's "Grave" is—

Its visits,

Like those of angels, short and far between,
which is at least better expressed, although, perhaps, the originator—so far as we have as yet traced the idea—has expressed it in the best way, as originators generally do :

Like angels' visits, short and bright.

One of Campbell's supposed borrowings was drawn attention to by Byron, who,

not beyond suspicion himself in such matters, asked whether the origin of the far-famed couplet—

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue,

was not to be found in Dyer's

As yon summits, soft and fair,
Clad in colors of the air,
Which, to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear.

Certainly the reading by the author of "The Pleasures of Hope" is the more attractive ; and it is more probable, if the idea was not original with him, that he derived it rather from a line in Collins's splendid ode on "The Passions" :

In notes by distance made more sweet.

As hinted, Byron has not been deemed free from all reproach in these matters ; but it must be confessed that few cases of close parallelism are discoverable between his ideas and those of his predecessors ; he has been more sinned against, in that respect, than sinning. Probably he had in mind Churchill's lines—

The gods, a kindness I with thanks repay,
Had formed me of another sort of clay—

when in "Childe Harold" he wrote—

Because not altogether of such clay
As rots into the souls of those whom I survey.

In his "Prophecy of Dante" he used a favorite thought :

Many are the poets who have never penned
Their inspiration, and perchance the best.

Wordsworth gave the idea as :

O many are the poets that are sown
By Nature¹ men endowed with highest gifts—
The vision, and the faculty divine—
Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse.

And our genial transatlantic friend Holmes, in "The Voiceless," tells of

Those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them.

No man less needed poetic co-operation than Burns ; but a few close coincidences can be shown between some of his best known thoughts and certain of his predecessors'. Perhaps the most popular idea the Scottish bard ever enunciated was—

The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that :

but it is closely paralleled in these words of Wycherley's old comedy of *The Plain*

Dealer : " I weigh the man, not his title ; 'tis not the king's stamp can make the metal better, or heavier." A still closer resemblance is seen between the lines—

Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O !

and this passage in "*Cupid's Whirligig*," published in 1607 : " Man was made when Nature was but an apprentice ; but woman when she was a skilful mistress of her art." So closely indeed have the Scottish bard's thoughts been scrutinized that even his epitaph "*On Wee Johnny*" has been traced to a Latin epigram of the seventeenth century ! Yet he probably never saw one of these productions.

It is a noteworthy thing that when famous authors repeat what has been said before they do not resort to the works of their well-known contemporaries, but to forgotten or rare books. Such an instance of unconscious accretion was doubtless Moore's "*Canadian Boat Song*"—

Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time,
from a couplet in Marvell's "*Bermudas*" :

And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

Brave old Marvell's thoughts have been mercilessly pillaged ; his trenchant satire on "*The Character of Holland*" supplied Butler, the author of "*Hudibras*," with quite an armory of invectives ; and many later poets have found the patriot's verse a fruitful source for the supply of needed fancy. "*The Dial of Flowers*," by Mrs. Hemans, owed its origin, in all probability, to some lines in Marvell's "*Garden*" :

How well the skilful gardener drew
Of flowers, and herbs, this dial new,
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run,
And, as it works, the industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we !
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned but with herbs and flowers ?

In the catalogue of unconscious parallels, the following singular case must not be omitted. "*The Dropsical Man*" is the title of a piece in Dodsley's collection of Poems, containing the line—

With a jest in his mouth, and a tear in his eye ;
in "*Marmion*," Scott varies the idea thus :

With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye ;
while *Lover*, in "*Rory O'More*," furnishes this version :

Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye !

* Again, Sir Walter in his "*Lay*" has adopted a line from Coleridge's "*Christabel*" just as it stood :

Jesu Maria : shield us well !

Nicholas Grimoald, a name to "fame unknown," but not unknown to Herbert, as he is quoted by him on the title-page of "*The Temple*," wrote :

In working well, if travail you sustain,
Into the wind shall lightly pass the pain ;
But of the deed the glory shall remain.

Herbert re-expressed the idea in his "*Church Porch*" :

If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains ;
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains ;
and Sir Egerton Brydges, a man well read in old poetic lore, compressed the thought into one line :

The glory dies not, and the pain is past.

While amid our ancient bards, it may be pointed out that the charmingly poetical passage in Tate and Brady's version of the Psalms—

The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall nourish when he sleeps in dust—

was evidently suggested by this couplet in Shirley's magnificent "*Death's Final Conquest*"—

Only the ashes of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

There is a fine thought in James Montgomery's "*Home in the Heavens*" :

Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

But a very similar idea was expressed two centuries ago by Henry King, Bishop of Chichester :

At night, when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise nearer my West
Of life almost by eight hours' sail,
Than when Sleep breathed his drowsy gale.

* But hark ! my Pulse, like a soft drum,
Beats my approach, tells *Thee* I come ;
And slow howe'er my marches be,
I shall at last sit down by thee.

This fancy of Life marching homeward to the sound of a stifled drum is repeated in Longfellow's "*Psalm of Life*," where it is said our hearts



Engraved for the Editor by J. J. Gads New York.

THOMAS HUGHES, M. P.

Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

Indeed, Longfellow's extensive reading and receptive mind but too frequently lead him into these luckless coincidences. The "Psalm of Life" is almost as much a piece of mosaic-work as Gray's "Elegy."

Art is long, and time is fleeting,

is as old as Greek literature, although Lord Houghton and Longfellow both treat it as their own property. Sir Philip Sidney has: "Fool, said my muse to me, look in thy heart and write;" and in his *Prelude* to "Voices of the Night" Longfellow says:

Look, then, into thine heart, and write.

"The Village Blacksmith" has been traced to an old poem by William Holloway, running:

Beneath yon elders, furred with blackening smoke,
The sinewy smith with many a labored stroke
His clinking anvil plied in shed obscure,
And truant schoolboys loitered round the door.

Here the few slight changes are artistically made: "Elders" become "the spreading chestnut tree;" "the sinewy smith" has "large and sinewy hands," and the "truant schoolboys," as better children, are "coming home from school."—*Chambers' Journal*.

SEPARATION.

FROM RÜCKERT.

WHEN from thy home, dear love, I'm sadly riding,
Half of my thoughts remain with thee abiding—
The lesser half alone I take with me:
And, all indignant, chiding
That they are not with thee.

At every step, they say, impatient pleading,
A messenger to thee must soon be speeding;
And each would fain as messenger be gone:
Then, no refusal heeding,
They fly away alone.

To thee they flutter, love their flight impelling,
With thee they stay, their little love-tale telling;
And leave this empty bulk of thought bereft,
A lone, abandoned dwelling,
Not even a fancy left.

Temple Bar.

THOMAS HUGHES.

BY THE EDITOR.

THOMAS HUGHES, who forms the subject of our portrait this month, was born near Newbury, in Berkshire, England, on the 20th of October, 1823. He was educated at the famous public school of Rugby, and afterward went to Oxford University, where he graduated in 1845. Having made choice of the profession of the law, he addressed himself to the studies connected therewith immediately after leaving college, was admitted to the

bar in 1848, and became Queen's Counsel in 1869.

A few years after being admitted to the bar (in 1856) Mr. Hughes published "Tom Brown's School Days," a most graphic description of life at Rugby school under the administration of Dr. Arnold. This work sprung at once into a success which has seldom been paralleled in the annals of literature, and it still maintains its place as a favorite with

a second generation of readers. In 1861 Mr. Hughes published a sequel to it, entitled "Tom Brown at Oxford," which was scarcely less graphic and authentic as a picture of life at the University, but which somehow has never attained to anything like the same degree of popularity as its predecessor.

In 1865 Mr. Hughes was elected to the House of Commons for the borough of Lambeth, which he continued to represent until 1868, when he was returned for the borough of Frome. At the general election of 1874 he declined to contest the constituency, and Frome sent up a Conservative in his stead. While in Parliament he was what is known as an advanced Liberal, taking an active interest in educational and social questions, and especially in all measures for the benefit of the laboring classes. Among the more noteworthy bills which he heartily supported were those for the disestablishment of the Irish Church, for the secularization of the universities, for abolishing tests, and for admitting dis-

senters to fellowship in Oxford and Cambridge.

Besides the books already mentioned, Mr. Hughes has published "The Scouring of the White Horse" (1858); "Religio Laici," a semi-theological essay (1862); "Alfred the Great" (1869); "Memoirs of a Brother" (1873); and "The Manliness of Christ" (1879). He has also written critical prefaces to English editions of a work on "Trades Unions," by the Comte de Paris, of Lowell's "Biglow Papers," and of the poems of Walt Whitman; and has been a frequent and versatile contributor to English periodicals of the better class.

In 1869 and 1870 Mr. Hughes visited the United States, lecturing in the principal cities and achieving a well-merited success. During the present year he has again paid us a visit for the purpose of establishing an English colony on a tract of land in Tennessee which he has purchased, and to which he has given the appropriate name of Rugby.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES, FROM THE ACCESSION OF QUEEN VICTORIA TO THE BERLIN CONGRESS. By Justin McCarthy. In Two Volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The task which Macaulay set before himself in beginning his *magnum opus* was that of making history as interesting as the last new novel; and this task, though he is far inferior to Macaulay as a literary artist, Mr. McCarthy has been at least equally successful in accomplishing. In no department of current literature can a book be found which it is easier to read than "A History of Our Own Times," or from the reading of which more entertainment can be derived; and it is not surprising that in the English circulating libraries the demand for it exceeds that for any work of fiction or adventure that has recently issued from the press. Mr. McCarthy's experience as a novelist and journalist has here stood him in good stead, he knows what kind of writing the public enjoy, and he possesses the skill of a trained veteran in producing that writing. The dry facts of history have never, perhaps, been worked up into more vivid and picturesque forms; and his book is a perfect portrait-gallery of living and recently dead celebrities, in which those intimate personal details for which the public appetite is insatiable are copiously inter-

mingled with the shrewdest and keenest judgments upon men and events.

We must hasten to say, however, that the book possesses qualities which are much more important in such a work than that of being entertaining and readable merely. The remarkableadroitness of the author in combining his facts into picturesque groups and a flowing narrative might easily cause the reader to overlook the patient industry with which these facts must have been collected; and the facile readiness of his judgments and estimates is liable to obscure the copious knowledge and deliberate thought upon which closer scrutiny shows that they have been based. The title of the book, indeed, is somewhat too comprehensive for its contents; but as an outline of the history of England during the last half century, and of the relations of England to other powers, it would be difficult to say in what particular the work could be improved.

Especially satisfactory to American readers will be those chapters in which Mr. McCarthy deals with our civil war, with the Alabama Claims, and with the Geneva Arbitration. These are conceived and written in a spirit of sympathetic candor and calm impartiality which are seldom brought to bear upon events which are so recent in occurrence, and which aroused such fierce controversy; and the fact

that they appear in a work that has achieved marked success with English readers, constitutes in itself no slight recompense for any wrong which England did to America in the great crisis of her history.

POEMS. By Edwin Arnold. Boston: *Roberts Brothers*.

None of the poems in this collection, we believe, was written subsequent to "The Light of Asia," which established Mr. Arnold's fame as a poet, and which may be said to have first made him known to American readers. It will be admitted, too, we think, that its contents are chiefly interesting as the earlier and practice-work, so to call it, of the author of "The Light of Asia." In spite of its teeming imagery and the frequent felicities of its versification, the "Indian Song of Songs," which occupies the place of honor in the volume, will be valued mainly because it was a sort of natural prelude to the story of "the Great Renunciation;" and most of the other poems are significant chiefly because they show how strong is the bent of the author's mind toward Oriental themes, Oriental modes of thought, and Oriental scenery.

To this remark, however, there are two striking exceptions. The idea of a future life for the soul of man has evidently taken a powerful hold upon Mr. Arnold's peculiarly realistic imagination, and the two poems, entitled "She and He," and "After Death in Arabia," are as fine and as touching as anything that this prolific theme has inspired. They have the charm of perfect simplicity and serene conviction, and there is no taint about them of that "strange hectic" which is so apt to characterize poetry of this cast. Another touching and finely-conceived poem is one which takes for its text Mr. Aldrich's stanza on the "Three Roses." The versification is rude in comparison with Mr. Aldrich's exquisitely polished lines, but the poem itself is highly interesting, as showing Mr. Arnold's propensity for finding "sermons in stones and good in everything." The last quarter of the volume is occupied with translations from the Greek poets, which strike us as being at once spirited and exact. The "Hero and Leander" of *Musæus* is particularly well rendered, and there are very felicitous versions of two of the *Idyls* of *Theocritus*. The only original poem in the volume that can be brought within the convenient limits of quotation is the following:

REST.

His mother was a prince's child,
His sire a crowned king;
There lacked not to his wishes wild
What the broad earth could bring;
Strong knees were supple at his word,

Swords glimmered at his will.
Brave fortune! but it wearied him—
His spirit thirsted still.

For him the gorgeous music rolled
Of singers silent long;
The Roman and the Grecian told
Their wars of Right and Wrong.
For him Philosophy unveiled
Athenian Plato's love;
Might these not serve to stead a life?
Not these!—he sighed for more.

He loved—the truest, newest lip
That ever lover pressed—
The queenliest mouth of all the South
Long love for him confessed.
Round him his children's joyousness
Rang silverly and shrill;
Thrice happy! save that happiness
Lacked something—something still.

It came! the studded sceptre lay
An unregarded thing;
Velvets and gold did bravely hold
The body of the king.
Why! strange that Love, and Lore, and Sway
Looked ever on before,
And those pale, quiet lips of clay
Asked nothing—nothing more!

THROUGH THE LIGHT CONTINENT; OR, THE UNITED STATES IN 1877-'8. By William Saunders. Second Edition. London and New York: *Cassell, Petter & Galpin*.

Though it does not touch upon social or religious topics, and though it is entirely destitute of those piquant observations and criticisms with which our foreign visitors are wont to entertain us, Mr. Saunders's book is not without interest and value for American readers. It is a plain and practical, if somewhat unsystematic, account of the condition, methods, and prospects of the leading industrial interests of the country; and it abounds in facts and statistics which, while they ought to be at the fingers' ends of every citizen, as a matter of fact are extremely difficult to procure. Particularly in regard to Western industries and growth are the statistics fresh and valuable; and the inferences which the author draws from them are those of a shrewd, clear-headed, well-informed, and impartial observer.

A list of a few of the topics discussed by Mr. Saunders will convey a better idea of his book, perhaps, than can be given by mere description; so we select a few at random in turning the leaves: "Gas and Coal," "Gold and Silver," "Grazing Profits," "Washington City," "Emigration," "Railway Travelling," "Protection," "Constitution and Government of the United States," "English and American Agriculture," "Banking," "The Temperance Question," "Land and Land Laws," "Taxation and Expenditure," "Public Debts," "Imports and Exports," and "Things in General." The friendly attitude of the author is exhibited not merely in the title of the book, but in remarks of which these from the preface are a

type: "Never was such a field for human energy offered to mankind as that which the United States presents—so vast, so free, and so fair;" and, "We are surprised to find corn and beef pouring into this country, and Americans underselling our farmers at their own doors. Investigation will diminish the wonder, for the secret is an open one; in the States land is free, and industry is stimulated by the reward of ownership."

We have found Mr. Saunders's book unexpectedly interesting, and thoughtful men on both sides of the Atlantic will find it fertile in themes for reflection.

OLD PARIS: ITS COURT AND LITERARY SALONS. By Catherine Charlotte, Lady Jackson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The social and literary life of the seventeenth century in France—the golden age of monarchy and the monarchical *régime*—has furnished a theme of inexhaustible fertility to all shades and descriptions of writers; but, on the whole, no one has succeeded in extracting more entertainment from it than Lady Jackson. Her book is a sort of gossipy chronicle, maintaining an outlook at convenient intervals upon the general march of events, but embroidering the work of the historian with copious personal gossip about almost every one who figured conspicuously in the life and society of the long period between the coronation of Marie de Medicis and the death of the Grand Monarque. The court life of the period, with its ostentatious splendor, its costly display, its pleasure-loving gayeties, and its scarcely veiled licentiousness, is depicted and illustrated with unexampled wealth of detail; and an equally vivid and minutely-studied picture is given of that semi-literary society which was characteristic of the period, and of which the Hotel de Rambouillet is the type. Especial prominence is given to the part played in it by women; and though the sources of their influence were in the main more than dubious, yet Lady Jackson seems quite willing to condone their offences in view of that "peculiar grace, fascinating ease, vivacity, and undefinable charm still vainly sought for in society out of France," and to which they contributed the largest share. Lady Jackson's book is too sketchy and disconnected to be read consecutively and continuously with much satisfaction; but it would be difficult to dip in anywhere at random without coming at once upon some well told anecdote or some spicy bit of personal gossip.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

DR. NEUBAUER is engaged upon a monograph on the mediæval Jewish documents concerning the lost ten tribes.

PROF. ERASMUS WILSON, desiring to make the obelisk-builders better known to readers of all ages and classes, is writing a popular history of ancient Egypt.

THERE are now believed to be in circulation no fewer than 143,000,000 copies of the Bible, as against only 5,000,000 copies in circulation at the commencement of the present century.

THE collection of Mr. Ruskin's scattered letters, which, as we announced some time ago, will shortly appear, is to bear the extremely characteristic title of "Arrows of the Chace."

MISS SARAH HOLLAND ADAMS has translated Grimm's lectures on "Goethe and his Times." Miss Adams resides in Germany. Herr Grimm is greatly pleased with her rendering of his lectures.

WE are informed that the sale of the Penny Testament, the cheapest edition ever published, has already reached nearly 400,000, and that the publisher, Mr. Elliot Stock, confidently expects that a million copies will be disseminated in the course of twelve months.

MR. PEARSON, of Pall Mall, has discovered, in a weekly newspaper of 1812, a political ode by Byron that was not hitherto known to be his. It will shortly be printed, with a copy of the poet's letter relating to the same.

THE Earl of Dufferin is going to publish his speeches and addresses delivered in Canada, during his tenure of the office of Governor-General, in the House of Lords, and elsewhere. Mr. Murray will be the publisher.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL have in preparation an *édition de luxe* of the works of Charles Dickens. This edition will contain all the original engravings, both on steel and wood, many of which have not appeared since the original editions were issued.

COUNT L. G. MANIN has presented to the Venetian Record Office a copy of the memoirs of L. Manin, the last Doge of Venice. They begin with the writer's accession to the dogship, so say the continental papers, and they go down to the year of his death, 1802.

M. PAUL MEYER, Professor in the Collège de France, Paris, is preparing a French translation of the romance "Gérard de Roussillon," published from a Bodleian ms. by Herr Mabn, and lately revised by Prof. W. Foerster, of Bonn.

MR. RUSKIN's good resolutions, made in the beginning of the year, with regard to the completion of the "Fors Clavigera" series, have not been carried out. Only one number has been issued since March. This has just been published, and is specially addressed to the trades-unions of England.

THE readers of the *Voltaire* will no longer be amused by the *feuilletons* of Zola, who has terminated his connection with the paper, in consequence of the editor having informed his readers that his talented contributor's peculiar views were not those of the journal. According to *Truth*, this was elicited by an article in which Zola animadverted severely on the baseness of political life, and denounced the imbecility of those writers who, instead of sticking to literature, preferred to wallow in politics.

THE Royal Library of Berlin has just celebrated its first centenary in its present rooms. It was founded by Frederick William, "the Great Elector," in 1659,^a but for many years occupied rooms quite inadequate for the convenience of readers and for the storage of books. So, in 1780, it migrated to the King's Palace, in the left wing of which it has just completed its first century. When the Elector died, the library numbered 20,000 volumes and 1618 MSS., while at present more than 800,000 volumes and 15,000 MSS. are in the possession of the institution.

A CURIOUS computation has been made of the rapidity of Basque *bersolari* or *improvisatori* in recent contests at Vera and at San Sebastian. Including pauses for rest and giving out of themes and metre, they reached from fourteen to twenty lines a minute. The highest number recited by one individual was 410 lines, out of a total of 1810. The contests lasted about an hour and a half, and the rapidity of utterance was such that the reporters were completely distanced. The talent seems in most cases to be hereditary, as one of the competitors at San Sebastian who was unable to appear sent his son to represent him, and with full success.

AMONG other symptoms of greater laxity in the internal government of Russia, under the régime lately instituted by Count Melikoff, may be mentioned the fact that several authorizations of new daily and weekly papers have just been accorded by the Minister of the Interior. Mr. Aksakoff, of Moscow, has obtained permission for a weekly review under the title of *Russia*, while among the daily papers will be the *New Gazette*, the *Presse*, and a Polish journal to be published in St. Petersburg. Attempts have been made before to establish Polish papers in the Russian capital, but none of them has been a success.

SCIENCE AND ART.

EXTRA-NEPTUNIAN PLANETS.—In a paper read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Professor G. Forbes discourses about Comets

and Ultra-Neptunian planets, and shows reasons for believing that there are two planets somewhere beyond the orbit of Neptune. As is well known, astronomical discoveries have been made by observing the disturbing effect of stellar bodies on each other. In some instances the disturbing body is unknown, but its effects are seen; and Professor Forbes explains that the whole of his research is founded on the theory of the introduction of comets as permanent members of the solar system. There are six comets associated with Neptune. The behavior of certain comets observed in recent years has led to investigation, and the conclusion has been come to that "we may feel very confident that these two planets do exist. The light of the sun must take fifteen hours to reach the nearest of the two, and forty-five hours to reach the outer one. Considering the probably enormous mass of the stars, it is nearly certain that they must influence the motion of these two planets; and if we have the good fortune to observe either of them, a new field wherein to test the extent to which the law of gravitation holds good will be immediately opened to astronomers. Our ideas of time," adds Professor Forbes, "are in the same way extended when we think of these two planets revolving in periods—the one of one thousand, and the other of five thousand years, and of the comets introduced by the more distant of the two, as having been influenced by that planet tens of thousands of years ago."

THE ZODIACAL LIGHT.—The phenomenon known to astronomers as the "zodiacal light," is shown by Mr. J. W. Redhouse, a member of the Royal Asiatic Society, to be identical with the "false dawn," as it is called by the Mussulmans and other Eastern peoples, who have been familiar therewith, as with the Milky Way, from remote antiquity. On the other hand, the zodiacal light has not been known in Europe more than about two centuries. From these facts Mr. Redhouse draws a curious conclusion. It is clear, he says, that our forefathers "could never have come from that central point of Asia so dear to modern Sanskritists, whence they would fain make the Aryan race to radiate, that is, from the snowy tableland of Pamir (behind the Himalaya). The zodiacal light must have been as well known to the shepherds of that plateau as it is to the wandering tribes of Arabia and Mesopotamia. It must *always* have been well known to them; and once known to a people, such a phenomenon could never be totally forgotten in latitudes where it was visible. Our Aryan race came not, then, from Pamir as their radiating centre. Ethnologists may well weigh this pregnant indication."

COAL DEPOSITS UNDER LONDON.—The boring of a deep well last year at a brewery in Tottenham Court Road has confirmed a geological theory, and brought to light remarkably interesting facts. Some twenty-five years ago Mr. Godwin-Austen, from observation of the geology of Belgium, stated that, in his opinion, "an axis of Palæozoic rocks was prolonged from the Ardennes under the London Tertiary district, and that a band of coal-measures coincided with the line of the valley of the Thames, where it might some day be reached." This has been verified by the boring above-mentioned; for, at a depth of one thousand and sixty-four feet, "beds of undoubted Upper Devonian age, as proved by their fossils, were met with." At Crossness, one of the outlets of the London main drainage, at a depth of one thousand and eight feet, rocks have been found which, "from their mineral character, are believed to be of Devonian age;" and further corroboration was met with in sinking a deep well between Hertford and Ware for the New River Company. Taking all the facts into consideration, Mr. Godwin-Austen draws the inference that "the lower members of the true coal-measure formation may be expected to occur at about a quarter of a mile to the south of the corner of Tottenham Court Road and Oxford Street and the upper or productive coal-measures still farther to the south." It would astonish Londoners not a little to see a coal-mine opened in Leicester Square or at Charing Cross. Nevertheless, these deep well-borings, as has been remarked by a F.G.S., are "contributing toward the solution of two problems of great economic importance—the existence or otherwise in the south-east of England of productive coal-measures at a workable depth; and the position of the Lower Greensand or of other permeable beds sufficiently deep-seated and extensive to furnish the metropolis with a large and never-failing supply of pure water."

MARRIAGEABLE AGE IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.—According to the *Lyons Medicale*, the marriageable age in Austria is fourteen for both sexes; in Germany, eighteen for men and fourteen for women; in Belgium, eighteen for men and fifteen for women; in Spain, fourteen for men and twelve for women; in France, eighteen for men and fifteen for women; in Greece, fourteen for men and twelve for women; in Catholic Hungary, fourteen for men and twelve for women; in Protestant Hungary, eighteen for men and fifteen for women; in Italy, eighteen for men and fifteen for women; in Portugal, fourteen for men and twelve for women; in Russia, Roumania, and Saxony, eighteen for men and sixteen for women.

YELLOW FEVER AND DIET.—Dr. Oswald, formerly director of the city hospital at Vera Cruz, in an article "On the Relation of Diet to Yellow Fever," endeavors to prove that that disease is produced by diet, and not by climate. "The so-called hotbeds of disease along the coast of South America," he writes, "are remarkable for the frequency rather than for the destructiveness of their epidemics. In Vera Cruz, for instance, the outbreak of an undoubted indigenous yellow-fever endemic between the first of July and the middle of August, is an annual phenomenon; but the experience of a full century has proved that the plague confines itself to four generally not very numerous classes." These are foreigners from North America and Europe, and their black or Indian servants who imitate their habits. "The native citizens of Vera Cruz," continues Dr. Oswald, "would ridicule the idea of the contagiousness of yellow fever. Not philanthropists only, but idle ladies and children visit the city hospital and the houses of fever-stricken foreigners. From the mouth of the Rio Grande to the delta of the La Plata, neither physicians nor laymen entertain the slightest doubt about the origin of all idiopathic fevers, but refer them to dietetic abuses as unhesitatingly as we would ascribe dyspepsia to the same cause." A contrast is then made of the flesh diet and stimulating drinks of the foreigner, and the diet of fruit, vegetables, and water of the native; the immunity of the latter is pointed out, and the Doctor thus concludes: "If we could ascertain the antecedents of those families or classes of our population who furnished the largest quota of typhus and yellow-fever patients, and of those who enjoyed the most conspicuous immunity, the comparison of their respective dietetic records would convince us that the contagious principle discriminates in the choice of its victims, and that there is no such thing as a pandemic disease."

FACULTIES OF FISHES.—In a communication to the Linnæan Society, Mr. F. Day brings forward an interesting array of facts to show that those authors who have assumed that fishes are deficient in instinct and "emotional sensations" are mistaken. Allowing that the faculties of fishes are not so acutely developed as in the higher races, Mr. Day still claims for the piscine tribes that some, at least, have attachments, whether in the form of conjugal feelings, paternal and maternal affections, or even of platonic friendship. Some, he says, "construct nests, which they defend, as well as the young when hatched out. The males may act the part of nurses to the eggs, either carrying them about in purses, or even in their mouths." Lastly, he mentions "the

fact that members of two distinct families may combine for the purpose of attacking another inhabitant of the deep, and thus obtain a supply of food."

ENGINEERING ACHIEVEMENTS IN HOLLAND.

—In a communication to the Société de Géographie at Paris, Mr. Girard describes the changes which the territory of Holland has undergone within the historical period, chiefly through calamitous floods. For a while water had the mastery; but the inhabitants, with untiring patience and resolution, drove back the ocean, and reconquered the land. The dimensions of some of their barrier-banks are surprising. One on the island of Walcheren is three thousand eight hundred metres long, and more than seven metres above the highest tides. Since the beginning of the sixteenth century more than eight hundred thousand acres have been reclaimed; and the work of reclamation is still carried on at the rate of about eight acres a day. Since 1850 the Lake of Haarlem has been converted into a region of farms and villages; and the pumping-out of the Zuyder Zee will surpass in magnitude all the endeavors yet made to compel the ocean to restore the land so remorselessly engulfed centuries ago. The device of the province of Zeeland (*Luctor et emergo*) will then acquire a new significance.

To this we add that, in digging the great canal which makes a deep-water communication between-Amsterdam and the sea, more than twenty-five million cubic yards of earth and sand had been taken out, and used to heighten the land near the coast. The width of the canal at bottom is eighty-eight feet seven inches—nearly seventeen feet more than the Suez; and in damming out the waters of adjacent lakes, more than thirteen thousand acres of land were reclaimed which, "effected a considerable change in the physical features of the country."

MONKEYS AT USEFUL WORK.—At a meeting of the Asiatic Society of Bengal an account was given of a monkey having been trained to do useful work—that is, punka-pulling. A Langur monkey two feet six inches in height, strong and savage, was tied to a post; his hands were made fast to a punka rope; a man seated on the opposite side began to pull; and after a while the monkey learned to pull, and during some years swung the punka by himself, and, as we are told, "enjoyed his work immensely." He was set to train four other monkeys, and succeeded well with two males, but failed with the two females. If the experiments could be successfully multiplied, the present punka wallahs of India might find themselves superseded by monkeys.

BACH'S RESONATOR FOR THE VOICE.—Signor Alberto B. Bach, we learn from a contemporary, has invented an instrument for the purpose of increasing the volume of sound produced in singing. The "Resonator," as it is called, "operates upon the principle of enhancing the efficiency of the sounding-board which nature has provided in the human palate. It consists of a gold plate fitted to the roof of the mouth, close above the upper teeth, and having attached to it another gold plate which is convex downward in both directions. A hollow sounding-board is thus formed, which increases the power of the voice without any additional expenditure of breath. Professors Tyndall and Tait have testified to the efficiency of the instrument, the former expressing himself surprised at the smoothness and power of the sounds produced, the latter remarking that, while the intensity of the voice was very greatly increased, this was effected, so far as he could judge, without any perceptible deterioration in the quality of the sound. With the help of such an invention, a public singer will clearly be enabled to make his voice tell over a larger area, while conductors, we are told, will find select choirs capable of producing the effect of something like double their actual numbers."

VARIETIES.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE. A BIT OF BIOGRAPHY, BY HIMSELF.—Born in Boston, June 22d, 1846, J. H. was at first a somewhat delicate child, his head being disproportionately large and his body weak. At the age of three he came near dying of dropsy; and in all his childish illnesses his head was the part most affected. Seeing this, his parents wisely kept him as much as possible in the open air, and as little as possible in the schoolroom, the consequence being that at seven years old J. H. was unable to read or write, but was rosy and stout, and owner of an excellent appetite. His food up to this time consisted mainly of bread and milk and boiled rice; he never tasted meat till after his eighth year; tea and coffee were unknown to him until the age of twenty, and wine and spirits no less so. When, being eight years old, he went with the rest of his family to England, he was sent to Huguenin's gymnasium in Liverpool, where he soon became the most efficient of the children's class. He also took dancing lessons of a famous French dancing-master of the period, and became devoted to the art, and to the person of a certain brown-eyed little girl who was the ornament of the dancing-room. People who have seen J. H. dance a sailor's hurndipe at this epoch affirm it to have been a sight not lightly to be forgotten. At the age of nine J.

H. had his first stand-up fight with a boy a year older than himself; and he still remembers the thrill of pleasure which visited his heart when his antagonist fell to earth at a right-hand shoulder-hit. At twelve years old J. H. was living in Rome, where, and in Florence, the next two years of his life were passed. He spent his time in taking long walks with a boy friend of his, collecting lizards, snail-shells and curiosities from the ruins and excavations, and practising jumping leap-frog over the numerous stone posts with which the above-named cities are studded. After leaving Italy he spent some time at the Lake of Geneva, where he first mastered the difficult art of swimming, an art which he afterward practised incessantly at Redcar, on the northern English coast. He also accompanied his father in daily walks, thus preparing himself for the pedestrian achievements of later years. In the summer of 1860 he returned to America, where, at a private school in Concord, Mass., he was fitted for Harvard University, and graduated in cricket, baseball, and running. In 1863 he entered the university, where he soon became renowned as a walker, runner, oarsman, and gymnast generally. The record of his measurements still stands upon the gymnasium books, the pride and envy of all subsequent Harvard men—height, 5 feet 10½ inches; chest, 48½ inches; upper arm, 16½ inches; lower arm, 14 inches. It is related of J. H. that he, at this period, made the acquaintance of Mr. John Heenan, the well-known prize-fighter, and that the latter, on finding that J. H. not only possessed the same initials as himself, but also measured an inch or two more than he round the chest, earnestly advised J. H. to take up prize-fighting as a profession, assuring him that he would guarantee his being able to lick any man of his weight after three years' preparation. It is further related that J. H. had serious thought of entertaining this proposal; but, unluckily, circumstances prevented the scheme from arriving at fulfilment. The four years which constitute the college course were now drawing to a close; they were, perhaps, as pleasant as any J. H. had known, although it may be noted that during only six months of these four years had he been fully connected with the university, the remainder of the time having been agreeably passed in what is technically known as rustication. The chief offence alleged against J. H. was a constant disinclination to look into a book of any description; and his college career terminated in a polite refusal on the part of the college authorities to give him his degree. This drawback, however, failed to impair in any degree his athletic reputation or his own satisfaction with the results of his university education.

After thus abandoning the university, he entered the school of civil engineering, to which profession (as one likely to afford plenty of outdoor occupation) he had decided to devote himself. He spent a year very profitably in the further development of his legs and arms, but found very little opportunity to follow out such other courses of study as were advised by the professors. At the end of the year he severed his connection with the school in a manner strictly consistent with his former proceedings in regard to the college, and after spending a few months at the family house in Concord, in the congenial occupations of fishing, boating, and camping out, he repaired with his mother and sisters to Dresden, in Saxony. Here, having gained admission into the engineering college, he diligently inspected the habits of the German students, and made many experimental inquiries into the nature and effects of German beer. These studies were varied by long walks to Saxon Switzerland and neighboring places of interest, by foot-races, and by dumb-bell practice; and he may, in fact, be considered to have attained at this period his maximum physical development, his weight being fifteen stone, and his other parts according. In 1870 he left the college in a somewhat unceremonious manner and returned to America, where, at New York, he married, and undertook for a year or two the practice of engineering in the Department of Docks, under General McClellan, and the practice of physical training at Wood's gymnasium. In the autumn of 1872 some alterations in the personnel of the Department opened the way for his retirement, and he returned to Dresden with his wife and child. From this point J. H.'s decadence may be said to have begun. He had contracted during the latter part of his New York residence a deleterious practice of writing short stories for the magazines, and he followed this up in Dresden by the production of a novel—"Bressant," which was published in England and America. The odium entailed upon him by this work failed to have the effect upon him that might have been expected, for in 1873 he wrote another romance—"Idolatry." It will scarcely be believed, but it is nevertheless true, that after having, in 1874, left Dresden to settle in England, he published in the *Contemporary Review* a series of sketches called "Saxon Studies," which were afterward included in a volume, and the effect of which was to prompt him to take steps to insure his life. But his downward career was now beyond recall, and he is believed to have published (though few people are in a position to dogmatize on the subject) the following works of fiction: "Garth," a novel in three volumes; a collection of short stories called "The Laughing Mill;" a novel-

ette, "Archibald Malmaison;" and another three-volume novel, "Sebastian Strome;" besides various short tales, articles, and reviews. And here it is only charitable that we should draw the veil.—*University Magazine*.

MR. LONGFELLOW'S GENIUS.—Enough and to spare has been said about the shortcomings of Mr. Longfellow's genius. It behooves a generation born into richer rather than deeper, and more brilliant rather than more genuine, forms of thought and expression than his to treat with respect this pure and limpid stream of verse which has flowed calmly and consistently for nearly sixty years without materially changing in character or volume, like those pleasant rivers that wind for miles and miles through a pastoral and poplar-shaded country, now a little broader, now a little deeper, but on the whole unaffected by their gradual approach to the sea. At one period of his career, without losing the suffrages of the people, Mr. Longfellow puzzled and alienated the critics by adopting a thin, tripping style of lyrical poetry, which was foreign to our taste, and which was probably induced by his deep and lifelong study of German and Scandinavian literature. This was not the only occasion upon which he lost his path for a little while, but his versatility is great, and his vitality amazing; and, at a time of life at which most poets, even those who have shown the greatest energy and volubility, begin to flag, he returned with freshness to those more dignified tones in which English poetry has always loved to enshrine its finest thought. His Italian sonnets were the first expression of this better mind, and for the last ten years he has habitually alternated his lighter "jigging vein" with verses of a sweeter gravity, so that the writer who, with all his fluency and tenderness, his delicacy and force of fancy, threatened at one time to lose his legitimate hold of the better part of the public, has now revindicated with complete success his claim to a place among our gentler classics. Like Bryant—but with greater intellectual elasticity than Bryant—he marches abreast of the younger writers of his country, without the slightest sign of weariness or old age. It is no exaggeration to say that his verse is as fresh in this new book, written in his seventy-third and seventy-fourth years, as in any volume of his early manhood. In his own lower range and more sequestered circle Mr. Longfellow deserves to be mentioned with Victor Hugo for sustained and consistent labor, and unexhausted powers of writing.—*The Academy*.

MR. GREEN'S CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.—The Congress of delegates from the Colonial Legislatures at once voted measures for general defence, ordered the levy of an army, and set

George Washington at its head. No nobler figure ever stood in the forefront of a nation's life. Washington was grave and courteous in address; his manners were simple and unpretending; his silence and the serene calmness of his temper spoke of a perfect self-mastery. But there was little in his outer bearing to reveal the grandeur of soul which lifts his figure with all the simple majesty of an ancient statue out of the smaller passions, the meaner impulses of the world around him. What recommended him for command was simply his weight among his fellow-landowners of Virginia, and the experience of war which he had gained by service in border contests with the French and the Indians, as well as in Braddock's luckless expedition against Fort Duquesne. It was only as the weary fight went on that the colonists discovered, however slowly and imperfectly, the greatness of their leader, his clear judgment, his heroic endurance, his silence under difficulties, his calmness in the hour of danger or defeat, the patience with which he waited, the quickness and hardness with which he struck the lofty and serene sense of duty that never swerved from its task through resentment or jealousy, that never through war or peace felt the touch of a meaner ambition, that knew no aim save that of guarding the freedom of his fellow-countrymen, and no personal longing save that of returning to his own fireside when their freedom was secured. It was almost unconsciously that men learned to cling to Washington with a trust and faith such as few other men have won, and to regard him with a reverence which still hushes us in presence of his memory. But even America hardly recognized his real greatness while he lived. It was only when death set its seal on him that the voice of those whom he had served so long proclaimed him "the man first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen."—From *J. R. Green's "History of the English People."*

THE DULCIGNO DISTRICT.—In the little tumble-down Venetian town of Dulcigno the few Christians are lost among the Mohammedan inhabitants, but the population of the numerous villages which cluster here and there around the Boyana River is very mixed indeed. According to the last census there were 4000 Turks, 2000 Roman Catholics, 1200 gypsies, and a few of the Greek Church in the entire district. The Roman Catholics are principally to be found in the villages of Colonna, Pistola, Salci, St. Georges, St. Nicolas, etc., which are scattered about either on the plain or on the slope of the hills which are now commanded by the guns of the allied fleets. They are almost entirely employed in agriculture and in

rearing cattle; and some parts of the Boyana banks are even to this day rented by that most Catholic tribe, the Clementi, who come down every winter to feed their flocks in these sheltered pastures. St. Nicolas, which is situated just at the mouth of the Boyana, is, in its way, quite an Albanian Lourdes. It is said that the ship which was transporting the body of St. Nicolas to Naples was driven by stress of weather into this little port, where the precious freight was disembarked and a church erected over it, to which pilgrims resort to this day. The gypsies live in huts a little way out of Dulcigno on the Scutari road. They mostly follow the smith's handicraft, although not a few of the fraternity prefer the lazier and more luxurious calling of professional troubadours, journeying about first to this little town, then to that, and playing the mandoline or the guzla to stimulate the national song or the national dance in the houses of well-to-do Albanians.—*Globe*.

GLASS IN EGYPT.—Egypt offers us the earliest positive evidences of glass-making. Sir Gardiner Wilkinson mentions that glass bottles containing wine are represented on monuments of the fourth dynasty, more than 4000 years ago; and in the tombs at Beni Hasan the process of glass-blowing is represented in an unmistakable manner. The earliest specimen of glass, bearing an inscription from which its date may be ascertained, which has as yet been met with, is the lion's head now in the Slade collection in the British Museum. This was found many years ago at Thebes by Signor Drovetti. It is formed of opaque blue glass of a very bright and beautiful color (as may be seen from a fractured part), but time has changed it externally to an olive green. Dr. Birch has informed the writer that the hieroglyphics which are on the under side consist, on the right side, of an urceus wearing the "hut" or white crown of the upper world or upper Egypt, and representing the goddess Sati (Juno), and the left side an urceus wearing the tesh or red crown of the lower world or lower Egypt, and representing the goddess Nat or Neith (Minerva), while the central hieroglyphics form the premenon of Nuantef IV. of the eleventh dynasty, whose date, according to Lepsius' chronology, was B.C. 2423-2380. A bead found at Thebes bears the premenon of Hatalu, a queen who is conjectured to have lived about 1450 B.C.; this is of a dusky green glass, quite transparent, and is stated to have the specific gravity of bottle glass. It has been suggested that the material is not artificial glass but obsidian, which abounds in Egypt and is occasionally of a green tint. Many colored fragments are found in the tombs of Thebes, and a vitrified coating, usually blue or green,

was given to objects formed of earthenware and even of stone or granite. A high value seems to have been attached to colored glass at an early date, and vessels of fine opaque blue glass of Egyptian manufacture exist, edged with a tolerably thick plating of gold. Glass, if the Syrian, Greek, and Latin versions of the Old Testament are correct, is placed (in the book of Job) in the same category as gold; the English version renders the word crystal.—*Pottery Gazette*.

THE FAREWELL OF THE OLD YEAR.

BY F. W. B.

When the moments of friendship are numbered,
How oft it appears
That the love which in laughter has slumbered
Awakes now in tears!

We are friends that have journeyed together
Long time, you and I;
Through sunshine and stormiest weather,
But the Old Year must die.

And awhile in your hearts will awaken
A bitter regret;
And the paths that your feet have forsaken
You cannot forget.

Yet I pray you not to mourn my going,
Though we have been friends;
What am I but one billow, whose flowing
Has touched shore, and ends?

And the tale of my joy and my sorrow
Lives but as the trace
Of the waves, that the tides of the morrow
In turn shall efface.

Yet I leave you, as waves leave their treasures
Of coral and shell,
A gift, passing sorrows and pleasures,
Our friendship to tell.

I leave you the friendships, whose growing
Has been from my birth;
There is nought that the tide brings in flowing
Can equal their worth.

For as shells from the murmurs of ocean
Steal echoes that last,
So in friendship is stored the emotion
Of years that are past.

SONNET.

From morn to eve they wrestled—Life and Death.
At first it seemed to me that they in mirth
Contended, or as foes of equal worth,
So firm their feet, so undisturbed their breath;
But when the sharp red sun cut through its sheath
Of Western clouds, I saw the brown arms' girth
Tighten, and bear that radiant form to earth,
And suddenly both fell upon the heath.
And then the marvel came—for, when I fled
To where those great antagonists down fell,
I could not find the body which I sought,
And when and where it went I could not tell;
One only form was left of those who fought—
The long dark form of Death—and it was dead.

C. M.

1881.

THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

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OUR ENGRAVING.

The engraving in this number of the *ECLECTIC* is intended to illustrate Goldsmith's beautiful poem of the "Deserted Village." Our readers will remember the lines in regard to the village schoolmaster :

" Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he
frowned."

The engraving in this number illustrates the last two lines, and the one in our January issue illustrates the first two lines of the poem.

It is our intention to have both of these plates still more highly finished, and publish the two engravings as companion prints, printed on fine heavy paper, for framing, as we think they will be appreciated by many lovers of Goldsmith.

SARA BERNHARDT.—The *New York Times* says : The terms on which Sara Bernhardt's American engagement with Henry E. Abbey has been made are said to be \$1000 a night to her for one hundred nights, and that other expenses, including those of her company, will amount to fully \$1000 more, making the cost of the entire engagement at least \$200,000. Her one hundred appearances will be distributed between here, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, Chicago, and possibly some other cities, the largest number of nights being naturally in New York. She will perform here at Booth's Theatre, and as that house will not hold enough to pay at the regular prices, there is little doubt that the prices will be materially advanced. Unless they are, indeed, the enterprising manager will lose money, and he will not lose if he can help it. Comparatively few people will really like her—there is nothing popular either in her style of acting or in the pieces she will present—but thousands will pay handsomely to see her in order to say that they have seen her.

M. RENAN.—M. Renan is now the prominent literary and social lion in London. The *Times* of a recent date says that " M. Renan is, in fact, the great literary exponent of what is called the new theology. A scholar himself, he concentrates and clarifies the researches of hosts of scholars whose gifts of speech and

exposition are less brilliant than his own. But to call him the mere popularizer of the labors of others would be to do him a signal injustice. In the vast field of critical and historical research some division of labor is commonly necessary, for the microscopical faculties of Dryasdust are not commonly found in conjunction with the gift of lucid exposition or the imaginative insight necessary to a large and just historical presentation. But M. Renan has the rare and happy gift of combining the minute research of the student with the comprehensive grasp of the historian. We feel in scanning it that his picture is no mere compilation of other men's materials, but the product of his own independent inquiries, suffused with the atmosphere of his own mind and sympathies. This is what gives it its freshness and vitality, quite independently of its special details or its general scheme of coloring and arrangement."

PROFITS OF ROSE CULTURE.—It is stated, as showing the profits from rose culture, that in 1871 a florist in Massachusetts set out five rose bushes of the General Jacqueminot variety, in a new greenhouse 13 feet by 100. The first crop of flowers he sold for 4 cents each, with his tea-roses. The next year they sold for \$1 per dozen, and the next for \$2 per dozen. During the month of February of this year he cut 1052 roses, which he sold to the florists in Boston for from 25 to 50 cents each, netting him \$440.50. Since that time he has cut and sold enough to make the amount over \$500 in the aggregate from the five plants. A second crop from the same plants is now coming in.

WHITE WAX.—It will be a surprise to a large number of our American women to be told that the white wax, of which they make such constant use when engaged in their household sewing, is the diseased secretion of a peculiar species of fly found in the eastern portions of Central China. Most of our countrywomen, if they have given a thought to the subject, have supposed that this white wax was some refined product of ordinary bees-wax—an article that has about it the conditions of cleanliness and healthfulness, which is more than can be said of exudations of insects due to some bodily malady. These flies apparently become diseased from feeding on the leaves of a particular kind of evergreen tree or shrub,

of which they are exceedingly fond. The twigs of these trees in certain seasons of the year are thickly covered with flies, who, in time, leave upon them a thick incrustation of white matter. When this has increased to a sufficient size the branch is cut off and immersed in boiling water, which causes the wax to come to the surface in the shape of a viscid substance, which is skimmed off, cleansed, and afterward allowed to cool in pans. The trade in this article is quite an extensive one, as it is estimated that last year the crop was worth not less than \$3,250,000.

PROFITABLE STOCK TRANSACTION.—The fluctuations in railroad securities are pleasantly noticed in the *Louisville Courier Journal*, which tells of a lady, living in Kentucky, who bought a lot of stock of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company at \$38 per share. When the stock advanced to \$41, she wrote to her broker to sell, but forgot to send the certificate of stock, and the broker replied that he couldn't sell without the certificate. Meanwhile the stock had advanced to \$50. The lady found that the certificate had been mislaid. She searched high and low, her heart bounding as the stock kept bounding, until, when the latter sailed into the nineties, she was frantic. Nowhere could the certificate be seen. Meanwhile the stock went to \$110, \$120, \$130, and just as it reached \$141, 250 per cent above what she first desired to sell at, the missing certificate turned up. She sold at \$141.

FAST HORSES.—The running horse in this country is not so valuable as the trotter. Pierre Lorrillard paid \$18,000 for the famous runner Falsetto, three years old, recently sent to England. Mr. Keene paid \$15,000 for Spendthrift. When we come to the trotters we find the prices up. Mr. Bonner paid \$40,000 for Pocahontas, \$36,000 for Rarus, \$33,000 for Dexter, \$20,000 for Startle, \$16,000 for Edwin Forrest, and \$15,000 for Grafton. Mr. Smith, of New Jersey, paid \$35,000 for Goldsmith Maid, \$32,000 for Jay Gould, \$30,000 for Lady Thorne, \$25,000 for Lucy, and \$17,000 for Tattler. Mr. Vanderbilt paid \$21,000 for Maud S. and \$10,000 for Lysander Boy. The largest sum ever paid for a horse in England, where they have few trotters, was close on to \$72,000, paid for Doncaster by the Duke of Westminster.

DAIRY INDUSTRY.—Few persons realize what an immense amount of capital is invested in the dairy industry of the country. But certain statistics which were presented at the recent annual session of the National Butter, Egg, and Cheese Association, at Indianapolis, show

the total amount to be not less than \$2,219,280,000. The figures are 13,000,000 milch cows, requiring the annual product of 52,000,000 acres of land to feed them, and giving employment to 650,000 men; the cows are estimated at \$30 each, land at \$30 an acre, necessary horses at \$80 each, together with \$200,000,000 for agricultural and dairy implements.

MEMPHIS.—Memphis has been taking numerous precautions against a recurrence of yellow fever. Thirty miles of sewers have been completed in the city, so that the drainage is greatly improved.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The publisher will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

The Life and Writings of Henry Thomas Buckle. By ALFRED HENRY HUTT. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, pp. 502. Price, \$2.50.

The Life of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort. By THEODORE MARTIN. With Portraits. Volume the Fifth, concluding the Work. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 433. Price, \$2.

The Fundamental Concepts of Modern philosophic Thought, Critically and Historically Considered. By RUDOLPH EUCKEN, Ph.D. Translated by M. STUART PHELPS, Ph.D. With additions and corrections by the author, and an Introduction by President Noah Porter. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, pp. 304. Price, \$1.75.

Appleton's New Handy - Volume Series. Stray Moments with Thackeray: His Humor, Satire, and Characters. Being Selections from his Writings, prefaced with a few biographical notes. By WILLIAM H. RIDEING. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo, pp. 192. Price, paper, 30 cents; cloth, 60 cents.

Odd, or Even? A Novel. By MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 505. Price, \$1.50.

Homo Sum. A Novel. By GEORG EBERS. From the German by CLARA BELL. New York: William S. Gottsberger. 16mo, paper, pp. 299. Price, 40 cents.

Eminent Israelites of the Nineteenth Century. A Series of Biographical Sketches. By HENRY SAMUEL MORAIS. Philadelphia: Edward Stern & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 371. Price, \$2.

Monsieur Lecoq. From the French of EMILE GABORIAN. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. 8vo, paper, pp. 306. Price, 50 cents.

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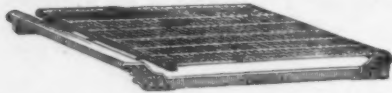


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DEAR SIR: I was afflicted with pain in my side, and your INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP is the only medicine that ever gave me relief. I recommend it as a valuable remedy.
MISS SHULL.

PUBLISHER'S MISCELLANY.

USE OF THE TELEPHONE.

THE practical uses of the telephone are being constantly extended. It now appears as the means by which an important improvement in British journalism has just been made by the *London Times*, namely, the reporting of the late after-midnight debates in the House of Commons. It seems that the many prominent public men—those whose speeches in Parliament are most widely read—are in the habit of speaking at very late hours. Owing to this fact, and to the further fact that the leading morning trains start an hour earlier than formerly, it has always been difficult, and sometimes impossible, for the great morning dailies to give a satisfactory report of what was said in the House the night of going to press. It has been hardly practicable to give a full report of a speech made after one o'clock, and only a mere abstract of what was said or done after two o'clock was possible. The reports of late speeches, necessarily imperfect, have given rise to complaints on the part of members of Parliament, and even to suggestions that some more satisfactory means of publishing the Parliamentary debates be provided. To overcome these difficulties the *London Times* has called the telephone to its aid. It has made telephonic communication between its office and the House of Commons, in each of which is placed one of Edison's loud-speaking telephones. Instead of writing out his notes and transmitting them by telegraph or otherwise—a proceeding which has heretofore consumed a good deal of precious time—the reporter, or, if he is busy, some other person, reads the report in the telephone-receiver placed in a room adjoining the gallery. At the receiver at the other end in the printing-office is the compositor. The disk of the telephone is placed above and behind him. Two tubes with trumpet-shaped ends, are so arranged that one end of each is at the telephone disk and the other ends at the ears of the compositor. In this way all distracting noises are shut off. There is speaking and bell communication with a system of signals between the compositor and the reporter so as to secure a perfect understanding and harmony of operation. As the reporter in Parliament reads, the compositor in the printing-office sets the type. Still greater rapidity is secured by the use of the machine by which the type are brought down and placed in position by manipulating keys resembling those of a piano. With this

machine it is stated that a printer, working from dictation, can set up nearly 200 lines an hour, or about 100 lines an hour from manuscript, whereas, from 40 to 50 lines an hour are said to be the limit of type-setting by hand. By the use of the telephone and the type-setting machine, the Parliamentary debates are now brought down by the *Times* from one half to three quarters of an hour later than they were reported a few weeks ago, and it is believed that a higher degree of accuracy is attained. The method is regarded as a great practical success even now, and it will doubtless be much improved in the course of time. —*New York Times*.

SOUTH AFRICAN DIAMONDS.—The produce of the South African mines is enormous, and the quality of the stones, which is frequently marred by a somewhat tawny complexion, is reported to be improving. Indeed, a twin "drop" from the Vaal River, skilfully mounted by Mr. Streeter, was declared by experts to be of Indian extraction. Vast profits have, of course, been realized. One gentleman's "claim" is said to have cleared in two years £45,000. The New Rush Mine alone yields £3000 a day. In 1875, when the diggers had been at work only four years, gems to the value of £3,500,000 had been extracted from it. The packets of diamonds sent by post-bag from Kimberley to Cape Town in 1876, weighed 773 pounds, and were worth £1,414,590. Nor does there seem to be any present prospect of the supply coming to an end. On the contrary, there is every reason to believe that only a very small portion of the diamantiferous regions of South Africa has yet been explored. —*Fraser's Magazine*.

HINTS AS TO COMPOSITION.—As a general rule, the student will do well to banish for the present all thought of ornament or elegance, and to aim only at expressing himself plainly and clearly. The best ornament is always that which comes unsought. Let him not beat about the bush, but go straight to the point. Let him remember that what is written is meant to be read; that time is short; and that—other things being equal—the fewer words the better. . . . Repetition is a far less serious fault than obscurity. Young writers are often unduly afraid of repeating the same word, and require to be reminded that it is always better to use the right word over again, than to replace it by a wrong one—and a word

which is liable to be misunderstood is a wrong one. A frank repetition of a word has even sometimes a kind of charm—as bearing the stamp of *truth*, the foundation of all excellence of style. . . . Many conventional expressions, partly com—on-place and partly vulgar, should be carefully avoided. Among these may be mentioned—"individual" for *person*, "residence" for *house*, "locality" for *place*, "parties" or "individuals" for *person*, or *men and women*, to "commence" to do anything, for to *begin*, to "go in" for any pursuit or study, "first-class" or "first-rate" for *excellent* (still lower are such phrases as "A 1," "top of the tree," etc.), to "transmogrify" for to *transform*.—*Manual of English Composition*, Hall.

THE NEW CENSUS.—The results of the new census will surprise the average reader in many particulars. The order of population remains as it was in 1870, with rare exceptions. Chicago has attained the fourth place among American cities, numbering 475,000 to 375,000 in St. Louis. Boston has outstripped Baltimore with 360,000 and 350,000 respectively, while Cincinnati, which retains the eighth place, lags behind with 250,000. The greatest surprise is in the growth of Cleveland and Milwaukee, amounting to 70 and 80 per cent, placing them respectively at 158,000 and 130,000. Buffalo and Washington average 150,000, while Louisville has rapidly climbed up to 145,000. Detroit and Providence have passed the 100,000 limit, and take rank as seventeenth and eighteenth among our great cities. Among the lesser cities, our readers will probably be surprised to learn that Kansas City has reached 65,000; Indianapolis, 77,000; Minneapolis, 45,000; St. Paul, 42,000; Reading, Pa., 43,000; Lowell, Mass., 61,000; Denver, 34,000; Wheeling, 32,000; Wilmington, 42,000; Quincy, Ill., 30,000; St. Joseph, Mo., 35,000; Chester, Pa., 23,000; Pawtucket, R. I., 20,000; Camden, N. J., 37,000; Waterbury, Ct., 22,000; Meriden, 19,000; Peoria, Ill., 28,000; Springfield, Mass., 31,500; Springfield, Ill., 19,000; Dayton, Ohio, 39,000; and Elmira, N. Y., 21,500. The returns of other cities, not yet received, will probably afford equal surprises. Meanwhile it is satisfactory to know that New York has exceeded 1,200,000, Philadelphia attains nearly 850,000, and Brooklyn more than holds her relative rank with 560,000 inhabitants.

INCOME OF THE DUKE OF ARGYLL AND FAMILY.—The Scotch are famous for their thrifty habits, and the Duke of Argyll is the thriftiest Scotchman of them all. He inherited from his uncle an estate so hampered with jointures and debts that he was the poorest

Duke in Great Britain, but by saving and sparing and living quietly he now enjoys a fine income, and lays away a good part of it. His experience has taught him the value of money, and he has placed one of his sons in Coutt's banking-house; another married a Manchester lady of wealth, and is in a stock-broking house which does a good deal of business for the Rothschilds; his eldest son married a royal princess with a dowry of one hundred and fifty thousand and an allowance from Parliament of thirty thousand a year; another son is in Parliament; another in the navy; a daughter is married to the Duke of Northumberland, with over a million a year; and the duke himself draws an amount of public pay sufficient to cover the expenses of his Kensington house.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The publisher will send any book reviewed in the ELECTIC, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

Memories of My Exile. By LOUIS KOSSUTH. Translated from the Hungarian, by FERENCZ JAUSZ. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, cloth, pp. 446. Price, \$2.

The Historical Poetry of the Ancient Hebrews. Translated and Critically Examined by MICHAEL HEILPRIN. Volume II. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 213. Price, \$2.

Appleton's New Handy Volume Series. Dr. Heidenhoff's Process. By EDWARD BELLAMY. Price, 25 cents. *Two Russian Idylls* (Marcella, Esira.) Price, 30 cents. *Strange Stories.* By ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN. Price, 30 cents. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo, paper.

An Outline of the Public Life and Services of Thomas F. Bayard, Senator. With extracts from his Speeches and the Debates of Congress. By EDWARD SPENCER. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 303. Price, \$1.25.

Christy Carew. A Novel. By MAY LAFFAN. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 411. Price, \$1.

The Sisters. A Romance. By DR. GEORG EBERS. From the German, by CLARA BELL. New York: William S. Gottsberger. 16mo, paper, pp. 352. Price, 40 cents.

Columbia. A National Poem: Acrostic on the American Union. With Sonnets. By W. P. CHILTON. New York: The Authors' Publishing Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 64.

Mansions of the Skies: An Acrostic Poem on the Lord's Prayer. By W. P. CHILTON, JR. New York: John Ross & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 27.

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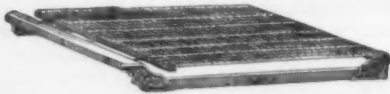


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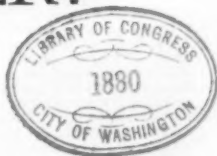
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Dyspepsia and Indigestion.

ALPENA, Alpena Co., Mich.
DEAR SIR: I have used your excellent INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP for Dyspepsia of long standing, and a short trial has effectually cured me. I highly recommend it.

JOSEPH ASH.

Dyspepsia.

LEBANON, Boone Co., Ind.
DEAR SIR: This is to certify that your INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP has completely cured me of Dyspepsia. All so troubled should give it a trial.

THOS. GOODWIN.

Liver Complaint.

FLORA, Carroll Co., Ind.
DEAR SIR: A short trial of your INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP has completely cured my daughter of Liver Complaint and Chills.

PETER HOSTETLER.

A Splendid Blood Purifier.

WALWORTH,
 Walworth Co., Wis.
DEAR SIR: This is to certify that I have used your INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP, and it has proved to be one of the best Blood Purifiers in existence.

DAVID COON.

Remedy for Rheumatism.

BEAR CREEK,
 Waukegan Co., Wis.
DEAR SIR: This is to certify that your INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP has completely cured me of Rheumatism, after the doctors failed to give me relief. I advise all similarly afflicted to give it a trial.

N. J. FELLISON.

Liver and Kidney Diseases.

OAK GROVE, Anoka Co., Min.
DEAR SIR: I have no hesitation in recommending your INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP for Liver Complaints, Kidney Disease, and General Debility. I was troubled with the above diseases, and after a short trial of your medicine I am now in better health than I have been in five years.

Mrs. B. A. LONGLEY.

Pain in the Side.

MATWOOD, Benton Co., Min.
DEAR SIR: I was afflicted with pain in my side, and your INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP is the only medicine that ever gave me relief. I recommend it as a valuable remedy.

MISS SHULL.

PUBLISHER'S MISCELLANY.

FLOWERS IN NEW YORK CITY.

In no city of the world are flowers used in such profusion as they are in New York. They are regarded as indispensable to every occasion; they literally strew the way from the bridal to the tomb, and are heaped up at all intermediate pausing-places. The demand for flowers has grown with our general extravagance. The sale for New Year's Day, 1844, at what was then the largest shop here, amounted to only \$200, and in the whole town to not more than \$1,000. Now the sale of flowers for bouquets and for decoration on that day reaches, it is said, \$50,000, and their sale during the entire year aggregates millions of dollars. Within a radius of twelve miles in the municipal limits it is estimated that there are fully 500 floral establishments, and that the capital invested in land, buildings, and stock is not less than \$8,000,000 or \$10,000,000. The greenhouses in which the flowers sold are cultivated are on the upper part of Manhattan Island, in Hudson county, N. J., on Staten Island, and at the Long Island villages near this city. The rich often spend for a grand entertainment \$1000 for flowers alone, and persons in comparatively moderate circumstances spend \$100 to \$200 to decorate their houses at an important festivity. Flowers are an inseparable part of the social machinery of the metropolis. At every dinner, reception, wedding, funeral, at every coming and every going, flowers are a prominent and conspicuous feature. Flora is one of the most widely-recognized deities of Manhattan. In old Rome, the Floralia was celebrated from April 28th to May 1st. In New York, they last from January 1st to December 1st.

NATIONAL MEDICAL LIBRARY.—For nearly twelve years an index catalogue of the National Medical Library, at Washington, has been in course of preparation. The first volume is now in the hands of the printer, and the second will follow without delay. The completed work will make about ten volumes, royal octavo, of 1000 pages each, and will be, in fact, a key to medical literature. The National Medical Library now includes more than 50,000 bound volumes, and 60,000 pamphlets, with complete files for many years of nearly all the medical periodical publications in the world. It occupies a floor in the old Ford's Theatre Building, but larger and better accommodations are needed.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

REVISED FROM A SANITARY POINT OF VIEW.

From the Sanitarian.

With what anguish of mind I remember my childhood,
Recalled in the light of a knowledge since gained;
The malarious farm, the wet fungus-grown wildwood,
The chills then contracted that since have remained;
The scum-covered duck pond, the pig-sty close by it,
The ditch where the sour-smelling house drainage fell
The damp, shaded dwelling, the foul barn yard nigh it,
But worse than all else was that terrible well,
And the old oaken bucket, the mould-crusted bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.

Just think of it! Moss on the vessel that lifted
The water I drank in the days called to mind.
Ere I knew what professors and scientists gifted
In the water of wells by analysis find.
The rotting wood fibre, the oxide of iron,
The algæ, the frog of unusual size,
The water, impure as the verses of Byron,
Are things I remember with tears in my eyes.

And to tell the sad truth, though I shudder to think it,
I considered that water uncommonly clear,
And oft at noon when I went there to drink it,
I enjoyed it as much as I now enjoy beer.
How ardent I seized it with hands that were grimy!
And quick to the mud-covered bottom it fell;
Then soon, with its nitrates and nitrites, and slimy
With matter organic, it rose from the well.

Oh! had I but realized, in time to avoid them,
The dangers that lurked in that pestilent draught,
I'd have tested for organic germs, and destroyed them
With potass permanganate ere I had quaffed;
Or perchance I'd have boiled it, and afterward strained it,
Through filters of charcoal and gravel combined;
Or, after distilling, condensed and regained it
In potable form, with its filth left behind.

How little I knew of the dread typhoid fever
Which lurked in the water I ventured to drink!
But since I've become a devoted believer
In the teachings of science, I shudder to think.
And now, far removed from the scenes I'm describing,
The story for warning to others I tell,
As memory reverts to my youthful imbibing,
And I gag at the thought of that horrible well,
And the old oaken bucket, that fungus-grown bucket,
And the slop-bucket that hung in the well.

A FLASH SEEN FORTY MILES.—Word was sent to Reno, Cal., last week, that on Monday, at 2:30 P.M., a heliotrope on Pah Rah would be directed so that its flash could be seen from the depot here. Pah Rah is the name of a mountain at Pyramid Lake, on which there is a surveying station. It is forty miles distant from Reno. At the hour named the heliotrope signal could be distinctly seen shining like a bright star. The heliotrope is a little mirror so mounted that the reflection of the sun's rays can be directed with great exactness to long distances.

VAN BEIL'S RYE AND ROCK.—In the excitement of an electioneering canvass there must be more or less straining of the vocal organs. As the clergy, legal, operatic and theatrical professions are using Van Beil's "Rye and Rock" to obviate throat difficulties, we should think it a necessary adjunct for politicians of all shades, who might, could, would or should be called upon to save the country by the use of their lungs.

VALUE OF CROWN JEWELS OF FRANCE.—M. Turquet proposes to divide the princely treasures of the crown jewels of France into three portions: the first, of historic jewels, for the Louvre; the second, mineralogical, for the Ecole des Mines; the third, of merely material wealth, for sale, hoping to realize the sum of three million francs thereby, to be expended in objects of art for the national museums. Among the latter is the Regent diamond; also, a round pearl valued at two hundred thousand francs; the famous *collier de reine* of twenty-five pearls, worth nearly a million francs; one large, long, clear ruby valued at thirty thousand francs; and a sapphire of one hundred and thirty-two carats, worth one hundred thousand francs.

NEW TRANSLATION OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.—Captain Ebenezer Morgan, a wealthy and liberal-minded citizen of Groton, Conn., has given the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars to enable the Rev. Dr. T. J. Conant to finish his translation of the Old Testament. This work was begun twenty years ago, but was interrupted by the financial difficulties of the society for which Dr. Conant labored. It is now to be resumed in circumstances which will probably secure its completion within five years. The engagement is a strictly personal one between Captain Morgan and Dr. Conant.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY.—An old Viking ship has lately been discovered at Sandefjord, Norway. It was in a mound opened by the University of Christiania; and a party, accompanied by Mr. Dahl, found the ship entire, seventy feet long, with a sharp prow and a woollen sail. It bore traces of paint, had nails of the first iron age, dovetailed timbers like those of to-day, and the hanging shields of one hundred and twenty warriors. The bones of the hero in it were wrapped in a silken mantle.

CIRCULATION OF THE BIBLE.—A careful estimate respecting the circulation of the Bible during the past century places the total at the enormous number of nearly 150,000,000 copies. The British and For-

eign Society is in advance of any other institution of the kind as regards the number of copies issued. It was founded in 1804, and has circulated upward of 82,000,000 copies. The American Society, founded thirteen years later, has caused a circulation of 35,000,000. These two organizations are far in advance of all others. Next in respect of copies circulated are the German societies, which together have issued 8,500,000. Then comes the National Society of Scotland, with nearly 4,768,000, then the Hibernian with 4,189,000, the Swiss with nearly 2,000,000 and the French with 1,600,000. The National Society of Scotland has circulated its 4,768,000 copies since 1861, the year in which it was founded.—*Chicago Times*.

LACE AT BRUSSELS.—The exhibition at Brussels this year will of course be notable for its lace. The Queen of Belgium has lent it the lace train presented her by the city of Brussels on the twenty-fifth anniversary of her marriage. M. Sacre, one of the chief lace-makers there, is at present at work on the veil and train of the Princess Stephanie—another gift from the city; it is of point d'aiguille, the arms of Belgium and Austria appearing in the border. Three hundred women have already been four months employed upon it, and it will be more than three yards wide by five long.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The publisher will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, [postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

The Obelisk and Freemasonry. By JNO. A. WEISSE, M.D. New York: J. W. Bouton. 8vo, cloth, pp. 178. Price, \$2.

A Thousand Flashes of French Wit, Wisdom and Wickedness. Collected and Translated by J. DE FINOD. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 251. Price, \$1.50.


Appletons' New Handy-Volume Series. Strange Stories. By ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN. Price, 30 cents. *Two Russian Idyls.* Price, 30 cents. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo, pp.

Troublesome Daughters. A Novel. By WALFORD. Leisure-Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 530. Price, \$1.

How to Live in Summer. By MRS. AMELIA LEWIS. New York: American News Company. Price, 10 cents.

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
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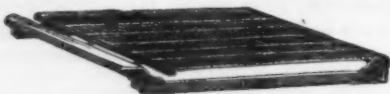


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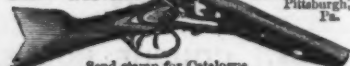


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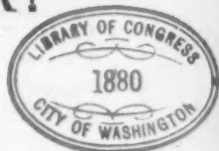
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FRANK N. FREEMAN.

Sure Cure for Dyspepsia.

SOUTH BOSTON, Mass.
DEAR SIR: This is to certify that your INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP has completely cured me of Dyspepsia. I also have a brother who took it for Kidney Disease with satisfactory results.
MISS IDA MOWER,
 159 Dorchester Street.

Liver Complaint.

NORTH ABINGTON,
 Plymouth Co., Mass.
DEAR SIR: Myself and family have been greatly benefited by the use of your INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP. It is a valuable remedy for Liver Complaint and General Debility.
O. H. BARRELL.

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 It acts upon the Kidneys.
 It regulates the Bowels.
 It Purifies the Blood.
 It quiets the Nervous System.
 It Promotes Digestion.
 It nourishes, Strengthens and Invigorates.
 It carries off the Old Blood and makes new.
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It neutralizes the hereditary taint, or poison in the blood, which generates Scrofula, Erysipelas, and all manner of skin diseases and internal humors. There are no sprits employed in its manufacture, and it can be taken by the most delicate babe, or by the aged and feeble, care only being required to attention to directions.

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DEAR SIR: I find your INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP is all you recommend it to be. I was afflicted with Liver Complaint for a great many years, and the SYRUP completely cured me.

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ADA A. HARTLESS.

TESTIMONIALS.

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ALPENA, ALPENA CO., MICH.
DEAR SIR: This is to certify that your INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP has cured my daughter of Kidney Complaint and Dropsy, after the doctors failed.
M. McKAY.

Dyspepsia and Indigestion.

ALPENA, ALPENA CO., MICH.
DEAR SIR: I have used your excellent INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP for Dyspepsia of long standing, and a short trial has effectually cured me. I highly recommend it.
JOSEPH ASH.

Dyspepsia.

LERANOR, BOONE CO., IND.
DEAR SIR: This is to certify that your INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP has completely cured me of Dyspepsia. All so troubled should give it a trial.
THOS. GOODWIN.

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DEAR SIR: This is to certify that your INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP has completely cured me of Rheumatism, after the doctors failed to give me relief. I advise all similarly afflicted to give it a trial.
N. J. FELLSON.

Liver and Kidney Disease.

OAK GROVE, ANOKA CO., MIN.
DEAR SIR: I have no hesitation in recommending your INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP for Liver Complaints, Kidney Disease, and General Debility. I was troubled with the above diseases, and after a short trial of your medicine I am now in better health than I have been in five years.
MRS. B. A. LONGLEY.

Pain in the Side.

MATWOOD, BENTON CO., MIN.
DEAR SIR: I was afflicted with pain in my side, and your INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP is the only medicine that ever gave me relief. I recommend it as a valuable remedy.
MISS SHULL.

PUBLISHER'S MISCELLANY.

PRESIDENT GREVY'S FATHER.

The father of President Grévy was a head-forester, living near the market-town of Mont Sous Vaudrey, in the Jura Mountains. The Grévys, of course, are well known to be of neither aristocratic nor wealthy origin, and several persons of the same name are occupied at the present moment in the most humble pursuits in Mont Sous Vaudrey. The forester expended all his property in the education of his three sons, the youngest of whom went to the Ecole Polytechnique on his road to the Senate. The two other sons studied for the law at Paris, and took their first steps in their profession itself modestly and painfully. Their two sisters married—the one a large carrier, the other a medical man—and both remained at Mont Sous Vaudrey. When the eldest son had become a wealthy man by the exercise of his profession, he had the paternal abode restored, and from a farmhouse it developed into a comfortable, spacious residence. The villa then constituted almost exclusively the abode, during the legal vacation, of M. Jules Grévy and his daughter, Alice, until, on becoming President of the Chamber, he adopted a more pretentious style of living, and aspired to the status of a landed proprietor by purchasing, four or five years ago, some land, with a house. This estate, situated at the bottom of a village, has been successively restored, beautified, and enlarged, the grounds being laid out like a small English park.

Mlle. TUA.—Mlle. Tua, the young violinist now so much talked of in Paris, is the daughter of a Turin mason, who taught himself the violin, his wife the guitar, and put an instrument into the hands of his little girl, then six years old. When they had mastered a few tunes they left Turin and visited, one after another, the winter cities of the coast. At Nice a lady was so struck with the child's talent that she gave the father an introduction to M. Massart, professor of the violin at the Conservatoire, and the whole family came to Paris, to find a friend in the professor, who, with a few of his acquaintances, raised a fund which enabled them to live while the daughter followed the classes of the Conservatoire, where she has now gained the highest reward at thirteen. An American *impresario* has, it is reported, offered to take the young prodigy to America, with her parents, pay all their ex-

penses for five years, and give them \$40,000 at the end of that time. M. Tua has refused; he thinks his daughter can do better in Europe. Her first prize at the Conservatoire gives her \$100 and a superb instrument.

JUPITER IN OCTOBER.—The brilliancy of the planet Jupiter will be greater in October than it has been for many years past. The large red spot on his disk which made its appearance in 1878, and which is a puzzle to astronomers, is still visible, and a host of telescopes throughout the country are directed to this object of interest.

"SMILE" AND "FROWN."—We call attention to the advertisement of these beautiful engravings, which have appeared in *THE ECLECTIC*. We have had the plates highly finished, and beautifully printed on India paper, and publish them as companion engravings, for framing. They can be had of us, or in any first-class print-store.

AMERICAN EXPORT TRADE.—During the year just closed both the value of the imports of merchandise into, and the value of the exports of merchandise from, the United States were larger than during any preceding year in the history of the country. According to the annual report of the Chief of the Bureau of British Statistics, just issued, the value of the exports of merchandise during the year ending June 30th, 1880, exceeded the value of the exports of merchandise during the preceding year about \$125,000,000, or eighteen per cent, and the value of the imports of merchandise during the year ending June 30th, 1880, exceeded the value of such imports during the preceding year about \$222,000,000, or fifty per cent. The increase of the value of imports of merchandise exceeded the increase in the value of the exports nearly \$97,000,000.

ANCIENT AMERICAN GIANTS.—The Rev. Stephen Bowers notes, in the *Kansas City Review of Science*, the opening of an interesting mound in Brush Creek Township, Ohio. The mound was opened by the Historical Society of the township, under the immediate supervision of Dr. J. F. Everhart, of Zanesville. It measured 64 by 35 feet at the summit, gradually sloping in every direction, and was eight feet in height. There was found in it a sort of clay coffin enclosing the skeleton of a woman measuring eight feet in length. Within this coffin was also found the skeleton of a child about three and one half feet in length, and an

image that crumbled when exposed to the atmosphere. In another grave was found the skeleton of a man and woman, the former measuring nine feet and the latter eight feet in length. In a third grave occurred two other skeletons, male and female, measuring respectively nine feet four inches and eight feet. Seven other skeletons were found in the mound, the smallest of which measured eight feet, while others reached the enormous length of ten feet. They were buried singly, or each in separate graves. Resting against one of the coffins was an engraved stone tablet (now in Cincinnati), from the characters on which Dr. Everhart and Mr. Bowers are led to conclude that this giant race were sun-worshippers.

CONTROL OF THE WEATHER.—An enterprising American patentee proposes to control the rain-fall in any locality by means of explosives and detonating compounds, raised to the cloud-levels by means of single balloons or parachutes, or in some cases by nets of small balloons, the charges being simultaneously exploded by means of an electric connection. Another inventor, Mr. G. H. Bell, goes so far as to send a plan of a rain-tower to the *Scientific American*, by which he promises not only to produce rain when it is needed, but to prevent it from falling when it is not desired.

VITALITY OF SEEDS.—The duration of the vitality of seeds has lately been attracting attention. It appears that some seeds, such as those of the China aster will not germinate unless sown in the first season after they are gathered, and that all suffer more or less by keeping; but it is said to have been proved beyond dispute that seeds of the *Sida Abutilon* will fructify after a lapse of twenty-five years. The vitality of seeds is destroyed by saturation with fresh water, but not much influenced by salt water or extremes of dry cold.

THE LANGUAGES OF THE WORLD.—The number of different languages and dialects spoken in the known world is 2623, of which 587 belong to Europe, 396 to Asia, 376 to Africa, and 1264 to America.

FRENCH RELIGIOUS CENSUS.—The last religious census in France shows that there are 35,387,793 Roman Catholics, 467,531 Calvinists, 80,117 Lutherans, and 33,113 of other Protestant denominations. The Jews number about 50,000, and 90,000 are attached to no church.

WESLEY'S HYMNS.—The *Belfast News Letter* says: "Charles Wesley wrote about 6000 hymns. Even the Wesleyans do not sing all these—probably not more than 200. Not more than thirty of Charles Wesley's have passed

into general hymnology. John Wesley's translations from the German are among the best hymns in the English language. There are, say, 40,000 passable hymns in our language—mostly forgotten."

PALM-LEAF FOSSILS IN COLORADO.—Mr. E. F. Johnson, the expressman, brought into the *Gazette* office yesterday some very interesting fossil remains which he had just discovered. In speaking of his discovery he said: "A year ago my son reported that he had found upon the bluffs north-east of town a petrified fish-tail, but imbedded in too large a rock for him to carry. He has often urged me to go with him and get it. I finally went, and to my astonishment found that he had discovered a very fine impression of a palm-leaf, and I soon found three other perfectly-printed leaves of the same variety. The leaves were of enormous size, the ribs diverging from the base just like palm fans, but upon a very much larger scale. The estimated size of one leaf, calculated from reliable data furnished by the ratio of divergence, is found to be eight feet long by six feet wide." Mr. Johnson also found several sections of palm-tree trunks, one of which he brought to the *Gazette* office, together with the impressions of the leaves.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The publisher will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

The Brain as an Organ of Mind. By H. CHARLTON BASTIAN, M.A., M.D., F.R.S. With 184 Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 708. Price, \$2.50.

Classical Writers. Edited by J. R. GREEN. *Livy.* By W. W. CAPES. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 119. Price, 60 cts.

Education: Intellectual, Moral, and Physical. By HERBERT SPENCER. Cheap Edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, paper, pp. 283. Price, 50 cts.

The Mudfog Papers. By CHARLES DICKENS. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 249. Price, \$1.00.

The Poetical Works of Levi Bishop. Fifth Edition. With a Sketch of the Life of the Author, and with Additions and his Last Corrections. Albany: Weed, Parsons & Co. 8vo, cloth, pp. 590.

The Stillwater Tragedy. By T. B. ALDRICH. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 324. Price, \$1.50.

Tit for Tat. A Teutonic Adventure. By the MARCHIONESS CLARA LANZA. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo, paper, pp. 190. Price, 50 cts.

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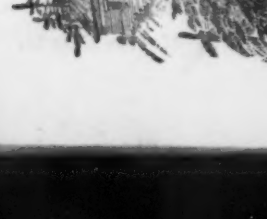
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ASTRONOMY IN ROCHESTER.

* THE new Warner Observatory which is being erected at Rochester, N. Y., is attracting much attention in social and literary as well as scientific circles. The new telescope will be twenty-two feet in length, and its lens sixteen inches in diameter, thus making it third in size of any instrument heretofore manufactured, while the dome of the Observatory is to have some new appliances for specially observing certain portions of the heavens. It is to be the finest private observatory in the world, and has been heavily endowed by Mr. H. H. Warner, proprietor of the Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, and other remedies. Professor Swift has labored under numerous disadvantages in the past, and the new comet which he recently found was in spite of many obstacles, but as the new institution is to be specially devoted to discoveries, there are good reasons to expect very many scientific revelations in the near future from the Warner Observatory at Rochester.

BRITISH PENSIONS.—When the British Government retires a diplomatic servant, it is upon no niggardly pension. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, recently deceased at the age of ninety-two, was the oldest as well as the best pensioner in the diplomatic service of that country, his pension being \$8930 per annum. Sir Andrew Buchanan, Lord Napier, and Etrick, and Earl Cowley draw £8500 each, and there are five other diplomatic pensions of \$6500 a year. Those who are curious to see a clever sketch of the late Lord Stratford de Redcliffe will find one in Mr. E. C. Grenville Murray's pleasant volume, "The Roving Englishman," where his lordship is depicted as Sir Hector Stubble.

ANECDOTE OF SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.—Among the many anecdotes of Sir Edwin Landseer contained in a recent biography is one about the famous artist's amazing mastery of hand. At a large party in London the conversation turned on dexterity and facility in feats of skill with the hand. A lady remarked, "Well, there's one thing nobody has ever done, and that is to draw two things at once." "Oh, I can do that," said Landseer. "Lend me two pencils and I will show you." The pencils were given, a piece of paper laid on the table, and Sir Edwin drew "simultaneously and without hesitation, with the one hand the profile of a stag's head and all its

antlers complete, and with the other hand the perfect profile of a horse's head." Both drawings were said to be full of life and energy, and the drawing with the left hand not inferior to the one made with the right.

ICE LAKE.—On the Saw-Tooth Mountains, sixty or sixty-five miles from Bonanza, and at an altitude of nearly 12,000 feet, is Ice Lake, discovered and named last summer by a party of prospectors. The lake is a sheet of perpetual ice, the surface of which, it is said, never becomes even soft, except around the edges.

CHINESE STEAMER.—The first steamer under the Chinese flag to cross the Pacific arrived at San Francisco August 30th. The seamen were mostly Chinese, though the captain and officers were not. Nevertheless the arrival of the Hochung, under the Chinese flag, marks an important date in the history of navigation on the Pacific Ocean, as well as in the history of Chinese commerce.

MOUNT VESUVIUS RAILWAY.—The new railway up Mount Vesuvius is described as running along a road as steep as a ladder, half a mile in length. It is not a train in which the passenger travels, but a single carriage, carrying ten persons only, and as the ascending carriage starts, another, counterbalancing it, comes down from the summit, the weight of each being five tons. The carriages are so constructed that, rising or descending, the passenger sits on a level plane, and whatever emotion or hesitation may be felt on starting, changes, before one has risen twenty yards, into a feeling of perfect security.

VALUABLE INFORMATION.—It would be well, of course, if everybody knew how to swim, but this knowledge is not always necessary for safety if one understands somewhat of the buoyant power of water. Hundreds have lost their lives in the desperate struggle to climb on top of some floating object which is not large enough to keep them entirely above the water. If they had simply trusted the water to support the largest proportion of the weight of the body, and placed one hand on a chair, stool, piece of board, the overturned boat, or any floating object, this would be sufficient to keep the head above water, which is all that is necessary for immediate safety. A knowledge of the fact that anything which will sustain a pound's weight is enough to keep the head above water may be quite as useful in emergencies as expertness in swimming.

ENGINEERING FEAT.—Italian engineers are planning a task demanding skill and care. The celebrated Baptistery of Ravenna is now in imminent danger of falling, in consequence of the infiltration of water, it being three feet below the adjoining street. It is proposed to remove the whole building to a dry site by digging around the foundations and raising it upon an enormous machine with iron wheels. The inside of the building will be carefully protected—the windows bracketed, and the mosaics covered with wadding—and the walls outside will be confined by iron bands to keep the masonry from displacement. The whole structure will be sawn across where the walls join the foundations, and the mosaics end, and the upper portion will be lifted by gigantic cranes. The Baptistery is in the form of an octagon, with a dome and arcade, which rest upon columns of white marble. Its total weight is calculated to be 1067 tons.

LEGACIES.—Among the curious "windfalls" that have occurred recently: \$2,500,000 to Sir Henry Havelock, from his cousin, conditioned upon adding the name of Allan to his surname; \$300,000 to be equally divided between the British Life-boat Institution and the Royal Free Hospital, from an old miser who for many years lived in a state of utter misery; \$325,000 to the British Museum, from a bar-rister; and \$100,000 to a policeman at Woolwich from a deceased relative in America.

THE Duke of Argyll and the Duke of Sutherland were once travelling together, when a commercial traveller entered the same railway carriage, and conversation became general. When at last one of the noblemen left the train, the commercial traveller inquired his name. "Dear me!" said he, on being told, "was that really a duke? Just think of his talking in that affable way to a couple of little cads like you and me!"

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THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH AND THE FISH-ERIES.—During the last twenty years or so the Norwegian herring fishery has been greatly developed, a result chiefly brought about by the utilization of the electric telegraph. During the greater part of the year about 40,000 fishermen are employed in the numerous fiords which deeply indent the coast between Drontheim and nearly to the North Cape, and thus well within the Arctic circle. There are more than 1200 miles of wire employed, and at whatever station the shoals are seen approaching, information of the fact is transmitted to all the others within reach, so that the forces may be best directed on the finny prey. The fish-merchants are by the same means called to the, for the time, cheapest market. In the tunny fisheries in the Mediterranean and in those of the pilchard on our own southwestern coasts watches are set upon the shoals, and the boatmen with their nets directed to the most productive spots of their harvest-field by comrades stationed on the cliffs; but this expedient of the Norwegian fishermen, for which they deserve every credit, is the first application to the same end of the more scientific appliance.—*Iron*.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The publisher will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

A Short Life of William Ewart Gladstone. With Extracts from his Speeches and Writings. By CHARLES H. JONES. Appletons' New Handy-Volume Series. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo, pp. 254. Price, paper 35 cents, cloth 60 cents.

Famous American Indians. Montezuma and the Conquest of Mexico. By EDWARD EGGLESTON and LILLIE EGGLESTON SEELYE. New York: Dodd & Mead. Illustrated. 12mo, cloth, pp. 385. Price, \$1.25.

Brigitta. By BERTHOLD AUERBACH. Translated by CLARA BELL. Leisure-Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, pp. 244. Price, \$1.

The Hour Will Come. A Tale of an Alpine Cloister. By WILHELMINE VON HILLERN. From the German, by CLARA BELL. New York: W. S. Gottsberger. 16mo, paper, pp. 273. Price, 40 cents.

The Authorship of the Fourth Gospel: External Evidences. By EZRA ABBOT, D.D., LL.D. Boston: George H. Ellis. 8vo, cloth, pp. 104. Price, \$1.

The Iron Gate, and Other Poems. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 82. Price, \$1.

Ultima Thule (Poems). By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 18mo, cloth, pp. 61. Price, 75 cents.

The Foresters. A Tale. From the German of BERTHOLD AUERBACH. Appletons' New Handy-Volume Series. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, paper, pp. 391. Price, 50 cents.

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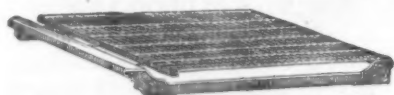
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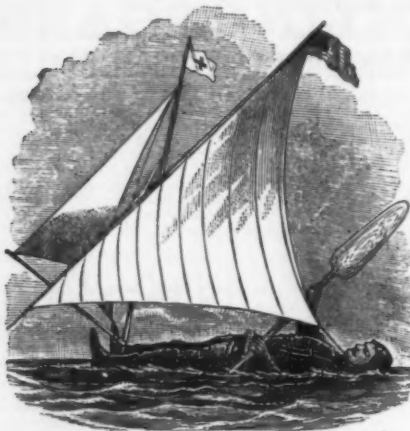
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Capt. Boyton.—"Yes sir, by the aid of my Rubber Life Saving Dress, I have travelled over 10,000 miles on the rivers of America and Europe; have also been presented to the crowned heads of England, France, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Italy, Holland, Spain and Portugal, and have in my possession forty-two medals and decorations; I have three times received the order of knighthood, and been elected honorary member of committees, clubs, orders and societies."

Reporter.—"Were any of your trips accompanied by much danger?"

Capt. Boyton.—"That depends upon what you may call dangerous. During my trip down the river Tagus in Spain, I had to 'shoot' 102 waterfalls, the largest being about eighty-five feet, and innumerable rapids. Crossing the Straits of Messina, I had three ribs broken in a fight with sharks; and coming down the Somme, a river in France, I received a charge of shot from an excited and startled huntsman. Although all this was not very pleasant, and might be termed dangerous, I fear nothing more on my trip than intense cold; for, as long as my limbs

are free and easy, and not cramped or benumbed, I am all right. Of late I carry a stock of ST. JACOBS OIL in my little boat—(the Captain calls it "Baby Mine," and has stored therein signal rockets, thermometer, compass, provisions, etc.)—and I have but little trouble. Before starting out I rub myself thoroughly with the article, and its action upon the muscles is wonderful. From constant exposure I am somewhat subject to rheumatic pains, and nothing would ever benefit me, until I got hold of this Great German Remedy. Why, on my travels I have met people who had been suffering with Rheumatism for years; by my advice they tried the Oil, and it cured them. I would sooner do without food for days than be without this remedy for one hour. In fact I would not attempt a trip without it."

The Captain became very enthusiastic on the subject of ST. JACOBS OIL, and when we left him he was still citing instances of the curative qualities of the Great German Remedy to a party around him.

[Fort Wayne (Ind.) Sentinel.]

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No matter how great one's experience, there is always something yet to be met with which calls forth our astonishment. Newspapers now and then, as well as the public in general, find this to be so. A case in point are the investigations instituted by the Chicago Tribune, Times, Cincinnati Star and other papers in regard to the rather remarkable claims advanced in favor of an article which has been placed before the people by means of the press and otherwise. In every instance these editorial investigations have resulted in a complete triumph for the article named.

The claims made regarding it were not only fully sustained, but scores of prominent and influential citizens were everywhere found who, from personal experience and observation, accorded their enthusiastic indorsements. The following extracts from letters of citizens of Fort Wayne are specimens of testimonials received from all sections of the country.

Under date of January 17th, Mr. John G. Fiedermann, the well-known Merchant Tailor in Union Block, writes: "I was a sufferer for many years with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, and found no relief until I tried ST. JACOBS OIL. After using two bottles I was entirely cured. I shall always keep it in the house, and will not fail to recommend it to my friends."

Messrs. D. B. Strobe & Co., proprietors of the Depot Drug Store, 236 Calhoun street, made this statement: "Among our customers ST. JACOBS OIL is considered the best liniment known. It always gives satisfaction, and never disappoints. It cured Mr. H. C. Ward of severe Rheumatism in three days. We recommend it constantly."

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Messrs. Boyer & Campbell, of Watertown, Ind., write: "Mr. J. W. Walker, of this town, suffered with Rheumatism for fifteen years. After trying a great many remedies without experiencing even relief, he was induced to use ST. JACOBS OIL, which completely cured him. He states he feels like a new man. To those wishing to get rid of pains we would say, here is your chance to 'strike oil.'"

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SECURING A COMPETENCE.—Dr. T. Munson Coan has an interesting article in the November number of *Harper's Magazine* on "Securing a Competence," in which he states that "the average annual income in Great Britain is \$165; in the United States, \$165; in the Low Countries, \$130; in France, \$125; in the British Colonies, \$90; in Germany, and also in Scandinavia, \$85. The annual accumulation of wealth in Germany is \$200,000,000; in Great Britain, \$325,000,000; in France, \$375,000,000; in the United States, \$825,000,000. Since 1850 our annual accumulation has been \$825,000,000, and therefore each decade adds more to the wealth of the United States than the capital value of Italy or Spain. Every day that the sun rises upon the American people it sees an addition of \$2,300,000 to the wealth of the republic." Notwithstanding this rapid and vast accumulation of national capital, there are in France three times as many people who live on their incomes as there are in the United States. We make money faster than any people in the world, and spend it a great deal faster.

CAPTAIN EADS' SHIP RAILWAY.—The *Scientific American* of November 3d contains two full-page illustrations of Captain Eads' proposed railway for transporting ships with their cargo across continents. Captain Eads claims by his plan to be able to take loaded ships of the largest tonnage from one ocean to the other across the Isthmus of Panama, as readily as can be done by a canal after the Lessup plan, and at a much less cost for engineering construction. The project is certainly bold and ingenious, and the projector anticipates no serious difficulties in carrying forward his enterprise. The engravings referred to in the *Scientific American* show the proposed construction of not only the railroad, but the appliances for transferring the ships from the water to the rail.

AN EYE FOUNTAIN.—The eyesight of the Czar is said to have been greatly improved by a simple remedy consisting of a glaznoi douche, or eye fountain, throwing a tiny jet of delicate spray a yard and a half into the air. The temperature of the water is fixed at eighty degrees Fahrenheit, and the spray is allowed to beat against the eyelids for ninety seconds, night and morning. The remedy seems at first sight ridiculously simple but it has for several years been successfully employed in Russia. For the literary man or jaded beauty going with weak and weary eyes to rest, there is said to be nothing more refreshing than to bend for a minute or two over a glaznoi douche. The eyes recover strength in an amazing manner from the fine but powerful impact of the invigorating spray, and there is none of that depressive reaction succeeding the use of tonics.

DETECTION OF FORGERIES BY PHOTOGRAPHY.—The Bank of France has almost entirely abandoned chemical tests in favor of the camera for detecting forgeries. The sensitive plate not only proclaims forthwith the doings of the eraser or penknife, but frequently shows, under the bold figures of the forger, the sum originally borne by the cheque. So quick is the camera to detect ink marks that a carte-de-visite enclosed in a letter may to the eye appear without blemish, while a copy of it in the camera will, in all likelihood, exhibit traces of writing across the face, where it has merely been in contact with the ink. The camera has not only a quick eye for any yellow stains, such as those left behind by ink containing iron, but is also very sensitive on the subject of a surface abrasion, where the fibre of a paper has been disturbed by an erasure.

DISCOVERY OF A PALÆOLITHIC IMPLEMENT FACTORY.—In the brick-earth of Crayford, in Kent, a remarkable discovery of flint implements has been made by Mr. F. C. J. Spurrell. From a layer at a depth of about forty feet beneath the present surface he obtained a large number of flint flakes, associated with the nuclei from which they had been chipped, and still capable of being pieced together, so as to show their primitive use. These flakes were unused, and were mingled with a large quantity of fine flint chippings, while among them were found fragments of a few unfinished

implements of palæolithic type. On the whole, the mode of their occurrence leads to the belief that they were found on the original site where primeval man actually manufactured his rude flint implements, at a time when a very rigorous climate prevailed in this country, and when the valley of the Thames was haunted by several species of elephant, rhinoceros, lion, bear, and other extinct pleistocene mammalia.

RESISTANCE OF STONE BUILDINGS TO FIRE.—According to experiments recently made by Dr. Cutting, State Geologist of Vermont, with regard to the resisting power of building-stones to fire, no known natural stone used for building purposes can be called fire-proof. Conglomerates and slates yield readily to the action of heat, and granite is injured beyond cheap and easy repair by a heat that would melt lead. Among the best resisting stones are the brown sandstone, used so largely in New York for fronts. Limestones and marbles are even better than these, but a heat of from 900 to 1200 degrees is sufficient to calcine them at last into quicklime. In short, most stone buildings are as much damaged by fire as wooden structures are. Brick is, however, rather improved by heat, until the heat is sufficient to vitrify it. Dr. Cutting recommends brick, with soapstone trimmings, as the most fire-proof materials which can be used in building.

THE INDIAN COTTON CROP.—A grave change for the worse seems coming over the cultivation of cotton in India. The decrease in the amount of land under cultivation appears to have gone on since 1875 at a rate approaching the ominous amount of a million acres per year up to 1878; and there is no reason to suppose that the rate has been slower since, and as the produce per acre had also decreased to the extent of 18 per cent, and as beyond all this the price had declined 15 per cent, there is some justification for those who say that unless active steps are taken the cotton cultivation of India must die out. Far-seeing men gave the cotton consumers of England timely warning of the American Civil War and its effects upon their industry; but the policy of England as directed by its ablest free traders discountenanced any interference with the operation of the laws of supply and demand, and the various adverse agencies at work culminated in the cotton famine. The consequences were so widespread and so disastrous that even the strictest political economists of the day quailed before them, and some attempt was even made to induce the Government of India to sanc-

tion measures with the object of extending the area under growth, and of regulating the price of the cotton.

STEVENS BATTERY.—The famous Stevens Battery was lately sold at auction for the remarkably low sum of \$55,000. This ponderous war vessel may yet be sold to some foreign power which may chance to want it, but it is stated that the present purchaser can realize a handsome profit on his investment by selling it for old iron.

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A Day of Fate. A Novel. By Rev. E. P. ROE. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 450. Price, \$1.50.

Through the Light Continent; or, The United States in 1877-78. By WILLIAM SAUNDERS. Second Edition. London and New York: Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co. 8vo, cloth, pp. 412. Price, \$3.

Old Paris: Its Court and Literary Salons. By CATHERINE CHARLOTTE, LADY JACKSON. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 545. Price, \$2.25.

My Marriage. A Novel. Boston: Roberts Bros. 16mo, cloth, pp. 334. Price, \$1.

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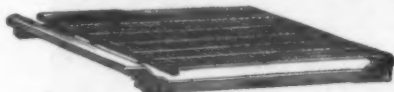
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For 1881.

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From the first it has been the aim of the publishers and editors to establish in the REVIEW a consistent system, coupled with the highest literary merit and grammatical accuracy. While the contents of each number are intended to include articles of timely value, the high literary standard adopted will never be lowered in the interest of articles with "taking" titles, or signed by high-sounding names.

The REVIEW has from the first been most favorably received in literary and critical circles and taken a strong hold upon its readers. That this success has been fully deserved a glance at the contents on the nine volumes now completed is all that is necessary to convince the most exacting. There may be found the names of scores of authors whom the whole literary world has delighted to honor—Longfellow, Bryant, Holmes, Whittier, E. P. Whipple, Bayard Taylor, Henry James, Jr., W. W. Story, H. H. Boyesen, Alex. H. Stephens, David A. Wells, Presi. Chadbourne, President Noah Porter, Froude, Philip Gilbert Hamerton, Miss Mulock, Chas. Tennyson, R. H. Proctor, Walter Bésant, Thomas Hughes, Thomas Brassey, Wilkie Collins, Baron F. Von Holtzendorff, Carl Abel, August Vogel, E. de Pressensé, Luigi Monti, Auguste Laugel, Princess Dora D'Istria, Karl Blind, and hosts of others equally well known. And the titles of the articles also indicate a steady literary merit, and embrace a long list of subjects which were of special interest at the time of their publication and are still a living literary force. It may safely be claimed that nowhere is there to be found such a collection of brilliant and instructive essays upon subjects of universal interest, as between the covers of the nine completed volumes of the INTERNATIONAL REVIEW.

We make no special promises for the forthcoming year, but refer the readers to any recent number and ask them to accept it as an earnest of those to follow during 1881. Our expectation is to make even greater advance toward our ideal than in the past year, and we can assure our readers that there will be, at least, no retrograde movement.

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CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

(November 16, 1879.)

"One thing should be thoroughly understood by readers. It is a fact that a newspaper vouches simply for the nature of the matter furnished by its patrons. This, of course, does not preclude the publication of extravagant and even unwarranted statements; a proper apprehension of this fact might often prevent such experiences as have led to a wholesale and unjust denunciation of headvertising public. That in this age of progress and invention much which seems doubtful upon its face is in reality founded upon fact would appear from the following: The wonderful results said to have been secured by an article now very generally before the public led a Tribune reporter to make numerous interviews, the result of which is herewith given. Mr. D. B. Cooke, who was at one time a member of the extensive book and stationery establishment of Keen, Cooke & Co., of this city, but who is at present the purchasing agent of the American Express Company, was visited in his private office in the building of that concern on Monroe street. Mr. Cooke said that he would gladly bear testimony to the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil in a very stubborn case of rheumatism. The patient was a very old lady, and had such decided objections to publicity of any kind that she would not allow her name to be published. She had suffered for years with inflammatory rheumatism, and had spent a large amount of money on medicine and medical attendance. Hearing of the St. Jacobs Oil, she requested Mr. Cooke to get her a bottle of it, and he did so. The relief obtained was almost instantaneous, and the old lady (her age is 81 years) a day or two ago stated that she felt so strong and lively that, if she had a mind to, she could dance with as much ease as when she was a girl. The reporter expressed a very strong desire to publish the name of the old lady, but Mr. Cooke said that she would not, under any circumstances, permit it, though, if any person desired to do so, they could call on him, when he would provide them with the fullest particulars in the case. Having heard the name of Mr. Wesley Sisson, a well-known lawyer of this city, mentioned in connection with a wonderful cure, the reporter visited him at his office at No. 169 Washington street. The statement which the reporter heard here was so wonderful that, had it come from a less reliable source, it would have been deemed hardly trustworthy. The gentleman stated that during the summer months he paid a visit to Mobile, Alabama, and that, while there, he must have become affected by the malarial vapors which abound on the gulf coast, as after his arrival home, three months ago, he took sick with rheumatism. The malady attacked him in the back and thighs, where it was sciatic in its nature, and in the arms and shoulders, where it was of the inflammatory type. After weeks of agony, which three successively called doctors failed to cure, he was recommended to use St. Jacobs Oil, and, after much opposition on his part, as he did not believe that any externally applied remedy could help so stubborn and serious a case, he consented and sent for a couple of bottles. The sciatic pains which, arising in the base of the backbone, extended through the muscles of both legs and into the knee, were caused by the slightest attempt of his to move in bed, while his arms and shoulders were so affected that he could not even feed himself. The first application of the new remedy ended the trouble in the shoulders and brought slight relief to the sciatic pains. After two bottles had been used a further marked improvement was felt, and in another week he was cured and able to go to his business—thirty

pounds lighter in weight than when he was first attacked with sickness; but, thanks to four bottles of St. Jacobs Oil, a well man. Mr. Sisson was enthusiastic in his laudation of the remedy, which he hoped would be sought by all who were suffering as he had been, and said that he could not find words in which to express his gratitude for his cure. At the same time he produced a letter which he had written to Messrs. A. Vogeler & Co., the proprietors of the remedy, describing the wonderful nature of his cure, the closing paragraph of which ran as follows: 'If any person afflicted as I was desires a stronger testimonial, I shall tell them if they call upon me, to give St. Jacobs Oil a fair trial; and I now feel as though I could assure them the same grateful and speedy relief that I have experienced.' It should be added that Mr. Sisson had vainly tried a variety of complicated and painful treatments in the form of baths, cuppings, etc., which had brought no relief, and that he was on the point of going to Hot Springs, when he was induced to try St. Jacobs Oil, with the happy results already described. At the residence of Otto Winther, No. 236 Wabash avenue, cashier for four years for Mr. Ira Brown, the well-known real estate man, the news gatherer found further evidences of the curative power of the wonderful remedy. Mr. Winther said that a fortnight ago he had a very sharp attack of rheumatism in the legs, which disabled him from attending to his duties. Medical attendance had failed to do him any good, and when a friend recommended St. Jacobs Oil to him he at once tried a bottle, and with absolutely immediate benefit, which has been lasting, no symptoms of the trouble having recurred since. He thought, though, that the case of Miss Mugan, a girl living with a family in the same building, was, at least, equally remarkable. Miss Mugan had for several days been suffering from neuralgia in its most terrible form. The agony, which rendered her almost crazy gave way to none of a number of remedies used, until, by Mr. Winther's advice, the wonderful Oil was applied, when a perfect and lasting banishment of the pain was accomplished in less than five minutes. Mr. Winther is an intelligent and educated gentleman, who speaks five languages fluently, and whose indorsement of the remedy is that of a man who knows thoroughly what he is speaking about. Prof. Edward Holst, the pianist and composer, who resides in the same building, stated, that some weeks ago he was attacked with catarrh of the throat of a most malignant form. He was entirely disabled from visiting his many pupils, and the suffering from the disorder was intense. He summoned medical attendance, and tried a number of remedies in vain, when a few applications of the Oil effected a rapid and thorough removal of the disease. Mme. Marie Salvotti, the famous prima donna, who charmed the audience of the Wilhelmj Charity Concert, a few weeks ago, and who, it is understood, intends accompanying that famous violinist upon his tour to California, gave the following testimony on behalf of the remedy: "Having repeatedly had occasion to seek relief in case of neuralgic and rheumatic pains, as well as when suffering from troublesome sore throat, I find, after vainly trying many remedies, that nothing can compare with St. Jacobs Oil as a prompt and reliable cure for the ailments named. A number of my professional friends, who have experienced like satisfactory results, keep it as a traveling companion, and are also enthusiastic in its praise."

Taking in view the number of testimonials in support of the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil and the high character of those supplying them, the inference is irresistible that the remedy is the most remarkable for such diseases as have been mentioned in the above interviews, that has yet been discovered, and considering their value as a guide and suggestion to suffering humanity there is nothing unmercantile or unprofessional in advertising the article. The above ought to recommend it to the confidence of all our citizens.

JUN 24 1949

